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BRITISH

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WITH

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PREFACES,

ISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

VOL. II.

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GINGER, J. ASPERNE, W. LINDSELL, J. KIRBY, AND S. TIPPER.

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TATLER.

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TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL LIBRARY

THE TATLER.

N° 38. THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

By Mrs. JENNY DISTAFF, Half-sister to Mr. BICKERSTAFF.

From my own Apartment, July 6.

I FIND among my brother's papers the following letter *verbatim*, which I wonder how he could suppress so long as he has, since it was sent him for no other end, but to show the good effect his writings have already had upon the ill customs of the age.

"SIR, *London, June 23.*

"The end of all public papers ought to be the benefit and instruction, as well as the diversion of the readers; to which I see none so truly conducive as your late performances; especially those tending

to the rooting out from among us that unchristian-like and bloody custom of duelling; which, that you have already in some measure performed, will appear to the publick in the following no less true than heroic story.

"A noble gentleman, of this city, who has the honour of serving his country as Major of the Train-bands, being at the general mart of stock-jobbers, called Jonathan's, endeavouring to raise himself (as all men of honour ought) to the degree of Colonel at least; it happened that he bought the Bear of another officer, who, though not commissioned in the army, yet no less eminently serves the publick than the other, in raising the credit of the kingdom, by raising that of the stocks. However, having sold the Bear, and words arising about the delivery, the most noble Major, no less scorning to be out-witted in the coffee-house, than to run into the field, according to method, abused the other with the titles of rogue, villain, bear-skin man, and the like. Whereupon satisfaction was demanded, and accepted; so, forth the Major marched, commanding his adversary to follow. To a most spacious room in the Sheriff's house, near the place of quarrel, they come; where, having due regard to what you have lately published, they resolved not to shed one another's blood in that barbarous manner you prohibited; yet, not willing to put up affronts without satisfaction, they stripped, and in decent manner fought full fairly with their wrathful hands. The combat lasted a quarter of an hour; in which time victory was often doubtful, and many a dry blow was strenuously laid on by each side, until the Major, finding his adversary obstinate, unwilling to give him further chastisement, with most shrill voice cried out, 'I am satisfied enough!' Where-

upon the combat ceased, and both were friends immediately.

"Thus the world may see, how necessary it is to encourage those men, who make it their business to instruct the people in every thing necessary for their preservation. I am informed, a body of worthy citizens have agreed on an address of thanks to you for what you have writ on the foregoing subject, whereby they acknowledge one of their highly-esteemed officers preserved from death.

Your humble servant,

A. B."

I fear the word Bear is hardly to be understood among the polite people; but I take the meaning to be, that one who insures a real value upon an imaginary thing, is said to sell a Bear, and is the same thing as a promise among courtiers, or a vow between lovers. I have writ to my brother to hasten to town; and hope that printing the letters directed to him, which I know not how to answer, will bring him speedily; and, therefore, I add also the following:

"Mr. Bickerstaff, *July* 5, 1709.

"You have hinted a generous intention of taking under your consideration the whisperers without business, and laughers without occasion; as you tender the welfare of your country, I intreat you not to forget or delay so public-spirited a work. Now or never is the time. Many other calamities may cease with the war; but I dismally dread the multiplication of these mortals under the ease and luxuriousness of a settled peace, half the blessing of which may be destroyed by them. Their mistake lies certainly here, in a wretched belief, that their mimickry passes for real business, or true wit.

Dear Sir, convince them, that it never was, is, or ever will be, either of them; nor ever did, does, or to all futurity ever can, look like either of them; but that it is the most cursed disturbance in nature, which is possible to be inflicted on mankind, under the noble definition of a sociable creature. In doing this, Sir, you will oblige more humble servants than can find room to subscribe their names."

White's Chocolate-house, July 6.

In pursuance of my last date from hence, I am to proceed on the accounts I promised of several personages among the men, whose conspicuous fortunes, or ambition in showing their follies, have exalted them above their fellows: The levity of their minds is visible in their every word and gesture, and there is not a day passes but puts me in mind of Mr. Wycherley's character of a Coxcomb: "He is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman." Now though the women may put on softness in their looks, or affected severity, or impertinent gaiety, or pert smartness, their self-love and admiration cannot under any of these disguises appear so invincible as that of the men. You may easily take notice, that in all their actions there is a secret approbation, either in the tone of their voice, the turn of their body, or cast of their eye, which shews that they are extremely in their own favour.

Take one of your men of business, he shall keep you half an hour with your hat off, entertaining you with his consideration of that affair you spoke of to him last, until he has drawn a crowd that observes you in this grimace. Then, when he is public enough, he immediately runs into secrets, and falls a whispering. You and he make breaks with adverbs; as, "But however, thus far;" and then you whisper again, and so on, until they who are about

you are dispersed, and your busy man's vanity is no longer gratified by the notice taken of what importance he is, and how inconsiderable you are; for your pretender to business is never in secret, but in public.

There is my dear Lord No-where, of all men the most gracious and most obliging, the terror of Valets de Chambre, whom he oppresses with good breeding, by enquiring for my good lord, and for my good lady's health. This inimitable courtier will whisper a privy counsellor's lacquey with the utmost goodness and condescension, to know when they next sit; and is thoroughly taken up, and thinks he has a part in a secret, if he knows that there is a secret. "What it is," he will whisper you, that "time will discover;" then he shrugs, and calls you back again——"Sir, I need not say to you, that these things are not to be spoken of——and harkye, no names, I would not be quoted." What adds to the jest is, that his emptiness has its moods and seasons, and he will not condescend to let you into these his discoveries, except he is in very good humour, or has seen somebody of fashion talk to you. He will keep his nothing to himself, and pass by and overlook as well as the best of them; not observing that he is insolent when he is gracious, and obliging when he is haughty. Show me a woman so inconsiderable as this frequent character.

But my mind, now I am in, turns to many no less observable: Thou dear Will Shoe-string! I profess myself in love with thee! how shall I speak thee? how shall I address thee? how shall I draw thee? thou dear Outside! Will you be combing your wig, playing with your box, or picking your teeth? or choosest thou rather to be speaking; to be speaking for thy only purpose in speaking, to

show your teeth? Rub them no longer, dear Shoe-string *: do not premeditate murder: do not for ever whiten. Oh! that for my quiet and his own they were rotten!

But I will forget him, and give my hand to the courteous Umbra. He is a fine man indeed, but the soft creature bows below my apron-string, before he takes it; yet, after the first ceremonies, he is as familiar as my physician, and his insignificancy makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my doctor. He is so courteous, that he carries half the messages of ladies ails in town to their midwives and nurses. He understands too the art of medicine as far as to the cure of a pimple, or a rash. On occasions of the like importance, he is the most assiduous of all men living, in consulting and searching precedents from family to family; then he speaks of his obsequiousness and diligence in the style of real services. If you sneer at him, and thank him for his great friendship, he bows, and says, "Madam, all the good offices in my power, while I have any knowledge or credit, shall be at your service." The consideration of so shallow a being, and the intent application with which he pursues trifles, has made me carefully reflect upon that sort of men we usually call an Impertinent: and I am, upon mature deliberation, so far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aside, and talk half an hour to you upon matters wholly insignificant with the most solemn air, yet I consider, that these things are of weight in his imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is

* Sir William Whitlocke, knt. Member for Oxon, Bencher of the Middle Temple: He is the learned knight mentioned, Tat. N° 43.

for my service. If, therefore, it be a just rule, to judge of a man by his intention, according to the equity of good breeding, he that is impertinently kind or wise, to do you service, ought in return to have a proportionable place both in your affection and esteem; so that the courteous Umbra deserves the favour of all his acquaintance; for though he never served them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

As impotent kindness is to be returned with all our abilities to oblige; so impotent malice is to be treated with all our force to depress it. For this reason, Fly-blow (who is received in all the families in town, through the degeneracy and iniquity of their manners) is to be treated like a knave, though he is one of the weakest of fools: he has by rote, and at second-hand, all that can be said of any man of figure, wit, and virtue, in town. Name a man of worth, and this creature tells you the worst passage of his life. Speak of a beautiful woman, and this puppy will whisper the next man to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a fly that feeds on the sore part, and would have nothing to live on if the whole body were in health. You may know him by the frequency of pronouncing the particle *but*; for which reason I never heard him spoke of with common charity, without using my *but* against him: for a friend of mine saying the other day, "Mrs. Distaff has wit, good-humour, virtue, and friendship;" this oaf added, "*But* she is not handsome." "Coxcomb! the gentleman was saying what I was, not what I was not."

St. James's Coffee-house, July 6.

The approaches before Tournay have been carried on with great success; and our advices from the

camp before that place of the eleventh instant say, that they had already made a lodgment on the *glacis*. Two hundred boats were come up the Scheld with the heavy artillery and ammunition, which would be employed in dismounting the enemy's defences, and raised on the batteries the fifteenth. A great body of miners are summoned to the camp, to countermine the works of the enemy. We are convinced of the weakness of the garrison by a certain account, that they called a council of war, to consult whether it was not advisable to march into the citadel, and leave the town defenceless. We are assured, that when the confederate army was advancing towards the camp of Marshal Villars, that General dispatched a courier to his master with a letter, giving an account of their approach, which concluded with the following words: "The day begins to break, and your Majesty's army is already in order of battle. Before noon, I hope to have the honour of congratulating your Majesty on the success of a great action; and you shall be very well satisfied with the Marshal Villars."

*** Mrs. Distaff hath received the Dialogue dated Monday Evening, which she has sent forward to Mr. Bickerstaff at Maidenhead: and in the mean time gives her service to the parties.

It is to be noted, that when any part of this Paper appears dull, there is a design in it.

N° 39. SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

By Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

Grecian Coffeehouse, July 7.

As I am called forth, by the immense love I bear to my fellow-creatures, and the warm inclination I feel within me, to stem, as far as I can, the prevailing torrent of vice and ignorance; so I cannot more properly pursue that noble impulse, than by setting forth the excellence of virtue and knowledge in their native and beautiful colours. For this reason, I made my late excursion to Oxford, where those qualities appear in their highest lustre, and are the only pretences to honour and distinction. Superiority is there given in proportion to men's advancement in wisdom and learning; and that just rule of life is so universally received among those happy people, that you shall see an Earl walk bareheaded to the son of the meanest artificer, in respect to seven years more worth and knowledge than the nobleman is possessed of. In other places they bow to men's fortunes, but here to their understandings. It is not to be expressed, how pleasing the order, the discipline, the regularity of their lives, is to a philosopher, who has, by many years experience in the world, learned to contemn every thing but what

is revered in this mansion of select and well-taught spirits. The magnificence of their palaces, the greatness of their revenues, the sweetness of their groves and retirements, seem equally adapted for the residence of princes and philosophers; and a familiarity with objects of splendour, as well as places of recess, prepares the inhabitants with an equanimity for their future fortunes, whether humble or illustrious. How was I pleased, when I looked round at St. Mary's, and could, in the faces of the ingenious youth, see ministers of state, chancellors, bishops, and judges. Here only is human life! Here only the life of man is that of a rational being! Here men understand, and are employed in works worthy their noble nature. This transitory being passes away in an employment not unworthy a future state, the contemplation of the great decrees of Providence. Each man lives as if he were to answer the questions made to Job, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Who shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto thou shalt come, and no farther?" Such speculations make life agreeable, and death welcome.

But, alas! I was torn from this noble society by the business of this dirty mean world, and the cares of fortune; for I was obliged to be in London against the seventh day of the term, and accordingly governed myself by my Oxford almanack *, and came last night; but find, to my great astonishment, that this ignorant town began the term

* The humour of this paper is not peculiarly restricted to the Oxford Almanack for the year 1709; it is equally applicable to all the Oxford Almanacks before or since that period, being founded on the difference between the University terms and the Law terms, just as obvious now as it was then; as may be seen, by comparing the Oxford with the London Almanack.

on the twenty-fourth of the last month, in opposition to all the learning and astronomy of the famous University of which I have been speaking; according to which, the term certainly was to commence on the first instant. You may be sure, a man, who has turned his studies as I have, could not be mistaken in point of time; for, knowing I was to come to town in term, I examined, the passing moments very narrowly, and called an eminent astronomer to my assistance. Upon very strict observation we found, that the cold has been so severe this last winter (which is allowed to have a benumbing quality), that it retarded the earth in moving round, from Christmas to this season, full seven days and two seconds. My learned friend assured me further, that the earth had lately received a shogg from a comet that crossed its vortex; which, if it had come ten degrees nearer to us, had made us lose this whole term. I was indeed once of opinion, that the Gregorian computation was the most regular, as being eleven days before the Julian; but am now fully convinced, that we ought to be seven days after the chancellor and judges, and eighteen before the Pope of Rome; and that the Oxonian computation is the best of the three.

These are the reasons which I have gathered from philosophy and nature; to which I can add other circumstances in vindication of the account of this learned body who publish this almanack.

It is notorious to philosophers, that joy and grief can hasten and delay time. Mr. Locke is of opinion, that a man in great misery may so far lose his measure, as to think a minute an hour; or in joy make an hour a minute. Let us examine the present case by this rule, and we shall find, that the cause of this general mistake in the British nation, has been the great success of the last cam-

paign, and the following hopes of peace. Stocks ran so high at the Exchange, that the citizens had gained three days of the courtiers; and we have, indeed, been so happy all this reign, that, if the University did not rectify our mistakes, we should think ourselves but in the second year of her present Majesty. It would be endless to enumerate the many damages that have happened by this ignorance of the vulgar. All the recognizances within the diocese of Oxford have been forfeited, for not appearing on the first day of this fictitious term. The University has been nonsuited, in their action against the booksellers for printing Clarendon in quarto. Indeed, what gives me the most quick concern, is the case of a poor gentleman, my friend, who was the other day taken in execution by a set of ignorant bailiffs. He should, it seems, have pleaded in the first week of term; but being a Master of Arts of Oxford, he would not recede from the Oxonian computation. He shewed Mr. Broad the almanack, and the very day when the term began; but the merciless, ignorant fellow, against all sense and learning, would hurry him away: he went indeed quietly enough; but he has taken exact notes of the time of arrest, and sufficient witnesses of his being carried into gaol; and has, by advice of the recorder of Oxford, brought his action; and we doubt not but we shall pay them off with damages, and blemish the reputation of Mr. Broad. We have one convincing proof, which all that frequent the Courts of Justice are witnesses of: the dog that comes constantly to Westminster on the first day of the term, did not appear until the first day according to the Oxford almanack; whose instinct I take to be a better guide than men's erroneous opinions, which are usually biassed by interest. I judge in this case, as King Charles the Se-

cond victualled his navy, with the bread which one of his dogs chose of several pieces thrown before him, rather than trust to the asseverations of the victuallers. Mr. Cowper *, and other learned counsel, have already urged the authority of this almanack, in behalf of their clients. We shall, therefore, go on with all speed in our cause; and doubt not, but chancery will give at the end what we lost in the beginning, by protracting the term for us until Wednesday come seven-night. And the University Orator shall for ever pray, &c.

From my own Apartment, July 31.

The subject of Duels has, I find, been started with so good success, that it has been the frequent subject of conversation among polite men; and a dialogue of that kind has been transmitted to me *verbatim* as follows. The persons concerned in it are men of honour and experience in the manners of men, and have fallen upon the truest foundation, as well as searched the bottom of this evil.

Mr. *Sage*. If it were in my power, every man that drew his sword, until in the service, or purely to defend his life, person, or goods, from violence (I mean abstracted from all puncto's or whims of honour), should ride the wooden horse in the Tilt-yard for such first offence; for the second stand in the pillory; and for the third be prisoner in Bedlam for life.

Col. *Plume*. I remember, that a rencounter or duel was so far from being in fashion among the officers that served in the parliament-army, that on the contrary it was as disreputable, and as great an im-

* Spencer Cowper, brother to the first Earl of the name, at that time a celebrated counsellor, and afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

pediment to advancement in the service, as being bashful in time of action.

Sir *Mark.* Yet I have been informed by some old cavaliers, of famous reputation for brave and gallant men, that they were much more in mode among their party than they have been during this last war.

Col. *Plume* That is true too, Sir.

Mr. *Sage.* By what you say, gentlemen, one should think that our present military officers are compounded of an equal proportion of both those tempers; since duels are neither quite discountenanced, nor much in vogue.

Sir *Mark.* That difference of temper in regard to duels, which appears to have been between the court and the parliament-men of the sword, was not (I conceive) for want of courage in the latter, nor of a liberal education, because there were some of the best families in England engaged in that party; but gallantry and mode, which glitter agreeably to the imagination, were encouraged by the court, as promoting its splendour; and it was as natural that the contrary party (who were to recommend themselves to the public for men of serious and solid parts) should deviate from every thing chimerical.

Mr. *Sage.* I have never read of a duel among the Romans, and yet their nobility used more liberty with their tongues than one may do now without being challenged.

Sir *Mark.* Perhaps the Romans were of opinion, that ill language and brutal manners reflected only on those who were guilty of them; and that a man's reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the person's throat who had reflected upon it: but the custom of those times had fixed the scandal in the action; whereas now it lies in the reproach.

Mr. *Sage.* And yet the only sort of duel that one can conceive to have been fought upon motives truly honourable and allowable, was that between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

Sir *Mark*. Colonel Plume, pray, what was the method of single combat in your time among the cavaliers? I suppose, that as the use of cloaths continues, though the fashion of them has been mutable; so duels, though still in use, have had in all times their particular modes of performance.

Col. *Plume*. We had no constant rule, but generally conducted our dispute and tilt according to the last that had happened between persons of reputation among the very top fellows for bravery and gallantry.

Sir *Mark*. If the fashion of quarrelling and tilting was so often changed in your time, Colonel Plume, a man might fight, yet lose his credit for want of understanding the fashion.

Col. *Plume*. Why, Sir Mark, in the beginning of July a man would have been censured for want of courage, or been thought indigent of the true notions of honour, if he had put up words, which, in the end of September following, one could not resent without passing for a brutal and quarrelsome fellow.

Sir *Mark*. But, Colonel, were duels or rencounters most in fashion in those days?

Col. *Plume*. Your men of nice honour, Sir, were for avoiding all censure of advantage which they supposed might be taken in a rencounter; therefore they used seconds, who were to see that all was upon the square, and make a faithful report of the whole combat; but in a little time it became a fashion for the seconds to fight, and I will tell you how it happened.

Mr. *Sage.* Pray do, Colonel Plume, and the method of a duel at that time, and give us some notion of the puncto's upon which your nice men quarrelled in those days.

Col. *Plume.* I was going to tell you, Mr. Sage, that one Cornet Modish had desired his friend Captain Smart's opinion in some affair, but did not follow it; upon which Captain Smart sent Major Adroit (a very topping fellow of those times) to the person that had slighted his advice. The Major never enquired into the quarrel, because it was not the manner then among the very topping fellows; but got two swords of an equal length, and then waited upon Cornet Modish, desiring him to choose his sword, and meet his friend Captain Smart. Cornet Modish came with his friend to the place of combat; there the principals put on their pumps, and stripped to their shirts, to show that they had nothing but what men of honour carry about them, and then engaged.

Sir *Mark.* And did the seconds stand by, Sir?

Col. *Plume.* It was a received custom until that time; but the swords of those days being pretty long, and the principals acting on both sides upon the defensive, and the morning being frosty, Major Adroit desired that the other second, who was also a very topping fellow, would try a thrust or two, only to keep them warm, until the principals had decided the matter, which was agreed to by Modish's second, who presently whipt Adroit through the body, disarmed him, and then parted the principals, who had received no harm at all.

Mr. *Sage.* But was not Adroit laughed at?

Col. *Plume.* On the contrary, the very topping fellows were ever after of opinion, that no man, who deserved that character, could serve as a second, without fighting; and the Smarts and Modishes

finding their account in it, the humour took without opposition.

Mr. *Sage.* Pray, Colonel, how long did that fashion continue?

Col. *Plume.* Not long neither, Mr. Sage; for, as soon as it became a fashion, the very topping fellows thought their honour reflected upon, if they did not proffer themselves as seconds when any of their friends had a quarrel, so that sometimes there were a dozen of a side.

Sir *Mark.* Bless me! if that custom had continued, we should have been at a loss now for our very pretty fellows; for they seem to be the proper men to officer, animate, and keep up an army. But, pray, Sir, how did that sociable manner of tilting grow out of mode?

Col. *Plume.* Why, Sir, I will tell you: it was a law among the combatants, that the party which happened to have the first man disarmed or killed, should yield as vanquished: which some people thought might encourage the Modishes and Smarts in quarrelling to the destruction of only the very topping fellows; and as soon as this reflection was started, the very topping fellows thought it an incumbrance upon their honour to fight at all themselves. Since that time the Modishes and Smarts, throughout all Europe, have extolled the French king's edict.

Sir *Mark.* Our very pretty fellows, whom I take to be the successors of the very topping fellows, think a quarrel so little fashionable, that they will not be exposed to it by any other man's vanity, or want of sense.

Mr. *Sage.* But, Colonel, I have observed in your account of duels, that there was a great exactness in avoiding all advantage that might possibly be between the combatants.

Col. *Plume*. That is true, Sir; for the weapons were always equal.

Mr. *Sage*. Yes, Sir; but suppose an active adroit strong man had insulted an aukward or a feeble, or an unpractised sword's-man?

Col. *Plume*. Then, Sir, they fought with pistols.

Mr. *Sage*. But, Sir, there might be a certain advantage that way; for a good marksman will be sure to hit his man at twenty yards distance; and a man whose hand shakes (which is common to men that debauch in pleasures, or have not used pistols out of their holsters) will not venture to fire, unless he touches the person he shoots at. Now, Sir, I am of opinion, that one can get no honour in killing a man, if one has it all *rug*, as the gamesters say, when they have a trick to make the game secure, though they seem to play upon the square.

Sir *Mark*. In truth, Mr. Sage, I think such a fact must be murder in a man's own private conscience, whatever it may appear to the world.

Col. *Plume*. I have known some men so nice, that they would not fight but upon a cloak with pistols.

Mr *Sage*. I believe a custom well established would outdo the grand Monarch's edict.

Sir *Mark*. And bullies would then leave off their long swords. But I do not find that a very pretty fellow can stay to change his sword when he is insulted by a bully with a long *Diego*: though his own at the same time be no longer than a penknife; which will certainly be the case, if such little swords are in mode. Pray, Colonel, how was it between the hectors of your time, and the very topping fellows?

Col. *Plume*. Sir, long swords happened to be generally worn in those times.

Mr. *Sage.* In answer to what you were saying, Sir Mark, give me leave to inform you, that your knights-errant (who were the very pretty fellows of those antient times) thought they could not honourably yield, though they had fought their own trusty weapons to the stumps; but would venture as boldly with the page's leaden sword, as if it had been of inchanted metal. Whence, I conceive, there must be a spice of romantic gallantry in the composition of that very pretty fellow.

Sir *Mark.* I am of opinion, Mr. Sage, that fashion governs a very pretty fellow; nature, or common sense, your ordinary persons, and sometimes men of fine parts.

Mr. *Sage.* But what is the reason, that men of the most excellent sense and morals, in other points, associate their understandings with the very pretty fellows in that chimæra of a Duel?

Sir *Mark.* There is no disputing against so great a majority.

Mr. *Sage.* But there is one scruple, Colonel Plume, and I have done. Do not you believe there may be some advantage even upon a cloak with pistols, which a man of nice honour would scruple to take?

Col. *Plume.* Faith, I cannot tell, Sir; but since one may reasonably suppose that, in such a case, there can be but one so far in the wrong as to occasion matters to come to that extremity, I think the chance of being killed should fall but on one; whereas, by their close and desperate manner of fighting, it may very probably happen to both.

Sir *Mark.* Why, gentlemen, if they are men of such nice honour, and must fight, there will be no fear of foul play, if they threw up cross or pile who should be shot.

N° 40. TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

Will's Coffee-house, July 11.

LETTERS from the city of London give an account of a very great consternation that place is in at present, by reason of a late enquiry made at Guildhall *, whether a noble person has parts enough to deserve the enjoyment of the great estate of which he is possessed? The city is apprehensive, that this precedent may go farther than was at first imagined. The person against whom this inquisition is set up by his relations, is a peer of a neighbouring kingdom, and has in his youth made some few bulls, by which it is insinuated, that he has forfeited his goods and chattels. This is the more astonishing, in that there are many persons in the said city who are still more guilty than his lordship, and who, though they are idiots, do not only possess, but have also themselves acquired great estates, contrary to the known laws of this realm, which vests their possessions in the crown.

There is a gentleman in the coffee-house at this time exhibiting a bill in chancery against his father's younger brother, who, by some strange magic, has arrived at the value of half a plum, as

* Richard, the fifth viscount Wenman.

the citizens call an hundred thousand pounds; and in all the time of growing up to that wealth, was never known in any of his ordinary words or actions to discover any proof of reason. Upon this foundation my friend has set forth, that he is illegally master of his coffers, and has writ two epigrams to signify his own pretensions and sufficiency for spending that estate. He has inserted in his plea some things which I fear will give offence; for he pretends to argue, that though a man has a little of the knave mixed with the fool, he is nevertheless liable to the loss of goods; and makes the abuse of reason as just an avoidance of an estate as the total absence of it. This is what can never pass; but witty men are so full of themselves, that there is no persuading them; and my friend will not be convinced, but that upon quoting Solomon, who always used the word fool as a term of the same signification with unjust, and makes all deviation from goodness and virtue to come under the notion of folly; I say, he doubts not, but by the force of this authority, let his idiot uncle appear never so great a knave, he shall prove him a fool at the same time.

This affair led the company here into an examination of these points; and none coming here but wits, what was asserted by a young lawyer, that a lunatic is in the care of the chancery, but a fool in that of the crown, was received with general indignation. "Why that?" says old Renault. "Why that? Why must a fool be a courtier more than a madman? This is the iniquity of this dull age. I remember the time when it went on the mad side; all your top-wits were scourers, rakes, roarers, and demolishers of windows. I knew a mad lord, who was drunk five years together, and was the envy of that age, who is faintly imitated by the dull pretenders to vice and madness in this. Had he lived

to this day, there had not been a fool in fashion in the whole kingdom." When Renault had done speaking, a very worthy man assumed the discourse: "This is," said he, "Mr. Bickerstaff, a proper argument for you to treat of in your article from this place; and if you would send your Pacolet into all our brains, you would find, that a little fibre or valve, scarce discernible, makes the distinction between a politician and an idiot. We should, therefore, throw a veil upon those unhappy instances of human nature, who seem to breathe without the direction of reason and understanding, as we should avert our eyes with abhorrence from such as live in perpetual abuse and contradiction to these noble faculties. Shall this unfortunate man be divested of his estate, because he is tractable and indolent, runs in no man's debt, invades no man's bed, nor spends the estate he owes his children and his character; when one who shows no sense above him, but in such practices, shall be esteemed in his senses, and possibly may pretend to the guardianship of him who is no ways his inferior, but in being less wicked? We see old age brings us indifferently into the same impotence of soul, wherein nature has placed this lord."

There is something very fantastical in the distribution of civil power and capacity among men. The law certainly gives these persons into the ward and care of the crown, because that is best able to protect them from injuries, and the impositions of craft and knavery; that the life of an idiot may not ruin the intail of a noble house, and his weakness may not frustrate the industry or capacity of the founder of his family. But when one of bright parts, as we say, with his eyes open, and all men's eyes upon him, destroys those purposes, there is no remedy. Folly and ignorance are punished! folly

and guilt are tolerated ! Mr. Locke has somewhere made a distinction between a madman and a fool: a fool is he that from right principles makes a wrong conclusion; but a madman is one who draws a just inference from false principles. Thus the fool who cut off the fellow's head that lay asleep, and hid it, and then waited to see what he would say when he awaked and missed his head-piece, was in the right in the first thought, that a man would be surprized to find such an alteration in things since he fell asleep; but he was a little mistaken to imagine he could awake at all after his head was cut off. A madman fancies himself a prince; but upon his mistake, he acts suitably to that character; and though he is out in supposing he has principalities, while he drinks gruel, and lies in straw, yet you shall see him keep the port of a distressed monarch in all his words and actions. These two persons are equally taken into custody: but what must be done to half this good company, who every hour of their life are knowingly and wittingly both fools and madmen, and yet have capacities both of forming principles, and drawing conclusions, with the full use of reason?

From my own Apartment, July 11.

This evening some ladies came to visit my sister Jenny; and the discourse, after very many frivolous and public matters, turned upon the main point among the women, the passion of love. Sappho, who always leads on this occasion, began to show her reading, and told us, that Sir John Suckling and Milton had, upon a parallel occasion, said the tenderest thing she ever read. "The circumstance," said she, "is such as gives us a notion of that protecting part, which is the duty of men in their honourable designs upon, or possession of women.

In Suckling's tragedy of Brennoralt he makes the lover steal into his mistress's bedchamber, and draw the curtains; then, when his heart is full of her charms, as she lies sleeping, instead of being carried away by the violence of his desires into thoughts of a warmer nature, sleep, which is the image of death, gives this generous lover reflections of a different kind, which regard rather her safety than his own passion. For, beholding her as she lies sleeping, he utters these words:

" So misers look upon their gold,
" Which, while they joy to see, they fear to lose:
" The pleasure of the sight scarce equalling
" The jealousy of being dispossess'd by others.
" Her face is like the milky way i'th' sky,
" A meeting of gentle lights without name!"

" Heav'n! shall this fresh ornament of the world,
" These precious love-lines, pass with other common
" things
" Amongst the wastes of time? what pity 'twere!

" When Milton makes Adam leaning on his arm, beholding Eve, and lying in the contemplation of her beauty, he describes the utmost tenderness and guardian affection in one word:

" Adam, with looks of cordial love,
" Hung over her enamour'd."

" This is that sort of passion which truly deserves the name of love, and has something more generous than friendship itself; for it has a constant care of the object beloved, abstracted from its own interests in the possession of it."

Sappho was proceeding on the subject, when my sister produced a letter sent to her in the time of my absence, in celebration of the marriage state, which is the condition wherein only this sort of passion reigns in full authority. The epistle is as follows:

"Dear Madam,

"Your brother being absent, I dare take the liberty of writing to you my thoughts of that state, which our whole sex either is, or desires to be in. You will easily guess I mean matrimony, which I hear so much decryed, that it was with no small labour I maintained my ground against two opponents; but, as your brother observed of Socrates, I drew them into my conclusion, from their own concessions; thus:

"In marriage are two happy things allow'd,
"A wife in wedding sheets, and in a shroud.
"How can a marriage-state then be accurs'd,
"Since the last day's as happy as the first?

"If you think they were too easily confuted, you may conclude them not of the first sense, by their talking against marriage. Yours,

MARIANA."

I observed Sappho began to redden at this epistle; and turning to a lady, who was playing with a dog she was so fond of as to carry him abroad with her; "Nay," says she, "I cannot blame the men if they have mean ideas of our souls and affections, and wonder so many are brought to take us for companions for life, when they see our endearments so triflingly placed: for, to my knowledge, Mr. Truman would give half his estate for half the affection you have shown to that Shock: nor do I believe you would be ashamed to confess, that I saw you cry, when he had the colic last week with lapping sour milk. What more could you do for your lover himself?" "What more!" replied the lady. "There is not a man in England for whom I could lament half so much." Then she stifled the animal with kisses, and called him beau, life, dear, *monsieur*,

pretty fellow, and what not, in the hurry of her impertinence. Sappho rose up; as she always does at any thing she observes done, which discovers in her own sex a levity of mind, that renders them inconsiderable in the opinion of ours.

N° 41. THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1709.

——— *Celebrare domestica facta.*

To celebrate domestic deeds. N.

White's Chocolate-house, July 12.

THERE is no one thing more to be lamented in our nation, than their general affectation of every thing that is foreign; nay, we carry it so far, that we are more anxious for our own countrymen when they have crossed the seas, than when we see them in the same dangerous condition before our eyes at home: else how is it possible, that on the twenty-ninth of the last month, there should have been a battle fought in our very streets of London, and nobody at this end of the town have heard of it? I protest, I, who make it my business to enquire after adventures, should never have known this, had not the following account been sent me inclosed in a letter. This, it seems, is the way of giving out orders in the Artillery-company; and they prepare for a day of action with so little concern, as only to call it, "An Exercise of Arms."

"An Exercise at Arms of the Artillery-company, to be performed on Wednesday, June the twenty-ninth, 1709, under the command of Sir Joseph Woolfe, Knight and Alderman, General; Charles Hopson, Esquire, present Sheriff, Lieutenant-general; Captain Richard Synge, Major; Major John Shorey, Captain of Grenadiers; Captain William Grayhurst, Captain John Butler, Captain Robert Carellis, Captains.

The body marched from the Artillery-ground, through Moorgate, Coleman-street, Lothbury, Broad-street, Finch-lane, Cornhill, Cheapside, St. Martin's, St. Anne's-lane, hault the pikes under the wall in Noble-street, draw up the firelocks facing the Goldsmiths-hall, make ready and face to the left, and fire, and so ditto three times. Beat to arms, and march round the hall, as up Lad-lane, Gutter-lane, Honey-lane, and so wheel to the right, and make your salute to my lord, and so down St. Anne's-lane, up Aldersgate-street, Barbican, and draw up in Red-cross-street, the right at St. Paul's alley in the rear. March off Lieutenant-general with half the body up Beech-lane: he sends a sub-division up King's-head-court, and takes post in it, and marches two divisions round into Red-lion-market, to defend that pass, and succour the division in King's-head-court; but keeps in White-cross-street, facing Beech-lane, the rest of the body ready drawn up. Then the General marches up Beech-lane, is attacked, but forces the division in the court into the market, and enters with three divisions while he presses the Lieutenant-general's main body; and at the same time the three divisions force those of the revolters out of the market, and so all the Lieutenant-general's body retreats into Chiswell-street, and lodges two divisions in Grub-

street; and as the General marches on, they fall on his flank, but soon made to give way: but having a retreating-place in Red-lion-court, but could not hold it, being put to flight through Paul's-alley, and pursued by the General's grenadiers, while he marches up and attacks their main body, but are opposed again by a party of men as lay in Black-raven-court; but they are forced also to retire soon in the utmost confusion, and at the same time, those brave divisions in Paul's-alley ply their rear with grenadoes, that with precipitation they take to the route along Bunhill-row: so the General marches into the Artillery-ground, and being drawn up, finds the revolting party to have found entrance, and makes a show as if for a battle, and both armies soon engage in form, and fire by platoons."

Much might be said for the improvement of this system; which, for its style and invention, may instruct Generals and their historians, both in fighting a battle, and describing it when it is over. These elegant expressions, "*ditto*—and so—but soon—but having—but could not—but are—but they—finds the party to have found," &c. do certainly give great life and spirit to the relation.

Indeed, I am extremely concerned for the Lieutenant-general, who, by his overthrow and defeat, is made a deplorable instance of the fortune of war, and vicissitudes of human affairs. He, alas! has lost, in Beech-lane and Chiswell-street, all the glory he lately gained in and about Holborn and St. Giles's. The art of subdividing first, and dividing afterwards, is new and surprising; and according to this method, the troops are disposed in King's-head-court and Red-lion-market: nor is the conduct of these leaders less conspicuous in their choice of the ground or field of battle. Happy was it, that the

greatest part of the atchievements of this day was to be performed near Grub-street, that there might not be wanting a sufficient number of faithful historians, who, being eye-witnesses of these wonders, should impartially transmit them to posterity! But then it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the dark as to the name and title of that extraordinary hero, who commanded the divisions in Paul's alley; especially because those divisions are justly styled brave, and accordingly were to push the enemy along Bunhill-row, and thereby occasion a general battle. But Pallas appeared in the form of a shower of rain, and prevented the slaughter and desolation which were threatened by these extraordinary preparations.

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.

VIRG. Georg. IV. 86.

"Yet all those dreadful deeds, this doubtful fray,
"A cast of scatter'd dust will soon allay."

DRYDEN.

Will's Coffee-house, July 13.

Some part of the company keep up the old way of conversation in this place, which usually turned upon the examination of nature, and an enquiry into the manners of men. There is one in the room so very judicious, that he manages impertinents with the utmost dexterity. It was diverting this evening to hear a discourse between him and one of these gentlemen. He told me, before that person joined us, that he was a questioner, who, according to his description, is one who asks questions, not with a design to receive information, but an affectation to show his uneasiness for want of it. He went on in asserting, that there are crowds of that modest am-

bition, as to aim no farther than to demonstrate that they are in doubt. By this time Will Whynot was sat down by us. "So, gentlemen," says he, "in how many days, think you, shall we be masters of Tournay? Is the account of the action of the Vivarois to be depended upon? Could you have imagined England had so much money in it as you see it has produced? Pray, Sirs, what do you think? Will the duke of Savoy make an irruption into France? But," says he, "time will clear all these mysteries." His answer to himself gave me the altitude of his head, and to all his questions I thus answered very satisfactorily.—"Sir, have you heard that this Slaughterford * never owned the fact for which he died? Have the news-papers mentioned that matter? But, pray, can you tell me what method will be taken to provide for these Palatines? But this, as you say, time will clear." "Ay, ay," says he, and whispers me, "they will never let us into these things beforehand." I whispered him again, "We shall know it as soon as there is a proclamation."——He tells me in the other ear, "You are in the right of it." Then he whispered my friend, to know what my name was; then made an obliging bow, and went to examine another table. This led my friend and me to weigh this wandering manner in many other incidents, and he took out of his pocket several little notes or tickets to solicit for votes to employments: as, "Mr. John Taplash having served all offices, and being reduced to great poverty, desires your vote for singing-clerk of this parish. Another has had ten children, all whom his wife has suckled herself; therefore humbly desires to be a school-master."

* A fellow hanged for the murder of his sweetheart.

There is nothing so frequent as this way of application for offices. It is not that you are fit for the place, but because the place would be convenient for you, that you claim a merit to it. But commend me to the great Kirleus, who has lately set up for midwifery, and to help child-birth, for no other reason, but that he is himself the "Unborn Doctor." The way is, to hit upon something that puts the vulgar upon the stare, or touches their compassion, which is often the weakest part about us. I know a good lady, who has taken her daughters from their old dancing-master, to place them with another, for no other reason, but because the new man has broke his leg, which is so ill set, that he can never dance more.

From my own Apartment, July 13.

As it is a frequent mortification to me to receive letters, wherein people tell me, without a name, they know I meant them in such and such a passage; so that very accusation is an argument, that there are such beings in human life, as fall under our description, and that our discourse is not altogether fantastical and groundless. But in this case I am treated as I saw a boy was the other day, who gave out pocky bills: every plain fellow took it that passed by, and went on his way without further notice: and at last came one with his nose a little abridged; who knocks the lad down, with a "Why, you son of a w——e, do you think I am p—d?" But Shakspeare has made the best apology for this way of talking against the public errors: he makes Jacques, in the play called "As you like it," express himself thus:

"Why? who cries out on pride,
"That can therein tax any private party?
"What woman in the city do I name,

"When that I say, the city woman bears
"The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
"Who can come in and say that I mean her,
"When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
"Or, what is he of basest function,
"That says his bravery is not on my cost?
"Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
"His folly to the mettle of my speech.
"There then! How then? Then let me see wherein
"My tongue hath wrong'd him: If it do him right,
"Then he hath wrong'd himself: If he be free,
"Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
"Unclaim'd of any man."

N° 42. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1709.

—— *Celebrare domestica facta.*

"To celebrate domestic deeds." N.

From my own Apartment, July 15.

Looking over some old papers, I found a little treatise, written by my great-grandfather, concerning bribery, and thought his manner of treating that subject not unworthy my remark. He there has a digression concerning a possibility, that in some circumstances a man may receive an injury, and yet be conscious to himself that he deserves it. There are abundance of fine things said on the subject; but the whole wrapped up in so much jingle and pun, which was the wit of those times, that it is scarce intelligible; but I thought the design was well enough in the following sketch of an old gentle-

man's poetry: for in this case, where two are rivals for the same thing, and propose to obtain it by presents, he that attempts the judge's honesty, by making him offers of reward, ought not to complain when he loses his cause by a better bidder. The good old doggrel runs thus:

" A poor man once a judge besought
" To judge aright his cause,
" And with a pot of oil salutes
" This judger of the laws.

" My friend,' quoth he, ' thy cause is good:'
" He glad away did trudge;
" Anon his wealthy foe did come
" Before this partial judge.

" A hog well fed this churl presents,
" And craves a strain of law;
" The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
" Was judg'd not worth a straw.

" Therewith he cry'd, ' O! partial judge,
" Thy doom has me undone;
" When oil I gave, my cause was good,
" But now to ruin run.'

" Poor man,' quoth he, ' I thee forgot,
" And see thy cause of foil;
" A hog came since into my house,
" And broke thy pot of oil *."

Will's Coffee-house, July 15.

The discourse happened this evening to fall upon characters drawn in Plays; and a gentleman remarked, that there was no method in the world of knowing the taste of an age, or period of time, so good, as by the observations of the persons represented in their comedies. There were several in-

* From George Whetstone's "English Mirror, &c." London, 1586, 4to.

stances produced, as Ben Jonson's bringing in a fellow smoaking, as a piece of foppery; "but," said the gentleman who entertained us on this subject, "this matter is nowhere so observable as in the difference of the characters of women on the stage in the last age, and in this. It is not to be supposed that it was a poverty of genius in Shakspeare, that his women made so small a figure in his dialogues; but it certainly is, that he drew women as they then were in life: for that sex had not in those days that freedom in conversation; and their characters were only, that they were mothers, sisters, daughters, and wives. There were not then among the ladies, shining wits, politicians, *virtuosæ*, free-thinkers, and disputants; nay, there was then hardly such a creature even as a coquette: but vanity had quite another turn, and the most conspicuous woman at that time of day was only the best housewife. Were it possible to bring into life an assembly of matrons of that age, and introduce the learned Lady Woodby into their company, they would not believe the same nation could produce a creature so unlike any thing they ever saw in it.

"But these antients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praise-worthy as the divine Aspasia *. Methinks, I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of

* The character of Aspasia was written by Mr. Congreve; and the person meant was Lady Elizabeth Hastings. See the authority for this, with an edifying account of this extraordinary lady, and her benefactions, in a book in folio, intituled, "Memorials and Characters, &c." London, 1741, printed for John Wilford, p. 780.

honour, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence.

"There dwells the scorn of vice, and pity too."

In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that behold and know her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that supreme Power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of uninterrupted piety and virtue, and adds to the severity and privacy of the last age all the freedom and ease of this. The language and mien of a court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainments. Aspasia is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the antient sages, but also to the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the most exact œconomist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shuns applause with as much industry, as others do reproach. This character is so particular, that it will very easily be fixed on her only, by all that know her; but I dare say, she will be the last that finds it out.

But, alas! if we have one or two such ladies, how many dozens are there like the restless Poluglossa, who is acquainted with all the world but herself; who has the appearance of all, and possession of no one virtue: she has, indeed, in her practice the absence of vice, but her discourse is the continual history of it; and it is apparent, when she speaks of the criminal gratifications of others, that her innocence is only a restraint, with a certain

mixture of envy. She is so perfectly opposite to the character of Aspasia, that as vice is terrible to her only as it is the object of reproach, so virtue is agreeable only as it is attended with applause."

St. James's Coffee-house, July 15.

It is now twelve of the clock at noon, and no mail come in; therefore, I am not without hopes that the town will allow me the liberty which my brother news-writers take, in giving them what may be for their information in another kind, and indulge me in doing an act of friendship, by publishing the following account of goods and moveables.

*** This is to give notice, that a magnificent palace, with great variety of gardens, statues, and water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury-lane; where there are likewise several castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also groves, woods, forests, fountains, and country-seats, with very pleasant prospects on all sides of them; being the moveables of Christopher Rich, Esquire, who is breaking up house-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in the evening.

THE INVENTORY.

Spirits of right Nantz brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of lightning.

One shower of snow in the whitest French paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

A sea, consisting of a dozen large waves; the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and a half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well-conditioned.

A rainbow, a little faded.

A set of clouds after the French mode, streaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

A new moon, something decayed.

A pint of the finest Spanish wash, being all that is left of two hogsheads sent over last winter.

A coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a pair of dragons, to be sold cheap.

A setting-sun, a pennyworth.

An imperial mantle, made for Cyrus the Great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, King Harry the Eighth, and Signor Valentini.

A basket-hilted sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's night-gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A wild boar killed by Mrs. Tofts and Dioclesian.

A serpent to sting Cleopatra.

A mustard-bowl to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. D——s's * directions, little used.

Six elbow-chairs, very expert in country-dances, with six flower-pots for their partners.

The whiskers of a Turkish Bassa.

The complexion of a murderer in a bandbox; consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke.

A suit of cloaths for a ghost, *viz.* a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breast.

A bale of red Spanish wool.

* John Dennis, the celebrated critic.

Modern plots, commonly known by the name of trap-doors, ladders of ropes, vizard-masques, and tables with broad carpets over them.

Three oak-cudgels, with one of crab-tree; all bought for the use of Mr. Pinkethman.

Materials for dancing; as masques, castanets, and a ladder of ten rounds.

Aurengezebe's scymitar, made by Will. Brown in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers, never used but by Oedipus and the Earl of Essex.

There are also swords, halbards, sheep-hooks, cardinals hats, turbans, drums, gallipots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, an helmet, a back-piece, a breast-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed baby.

These are the hard shifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind, blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we show our martial skill in every line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in squadrons and battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing that no muster is to be made, but when the wind is in a cross-point, which often happens at the end of a campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The Courant is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: the Post-boy is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the Post-man comes down upon you rather after the Turkish way, sword in hand, pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battle for want of numbers.

N° 43. TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1709.

—— *Bene nummatum decorat Suadela Venusque.*

HOR.

The goddess of persuasion forms his train,
And Venus decks the well-bemoney'd swain.

FRANCIS.

White's Chocolate-house, July 18.

I WRITE from hence at present to complain, that wit and merit are so little encouraged by people of rank and quality, that the wits of the age are obliged to run within Temple-bar for patronage. There is a deplorable instance of this kind in the case of Mr. D'Urfey, who has dedicated his inimitable comedy, called "The Modern Prophets," to a worthy knight, to whom, it seems, he had before communicated his plan, which was, "To ridicule the ridiculers of our established doctrine." I have elsewhere celebrated the contrivance of this excellent drama; but was not, until I read the dedication, wholly let into the religious design of it. I am afraid, it has suffered discontinuance at this gay end of the town, for no other reason but the piety of the purpose. There is, however, in this epistle, the true life of panegyrical performance; and I do not doubt but if the patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good pretensions to it, *viz.* of "uncommon understanding," who will give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble person, whom these words (which are the body of the panegyric) would fit to a hair.

* "Your easiness of humour, or rather your harmonious disposition, is so admirably mixed with your composure, that the rugged cares and disturbance that public affairs bring with it, which does so vexatiously affect the heads of other great men of business, &c. does scarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow so much as with a frown. And what above all is praise-worthy, you are so far from thinking yourself better than others, that a flourishing and opulent fortune, which, by a certain natural corruption in its quality, seldom fails to infect other possessors with pride, seems in this case as if only providentially disposed to enlarge your humility.

"But, I find, Sir, I am now got into a very large field, where, though I could with great ease raise a number of plants in relation to your merit of this plauditory nature; yet, for fear of an author's general vice, and that the plain justice I have done you should by my proceeding, and others mistaken judgment, be imagined flattery, a thing the bluntness of my nature does not care to be concerned with, and which I also know you abominate."

It is wonderful to see how many judges of these fine things spring up every day by the rise of stocks, and other elegant methods of abridging the way to learning and criticism. But I do hereby forbid all dedications to any persons within the city of London; except Sir Francis †, Sir Stephen, and the Bank, will take epigrams and epistles as value received for their notes; and the East India company accept of heroic poems for their sealed bonds.

* An extract from D'Urfey's dedication.

† Sir Francis and Sir Stephen were evidently bankers of the times; and of those the two most eminent were Sir Francis Child and Sir Stephen Evance. The latter was ruined, it is thought, in the South-sea year.

Upon which bottom our publishers have full power to treat with the city in behalf of us authors, to enable traders to become patrons and fellows of the Royal Society *, as well as to receive certain degrees of skill in the Latin and Greek tongues, according to the quantity of the commodities which they take off our hands.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 18.

The learned have so long laboured under the imputation of dryness and dulness in their accounts of their phænomena, that an ingenious gentleman of our society has resolved to write a system of philosophy in a more lively method, both as to the matter and language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his account, by way of fable of the worlds about us, had so much vivacity in it, that I could not forbear transcribing his hypothesis, to give the reader a taste of my friend's treatise, which is now in the press.

" The inferior deities, having designed on a day to play a game at football, kneaded together a numberless collection of dancing atoms into the form of seven rolling globes: and, that nature might be kept from a dull inactivity, each separate particle is endued with a principle of motion, or a power of attraction, whereby all the several parcels of matter draw each other proportionably to their magnitudes and distances into such a remarkable variety of different forms, as to produce all the wonderful ap-

* Mr. Whiston, alluded to in the following part of this paper, was at this time proposed as a member of the Royal Society, and rejected. The pretended account of his hypothesis that follows is mere pleasantry, and not a quotation from his book, or any true account of his " Theory."

pearances we now observe in empire, philosophy, and religion. But to proceed:

"At the beginning of the game, each of the globes, being struck forward with a vast violence, ran out of sight, and wandered in a straight line through the infinite spaces. The nimble deities pursue, breathless almost, and spent in the eager chase; each of them caught hold of one, and stamped it with his name; as, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and so of the rest. To prevent this inconvenience for the future, the seven are condemned to a precipitation, which in our inferior stile we call gravity. Thus the tangential and centripetal forces, by their counter-struggle, make the celestial bodies describe an exact ellipsis."

There will be added to this an appendix, in defence of the first day of the term according to the Oxford almanack, by a learned knight of this realm, with an apology for the said knight's manner of dress; proving, that his habit, according to this hypothesis, is the true modern and fashionable; and that buckles are not to be worn, by this system, until the tenth of March in the year 1714, which, according to the computation of some of our greatest divines, is to be the first year of the *millennium*; in which blessed age all habits will be reduced to a primitive simplicity; and whoever shall be found to have persevered in a constancy of dress, in spite of all the allurements of prophane and heathen habits, shall be rewarded with a never-fading doublet of a thousand years. All points in the system, which are doubted, shall be attested by the knight's extemporary oath, for the satisfaction of his readers.

Will's Coffee-house, July 18.

We were upon the heroic strain this evening; and the question was, "What is the true sublime?"

Many very good discourses happened thereupon; after which a gentleman at the table, who is, it seems, writing on that subject, assumed the argument; and though he ran through many instances of sublimity from the antient writers, said, "he had hardly known an occasion wherein the true greatness of soul, which animates a general in action, is so well represented, with regard to the person of whom it was spoken, and the time in which it was writ, as in a few lines in a modern poem. There is," continued he, "nothing so forced and constrained, as what we frequently meet with in tragedies; to make a man under the weight of great sorrow, or full of meditation upon what he is soon to execute, cast about for a simile to what he himself is, or the thing which he is going to act: but there is nothing more proper and natural for a poet, whose business is to describe, and who is spectator of one in that circumstance, when his mind is working upon a great image, and that the ideas hurry upon his imagination—I say, there is nothing so natural, as for a poet to relieve and clear himself from the burden of thought at that time, by uttering his conception in simile and metaphor. The highest act of the mind of man is to possess itself with tranquillity in imminent danger, and to have its thoughts so free, as to act at that time without perplexity. The antient authors have compared this sedate courage to a rock that remains immoveable amidst the rage of winds and waves; but that is too stupid and inanimate a similitude, and could do no credit to the hero. At other times they are all of them wonderfully obliged to a Libyan lion, which may give indeed very agreeable terrors to a description, but is no compliment to the person to whom it is applied: eagles, tigers, and wolves, are made use of on the same occasion, and very

often with much beauty; but this is still an honour done to the brute rather than the hero. Mars, Pallas, Bacchus, and Hercules, have each of them furnished very good similes in their time, and made, doubtless, a greater impression on the mind of a heathen, than they have on that of a modern reader. But the sublime image that I am talking of, and which I really think as great as ever entered into the thought of man, is in the poem called "The Campaign *;" where the simile of a ministering angel sets forth the most sedate and the most active courage, engaged in an uproar of nature, a confusion of elements, and a scene of divine vengeance. Add to all, that these lines compliment the general and his queen at the same time, and have all the natural horrors heightened by the image that was still fresh in the mind of every reader †:

"Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
"That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
"Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
"Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
"In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
"To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
"Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
"And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
"So when an Angel, by divine command,
"With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
"Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
"Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
"And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
"Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm ‡."

The whole poem is so exquisitely noble and poetic, that I think it an honour to our nation and language.

* By Addison, published in 1704.

† The author alludes here to the terrible tempests which happened in November 1703, and made sad havock in England, and in several other places of Europe.

‡ Psalm cxlviii. 8.

The gentleman concluded his critique on this work, by saying that "he esteemed it wholly new, and a wonderful attempt to keep up the ordinary ideas of a march of an army, just as they happened, in so warm and great a style, and yet be at once familiar and heroic. Such a performance is a chronicle as well as a poem, and will preserve the memory of our hero, when all the edifices and statues erected to his honour are blended with common dust."

St. James's Coffee-house, July 18.

Letters from the Hague, of the twenty-third instant, N. S. say, that the allies were so forward in the siege of Tournay, that they were preparing for a general assault, which, it was supposed, would be made within a few days. Deserters from the town gave an account, that the garrison were carrying their ammunition and provisions into the citadel, which occasioned a tumult among the inhabitants of the town. The French army had laid bridges over the Scarp, and made a motion as if they intended to pass that river: but though they are joined by the reinforcement expected from Germany, it was not believed they would make any attempt towards relieving Tournay. Letters from Brabant say, there has been a discovery made of a design to deliver up Antwerp to the enemy. The States of Holland have agreed to a general naturalization of all Protestants who shall fly into their dominions: to which purpose a proclamation was to be issued within a few days.

They write from France, that the great misery and want under which that nation has so long laboured, has ended in a pestilence, which began to appear in Burgundy and Dauphine. They add, that in the town of Maçon, three hundred persons

had died in the space of ten days. Letters from Lisle, of the twenty-fourth instant, advise, that great numbers of deserters came daily into that city, the most part of whom are dragoons. Letters from France say, that the Loire having overflowed its banks, hath laid the country under water for three hundred miles together.

N° 44. THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1709.

—— *Nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.* OVID.

"No herb, alas! can cure the pangs of love."

White's Chocolate-house, July 19.

THIS day, passing through Covent-garden, I was stopped in the piazza by Pacolet, to observe what he called the triumph of love and youth. I turned to the object he pointed at, and there I saw a gay gilt chariot, drawn by fresh prancing horses; the coachman with a new cockade, and the lacqueys with insolence and plenty in their countenances. I asked immediately, "What young heir or lover owned that glittering equipage?" But my companion interrupted: "Do you not see there the mourning Æsculapius*?" "The mourning?" said I. "Yes, Isaac," said Pacolet, "he is in deep mourning, and is the languishing, hopeless lover of the divine Hebe, the emblem of youth and beauty.

* This paper was written in ridicule of a love-affair which befel Dr. Radcliffe, who was at this time about sixty.

The excellent and learned sage you behold in that furniture is the strongest instance imaginable, that love is the most powerful of all things.

"You are not so ignorant as to be a stranger to the character of Æsculapius, as the patron and most successful of all who profess the art of medicine. But as most of his operations are owing to a natural sagacity or impulse, he has very little troubled himself with the doctrine of drugs, but has always given nature more room to help herself, than any of her learned assistants; and, consequently, has done greater wonders than is in the power of art to perform: for which reason he is half deified by the people; and has ever been justly courted by all the world, as if he were a seventh son.

"It happened, that the charming Hebe was reduced, by a long and violent fever, to the most extreme danger of death; and when all skill failed, they sent for Æsculapius. The renowned artist was touched with the deepest compassion to see the faded charms and faint bloom of Hebe; and had a generous concern in beholding a struggle, not between life, but rather between youth and death. All his skill and his passion tended to the recovery of Hebe, beautiful even in sickness; but, alas! the unhappy physician knew not that in all his care he was only sharpening darts for his own destruction. In a word, his fortune was the same with that of the statuary, who fell in love with the image of his own making; and the unfortunate Æsculapius is become the patient of her whom he lately recovered. Long before this disaster, Æsculapius was far gone in the unnecessary and superfluous amusements of old age, in increasing unwieldy stores, and providing, in the midst of an incapacity of enjoyment of what he had, for a supply of more wants than he had calls for in youth itself. But these low con-

siderations are now no more, and love has taken place of avarice, or rather is become an avarice of another kind, which still urges him to pursue what he does not want. But, behold the metamorphosis; the anxious, mean cares of an usurer are turned into the languishments and complaints of a lover." "Behold," says the aged Æsculapius, "I submit; I own, great Love, thy empire: pity, Hebe, the fop which you have made. What have I to do with gilding but on pills? Yet, O fair! for thee I sit amidst a crowd of painted deities on my chariot, buttoned in gold, clasped in gold, without having any value for that beloved metal, but as it adorns the person, and laces the hat, of thy dying lover. I ask not to live, O Hebe! give me but gentle death: Εὐθανασία, Εὐθανασία *, that is all I implore."

When Æsculapius had finished his complaint, Pacolet went on in deep morals on the incertainty of riches, with this remarkable exclamation: "O wealth! how impotent art thou! and how little dost thou supply us with real happiness, when the usurer himself can forget thee for the love of what is as foreign to his felicity as thou art!"

Will's Coffee-house, July 19.

The company here, who have all a delicate taste for theatrical representations, had made a gathering to purchase the moveables of the neighbouring playhouse, for the encouragement of one which is setting up in the Hay-market. But the proceedings at the auction, by which method the goods have been sold this evening, have been so unfair, that this generous design has been frustrated; for the imperial

* A Greek word, that signifies "easy death," which was the common wish of the Emperor Augustus.

mantle made for Cyrus was missing, as also the chariot and two dragons: but upon examination it was found, that a gentleman of Hampshire had clandestinely bought them both, and is gone down to his country seat; and that on Saturday last he passed through Staines, attired in that robe, and drawn by the said dragons, assisted by two only of his own horses. This theatrical traveller has also left orders with Mr. Hall * to send the faded rainbow to the scourer's, and when it comes home, to dispatch it after him. At the same time Christopher Rich †, esquire, is invited to bring down his setting-sun himself, and be box-keeper to a theatre erected by this gentleman near Southampton. Thus there has been nothing but artifice in the management of this affair; for which reason I beg pardon of the town, that I inserted the inventory in my paper; and solemnly protest, I knew nothing of this artful design of vending these rarities: but I meant only the good of the world, in that, and all other things which I divulge.

And now I am upon this subject, I must do myself justice in relation to an article in a former paper ‡, wherein I made mention of a person who keeps a puppet-show in the town of Bath; I was tender of naming names, and only just hinted, that he makes larger promises, when he invites people to his dramatic representations, than he is able to perform: but I am credibly informed, that he makes a

* A noted *auctioneer* of those times.

† The patentee of Drury-lane play-house, which was shut up about this time by an order from the Lord Chamberlain.

‡ All the papers and passages about Powel, the puppet-show-man, relate to the controversy between Hoadly and Offspring Blackall, bishop of Exeter, on which they were intended as a banter; it is needless to say that the wit and raillery is employed on the side of Hoadly.

prophane, lewd jester, whom he calls Punch, speak to the dishonour of Isaac Bickerstaff with great familiarity; and, before all my learned friends in that place, takes upon him to dispute my title to the appellation of *esquire*. I think I need not say much to convince all the world, that this Mr. Powel, for that is his name, is a pragmatical and vain person, to pretend to argue with me on any subject. *Mecum certasse feretur*; that is to say, It will be an honour to him to have it said he contended with me: but I would have him to know, that I can look beyond his wires, and know very well the whole trick of his art; and that it is only by these wires that the eye of the spectator is cheated, and hindered from seeing that there is a thread on one of Punch's chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at the discretion of the said Powel, who stands behind and plays him, and makes him speak saucily of his betters. He! to pretend to make prologues against me!—But a man never behaves himself with decency in his own case; therefore, I shall command myself, and never trouble me further with this little fellow, who is himself but a tall puppet, and has not brains enough to make even wood speak as it ought to do: and I, that have heard the *groaning board*, can despise all that his puppets shall be able to speak as long as they live. But, *Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*. "Every log of wood will not make a Mercury." He has pretended to write to me also from the Bath, and says he thought to have deferred giving me an answer until he came to his books; but that my writings might do well with the waters: which are pert expressions, that become a school-boy better than one that is to teach others: and when I have said a civil thing to him, he cries, "Oh! I thank you for that——I am your humble servant for that." Ah! Mr. Powel, these smart

civilities will never run down men of learning: I know well enough your design is to have all men *automata*, like your puppets; but the world is grown too wise, and can look through these thin devices. I know your design to make a reply to this: but be sure you stick close to my words; for if you bring me into discourses concerning the government of your puppets, I must tell you, "I neither am, nor have been, nor will be, at leisure to answer you." It is really a burning shame this man should be tolerated in abusing the world with such representations of things: but his parts decay, and he is not much more alive than Partridge.

From my own Apartment, July 14.

I must beg pardon of my readers, that for this time I have, I fear, huddled up my discourse, having been very busy in helping an old friend of mine out of town. He has a very good estate, and is a man of wit; but he has been three years absent from town, and cannot bear a jest; for which reason I have, with some pains, convinced him, that he can no more live here than if he were a downright bankrupt. He was so fond of dear London, that he began to fret, only inwardly; but being unable to laugh and be laughed at, I took a place in the northern coach for him and his family; and hope he is got to-night safe from all sneerers in his own parlour.

St. James's Coffee-house, July 20.

This morning we received by express the agreeable news of the surrender of the town of Tournay on the twenty-eighth instant, N. S. The place was assaulted by the attacks of General Schuylemberg, and that of General Lottum, at the same time. The action at both those parts of the town was very

obstinate, and the allies lost a considerable number in the beginning of the dispute; but the fight was continued with so great bravery, that the enemy, observing our men to be masters of all the posts which were necessary for a general attack, beat the *chamade*, and hostages were received from the town, and others sent from the besiegers, in order to come to a formal capitulation for the surrender of the place. We have also this day received advice, that Sir John Leake, who lies off Dunkirk, had intercepted several ships laden with corn from the Baltic; and that the Dutch privateers had fallen in with others, and carried them into Holland. The French letters advise, that the young son to the Duke of Anjou lived but eight days.

N° 45. SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1709.

Credo pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris ——

JUV. Sat. VI. 1.

"In Saturn's reign, at nature's early birth,
"There was that thing call'd chastity on earth."

DRYDEN.

White's Chocolate-house, July 22.

THE other day I took a walk a mile or two out of town, and strolling wherever chance led me, I was insensibly carried into a by-road, along which was a very agreeable quickset, of an extraordinary height,

which surrounded a very delicious seat and garden. From one angle of the hedge, I heard a voice cry, "Sir, Sir!"——This raised my curiosity, and I heard the same voice say, but in a gentle tone, "Come forward, come forward!" I did so, and one through the hedge called me by my name, and bid me go on to the left, and I should be admitted to visit an old acquaintance in distress. The laws of knight-errantry made me obey the summons without hesitation; and I was let in at the back-gate of a lovely house by a maid-servant, who carried me from room to room until I came into a gallery; at the end of which, I saw a fine lady, dressed in the most sumptuous habit, as if she were going to a ball, but with the most abject and disconsolate sorrow in her face that I ever beheld. As I came near, she burst into tears, and cried, "Sir, do not you know the unhappy Teraminta?" I soon recollected her whole person: "But," said I, "madam, the simplicity of dress, in which I have ever seen you at your good father's house, and the chearfulness of countenance with which you always appeared, are so unlike the fashion and temper you are now in, that I did not easily recover the memory of you. Your habit was then decent and modest, your looks serene and beautiful: whence then this unaccountable change? Nothing can speak so deep a sorrow as your present aspect; yet your dress is made for jollity and revelling!"—"It is," said she, "an unspeakable pleasure to meet with one I know, and to bewail myself to any that is not an utter stranger to humanity.

"When your friend my father died, he left me to a wide world, with no defence against the insults of fortune; but rather, a thousand snares to entrap me in the dangers to which youth and innocence are exposed, in an age wherein honour and virtue are

become mere words, and used only as they serve to betray those who understand them in their native sense, and obey them as the guides and motives of their being. The wickedest of all men living, the abandoned Decius, who has no knowledge of any good art or purpose of human life, but as it tends to the satisfaction of his appetites, had opportunities of frequently seeing and entertaining me at a house where mixed company boarded, and where he placed himself for the base intention which he has since brought to pass. Decius saw enough in me to raise his brutal desires, and my circumstances gave him hopes of accomplishing them. But all the glittering expectations he could lay before me, joined by my private terrors of poverty itself, could not for some months prevail upon me; yet, however I hated his intention, I still had a secret satisfaction in his courtship, and always exposed myself to his solicitations. See here the bane of our sex! Let the flattery be never so apparent, the flatterer never so ill thought of, his praises are still agreeable, and we contribute to our own deceit. I was, therefore, ever fond of all opportunities and pretences of being in his company. In a word, I was at last ruined by him, and brought to this place, where I have been ever since immured; and from the fatal day after my fall from innocence, my worshipper became my master and my tyrant.

"Thus you see me habited in the most gorgeous manner, not in honour of me as a woman he loves, but as this attire charms his own eye, and urges him to repeat the gratification he takes in me, as the servant of his brutish lusts and appetites. I know not where to fly for redress; but am here pining away life in the solitude and severity of a nun, but the conscience and guilt of an harlot. I live in this lewd practice with a religious awe of my minister of

darkness, upbraided with the support I receive from him, for the inestimable possession of youth, of innocence, of honour, and of conscience. I see, Sir, my discourse grows painful to you; all I beg of you is, to paint it in so strong colours, as to let Decius see I am discovered to be in his possession, that I may be turned out of this detestable scene of regular iniquity, and either think no more, or sin no more. If your writings have the good effect of gaining my enlargement, I promise you I will atone for this unhappy step, by preferring an innocent laborious poverty, to all the guilty affluence the world can offer me."

Will's Coffee-house, July 21.

To show that I do not bear an irreconcileable hatred to my mortal enemy, Mr. Powel at Bath, I do his function the honour to publish to the world, that plays represented by puppets are permitted in our universities, and that sort of drama is not wholly thought unworthy the *critique* of learned heads; but, as I have been conversant rather with the greater ode, as I think the critics call it, I must be so humble as to make a request to Mr. Powel, and desire him to apply his thoughts to answering the difficulties with which my kinsman, the author of the following letter, seems to be embarrassed.

"To my honoured kinsman, ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esquire.

From Mother Gourdon's at Hedington, near Oxon, June 16.

"DEAR COUSIN,

"Had the family of the Beadlestaffs, whereof I, though unworthy, am one, known of your being lately at Oxon, we had in our own name, and in the

university's, as it is our office, made you a compliment: but your short stay here robbed us of an opportunity of paying our due respects, and you of receiving an ingenious entertainment, with which we at present divert ourselves and strangers. A puppet-show at this time supplies the want of an act. And since the nymphs of this city are disappointed of a luscious music-speech, and the country ladies of hearing their sons or brothers speak verses; yet the vocal machines, like them, by the help of a prompter, say things as much to the benefit of the audience, and almost as properly their own. The licence of a *Terræ Filius* is refined to the well-bred satire of Punchenello. Now, cousin Bickerstaff, though Punch has neither a French night-cap, nor long pockets, yet you must own him to be a pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow: nay, since he seldom leaves the company, without calling son of a whore, demanding satisfaction, and duelling, he must be owned a smart fellow, too. Yet, by some indecencies towards the ladies, he seems to be of a third character, distinct from any you have yet touched upon. A young gentleman who sat next me (for I had the curiosity of seeing this entertainment) in a tufted gown, red stockings, and long wig (which I pronounce to be tantamount to red heels, and a dangling cane), was enraged when Punchenello disturbed a soft love-scene with his ribaldry. You would oblige us mightily by laying down some rules for adjusting the extravagant behaviour of this Almanzor of the play, and by writing a treatise on this sort of dramatic poetry, so much favoured, and so little understood, by the learned world.

From its being conveyed in a cart, after the Thespian manner, all the parts being recited by one person, as the custom was before Æschylus, and from the behaviour of Punch, as if he had won the goal,

you may possibly deduce its antiquity, and settle the chronology, as well as some of our modern criticks. In its natural transitions from mournful to merry; as from the hanging of a lover to dancing upon the rope; from the stalking of a ghost to a lady's presenting you with a jig, you may discover such a decorum, as is not to be found elsewhere than in our tragi-comedies. But I forget myself; it is not for me to dictate: I thought fit, dear cousin, to give you these hints, to show you, that the Beadle-staffs do not walk before men of letters to no purpose; and that though we do but hold up the train of arts and sciences, yet, like other pages, we are now and then let into our ladies secrets. I am your affectionate kinsman,

BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF."

From my own Apartment, July 22.

I am got hither safe, but never spent time with so little satisfaction as this evening; for you must know, I was five hours with three merry, and two honest fellows. The former sang catches; and the latter even died with laughing at the noise they made. "Well," says Tom Bellfrey, "you scholars, Mr. Bickerstaff, are the worst company in the world."—"Ay," says his opposite, "you are dull to-night; prythee be merry." With that I huzzaed, and took a jump cross the table, then came clever upon my legs, and fell a-laughing. "Let Mr Bickerstaff alone," says one of the honest fellows; "when he is in a good humour, he is as good company as any man in England." He had no sooner spoke, but I snatched his hat off his head, and clapped it upon my own, and burst out a-laughing again; upon which we all fell a-laughing for half an hour. One of the honest fellows got behind me

in the interim, and hit me a sound slap on the back; upon which he got the laugh out of my hands; and it was such a twang on my shoulders, that I confess he was much merrier than I. I was half angry; but resolved to keep up the good-humour of the company; and after hollowing as loud as I could possibly, I drank off a bumper of claret, that made me stare again. "Nay," says one of the honest fellows, "Mr. Isaac is in the right, there is no conversation in this; what signifies jumping, or hitting one another on the back? let us drink about." We did so from seven of the clock until eleven; and now I am come hither, and, after the manner of the wise Pythagoras, begin to reflect upon the passages of the day. I remember nothing but that I am bruised to death; and as it is my way to write down all the good things I have heard in the last conversation, to furnish my paper, I can from this only tell you my sufferings and my bangs.

I named Pythagoras just now; and I protest to you, as he believed men after death entered into other species, I am now and then tempted to think other animals enter into men, and could name several on two legs, that never discover any sentiments above what is common with the species of a lower kind; as we see in these bodily wits with whom I was to-night, whose parts consist in strength and activity; but their boisterous mirth gives me great impatience for the return of such happiness as I enjoyed in a conversation last week. Among others in that company we had Florio, who never interrupted any man living when he was speaking; or ever ceased to speak, but others lamented that he had done. His discourse ever arises from the fulness of the matter before him, and not from ostentation or triumph of his understanding; for though he seldom delivers what he need fear being re-

peated, he speaks without having that end in view; and his forbearance of calumny or bitterness is owing rather to his good-nature than his discretion; for which reason he is esteemed a gentleman perfectly qualified for conversation, in whom a general good-will to mankind takes off the necessity of caution and circumspection.

We had at the same time that evening the best sort of companion that can be, a good-natured old man. This person, in the company of young men, meets with veneration for his benevolence; and is not only valued for the good qualities of which he is master, but reaps an acceptance from the pardon he gives to other men's faults: and the ingenuous sort of men with whom he converses, have so just a regard for him, that he rather is an example, than a check, to their behaviour. For this reason, as Senecio never pretends to be a man of pleasure before youth, so young men never set up for wisdom before Senecio; so that you never meet, where he is, those monsters of conversation, who are grave or gay above their years. He never converses but with followers of nature and good sense, where all that is uttered is only the effect of a communicable temper, and not of emulation to excel their companions; all desire of superiority being a contradiction to that spirit which makes a just conversation, the very essence of which is mutual good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a rule, that the natural, and not the acquired man, is the companion. Learning, wit, gallantry, and good breeding, are all but subordinate qualities in society, and are of no value, but as they are subservient to benevolence, and tend to a certain manner of being or appearing equal to the rest of the company; for conversation is composed of an assembly of men, as they are men, and not as they are distinguished by fortune: therefore

he who brings his quality with him into conversation, should always pay the reckoning; for he came to receive homage, and not to meet his friends.——But the din about my ears from the clamour of the people I was with this evening, has carried me beyond my intended purpose, which was to explain upon the order of merry fellows; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good Senecio, with a spice of the wit of the last age, say, *viz.* "That a merry fellow is the saddest fellow in the world."

N° 46. TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1709.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur,
Majestas & amor. ——

OVID. MET. II. 88.

—— "Love but ill agrees with kingly pride."

White's Chocolate-house, July 25.

WE see every day volumes written against that tyrant of human life called Love; and yet there is no help found against his cruelties, or barrier against the inroads he is pleased to make into the mind of man. After this preface, you will expect I am going to give particular instances of what I have asserted. That expectation cannot be raised too high for the novelty of the history, and manner of life, of the emperor Aurengezebe, who has resided for some years in the cities of London and Westminster, with the air and mien indeed of his imperial qua-

lity, but the equipage and appointment only of a private gentleman. This potentate, for a long series of time, appeared from the hour of twelve until that of two at a coffee-house near the Exchange, and had a seat (though without a canopy) sacred to himself, where he gave diurnal audiences concerning commerce, politics, tare and tret, usury and abatement, with all things necessary for helping the distressed, who are willing to give one limb for the better maintenance of the rest; or such joyous youths, whose philosophy is confined to the present hour, and were desirous to call in the revenue of the next half-year to double the enjoyment of this. Long did this growing monarch employ himself after this manner: and as alliances are necessary to all great kingdoms, he took particularly the interests of Lewis the XIVth into his care and protection. When all mankind were attacking that unhappy monarch, and those who had neither valour nor wit to oppose against him would be still showing their impotent malice, by laying wagers in opposition to his interests; Aurengezebe ever took the part of his contemporary, and laid immense treasures on his side, in defence of his important magazine of Toulon. Aurengezebe also had all this while a constant intelligence with India; and his letters were answered in jewels, which he soon made brilliant, and caused to be affixed to his imperial castor, which he always wears cocked in front, to show his defiance; with an heap of imperial snuff in the middle of his ample visage, to show his sagacity. The zealots for this little spot called Great Britain fell universally into this emperor's policies, and paid homage to his superior genius, in forfeiting their coffers to his treasury.

But wealth and wisdom are possessions too solemn not to give weariness to active minds, without the

relief (in vacant hours) of wit and love, which are the proper amusements of the powerful and the wise. This emperor, therefore, with great regularity, every day at five in the afternoon, leaves his money-changers, his publicans, and little hoarders of wealth, to their low pursuits, and ascends his chariot, to drive to Will's; where the taste is refined, and a relish given to men's possessions, by a polite skill in gratifying their passions and appetites. There it is that the emperor has learned to live and to love, and not, like a miser, to gaze only on his ingots or his treasures; but, with a nobler satisfaction, to live the admiration of others, for his splendour and happiness in being master of them. But a prince is no more to be his own caterer in his love, than in his food; therefore Aurengezebe has ever in waiting two purveyors for his dishes, and his wenches for his retired hours, by whom the scene of his diversion is prepared in the following manner:

There is near Covent-garden a street known by the name of Drury, which, before the days of Christianity, was purchased by the queen of Paphos, and is the only part of Great Britain where the tenure of vassalage is still in being. All that long course of building is under particular districts or ladyships, after the manner of lordships in other parts, over which matrons of known abilities preside, and have, for the support of their age and infirmities, certain taxes paid out of the rewards of the amorous labours of the young. This seraglio of Great Britain is disposed into convenient alleys and apartments, and every house, from the cellar to the garret, inhabited by nymphs of different orders, that persons of every rank may be accommodated with an immediate consort, to allay their flames, and partake of their cares. Here it is that, when

Aurengezebe thinks fit to give a loose to dalliance, the purveyors prepare the entertainment; and what makes it more august is, that every person concerned in the interlude has his set part, and the prince sends beforehand word what he designs to say, and directs also the very answer which shall be made to him.

It has been before hinted, that this emperor has a continual commerce with India; and it is to be noted, that the largest stone that rich earth has produced is in our Aurengezebe's possession.

But all things are now disposed for his reception. At his entrance into the seraglio, a servant delivers him his beaver of state and love, on which is fixed this inestimable jewel as his diadem. When he is seated, the purveyors, Pandarus and Nuncio, marching on each side of the matron of the house, introduce her into his presence. In the midst of the room, they bow all together to the diadem. When the matron ——

"Whoever thou art, as thy awful aspect speaks thee a man of power, be propitious to this mansion of love, and let not the severity of thy wisdom disdain, that by the representation of naked innocence, or pastoral figures, we revive in thee the memory at least of that power of Venus, to which all the wise and the brave are some part of their lives devoted." Aurengezebe consents by a nod, and they go out backward.

After this, an unhappy nymph, who is to be supposed just escaped from the hands of a ravisher, with her tresses dishevelled, runs into the room with a dagger in her hand, and falls before the emperor.

"Pity, oh! pity, whoever thou art, an unhappy virgin, whom one of thy train has robbed of her innocence; her innocence, which was all her

portion——Or rather, let me die like the memorable Lucretia."—Upon which she stabs herself. The body is immediately examined after the manner of our coroners. Lucretia recovers by a cup of right Nantz; and the matron, who is her next relation, stops all process at law.

This unhappy affair is no sooner over, but a naked mad woman breaks into the room, calls for her duke, her lord, her emperor. As soon as she spies Aurengezebe, the object of all her fury and love, she calls for petticoats, is ready to sink with shame, and is dressed in all haste in new attire at his charge. This unexpected accident of the mad woman makes Aurengezebe curious to know, whether others who are in their senses can guess at his quality. For which reason, the whole convent is examined one by one. The matron marches in with a tawdry country girl—"Pray, Winifred," says she, "who do you think that fine man with those jewels and pearls is?"—"I believe," says Winifred, "it is our landlord—It must be the esquire himself."—The emperor laughs at her simplicity—"Go, fool," says the matron: then turning to the emperor—"Your greatness will pardon her ignorance!" After her, several others of different characters are instructed to mistake who he is, in the same manner: then the whole sisterhood are called together, and the emperor rises, and cocking his hat, declares, he is the Great Mogul, and they his concubines. A general murmur goes through the whole assembly: and Aurengezebe, certifying that he keeps them for state rather than use, tells them, they are permitted to receive all men into their apartments; then proceeds through the crowd, among whom he throws medals shaped like half-crowns, and returns to his chariot.

This being all that passed the last day in which Aurengezebe visited the women's apartments, I consulted Pacolet concerning the foundation of such strange amusements in old age: to which he answered, "You may remember, when I gave you an account of my good fortune in being drowned on the thirtieth day of my human life, I told you of the disasters I should otherwise have met with before I arrived at the end of my *stamen*, which was sixty years. I may now add an observation to you, that all who exceed that period, except the latter part of it is spent in the exercise of virtue and contemplation of futurity, must necessarily fall into an indecent old age; because, with regard to all the enjoyments of the years of vigour and manhood, childhood returns upon them: and as infants ride on sticks, build houses in dirt, and make ships in gutters, by a faint idea of things they are to act hereafter; so old men play the lovers, potentates, and emperors, from the decaying image of the more perfect performances of their stronger years: therefore, be sure to insert Æsculapius and Aurengezebe in your next bill of mortality of the metaphorically defunct."

Will's Coffee-house, July 24.

As soon as I came hither this evening, no less than ten people produced the following poem, which they all reported was sent to each of them by the penny-post from an unknown hand. All the battle-writers in the room were in debate, who could be the author of a piece so martially written; and every body applauded the address and skill of the author, in calling it a postscript: it being the nature of a postscript to contain something very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expressed in the letter itself. Thus the verses being occasioned by a

march without beat of drum, and that circumstance being no ways taken notice of in any of the stanzas, the author calls it a postscript; not that it is a postscript, but figuratively, because it wants a postscript. Common writers, when what they mean is not expressed in the book itself, supply it by a preface; but a postscript seems to me the more just way of apology; because otherwise a man makes an excuse before the offence is committed. All the heroic poets were guessed at for its author; but though we could not find out his name, yet one repeated a couplet in Hudibras, which spoke his qualifications:

" I'th' midst of all this warlike rabble,
" Crowdero march'd, expert and able."

The poem is admirably suited to the occasion: for to write without discovering your meaning, bears a just resemblance to marching without beat of drum.

" On the march to Tournay without beat of drum.

" The Brussels Postscript.

" Could I with plainest words express
" That great man's wonderful address,
" His penetration, and his tow'ring thought;
" It would the gazing world surprise,
" To see one man at all times wise,
" To view the wonders he with ease has wrought.

" Refining schemes approach his mind,
" Like breezes of a southern wind,
" To temperate a sultry glorious day;
" Whose fannings, with an useful pride,
" Its mighty heat do softly guide,
" And, having clear'd the air, glide silently away.

" Thus his immensity of thought
" Is deeply form'd, and gently wrought,

"His temper always softening life's disease;
"That Fortune, when she does intend
"To rudely frown, she turns his friend,
"Admires his judgment, and applauds his ease.

"His great address in this design
"Does now, and will for ever shine,
"And wants a Waller but to do him right;
"The whole amusement was so strong,
"Like fate he doom'd them to be wrong,
"And Tournay 's took by a peculiar flight.

"Thus, Madam, all mankind behold
"Your vast ascendant, not by gold,
"But by your wisdom and your pious life;
"Your aim no more, than to destroy
"That which does Europe's ease annoy,
"And supersede a reign of shame and strife."

St. James's Coffee-house, July 24.

My brethren of the quill, the ingenious society of news-writers, having with great spirit and elegance already informed the world, that the town of Tournay capitulated on the twenty-eighth instant; there is nothing left for me to say, but to congratulate the good company here, that we have reason to hope for an opportunity of thanking Mr. Withers next winter in this place, for the service he has done his country. No man deserves better of his friends than that gentleman, whose distinguishing character it is, that he gives his orders with the familiarity, and enjoys his fortune with the generosity, of a fellow-soldier. His grace the duke of Argyle had also an eminent part in the reduction of this important place. That illustrious youth discovers the peculiar turn of spirit and greatness of soul, which only make men of high birth and quality useful to their country; and considers nobility as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought

to be obtained. *But*, that our military glory is arrived at its present height, and that men of all ranks so passionately affect their share in it, is certainly owing to the merit and conduct of our glorious general: for as the great secret in chymistry, though not in nature, has occasioned many useful discoveries; and the fantastic notion of being wholly disinterested in friendship has made men do a thousand generous actions above themselves; so, though the present grandeur and fame of the duke of Marlborough is a station of glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their actions to an higher pitch, by having that great example laid before them.

N° 47. THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines ——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, July 29.

My friend Sir Thomas has communicated to me his letters from Epsom of the twenty-fifth instant, which give, in general, a very good account of the present posture of affairs in that place; but that the tranquillity and correspondence of the company begins to be interrupted by the arrival of Sir

Taffety Trippet *, a fortune-hunter, whose follies are too gross to give diversion; and whose vanity is too stupid to let him be sensible that he is a public offence. If people will indulge a splenetic humour, it is impossible to be at ease, when such creatures as are the scandal of our species set up for gallantry and adventures. It will be much more easy, therefore, to laugh Sir Taffety into reason, than convert him from his foppery by any serious contempt. I knew a gentleman that made it a maxim to open his doors, and ever run into the way of bullies, to avoid their insolence. The rule will hold as well with coxcombs: they are never mortified, but when they see you receive and despise them; otherwise they rest assured, that it is your ignorance makes them out of your good graces; or, that it is only want of admittance prevents their being amiable where they are shunned and avoided. But Sir Taffety is a fop of so sanguine a complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the fair-one he at present pursues to get rid of the chace, without being so tired, as, for her own ease, to fall into the mouth of the mongrel she runs from. But the history of Sir Taffety is as pleasant as his character.

It happened that, when he first set up for a fortune-hunter, he chose Tunbridge for the scene of action, where were at that time two sisters upon the same design. The knight believed of course the elder must be the better prize; and consequently makes all his sail that way. People that want sense do always in an egregious manner want modesty, which made our hero triumph in making his amour as public as was possible. The adored lady was no

* Henry Cromwell, Esq. who died in 1728, was the original of the character here delineated under the name of Sir Taffety Trippet.

less vain of his public addresses. An attorney with one cause is not half so restless as a woman with one lover. Wherever they met, they talked to each other aloud, chose each other partner at balls, saluted at the most conspicuous parts of the service of the church, and practised, in honour of each other, all the remarkable particularities which are usual for persons who admire one another, and are contemptible to the rest of the world. These two lovers seemed as much made for each other as Adam and Eve, and all pronounced it a match of nature's own making; but the night before the nuptials, so universally approved, the younger sister, envious of the good fortune even of her sister, who had been present at most of their interviews, and had an equal taste for the charms of a fop, as there are a set of women made for that order of men; the younger, I say, unable to see so rich a prize pass by her, discovered to Sir Taffety, that a coquet air, much tongue, and three suits, was all the portion of his mistress. His love vanished that moment, himself and equipage the next morning. It is uncertain where the lover has been ever since engaged; but certain it is, he has not appeared in his character as a follower of love and fortune until he arrived at Epsom, where there is at present a young lady of youth, beauty, and fortune, who has alarmed all the vain and the impertinent to infest that quarter. At the head of this assembly, Sir Taffety shines in the brightest manner, with all the accomplishments which usually ensnare the heart of a woman; with this particular merit, which often is of great service, that he is laughed at for her sake. The friends of the fair-one are in much pain for the sufferings she goes through from the perseverance of this hero; but they may be much more so from the danger of his succeeding, toward which they give a

helping hand, if they dissuade her with bitterness; for there is a fantastical generosity in the sex to approve creatures of the least merit imaginable, when they see the imperfections of their admirers are become marks of derision for their sakes; and there is nothing so frequent, as that he, who was contemptible to a woman in her own judgment, has won her by being too violently opposed by others.

Grecian Coffee-house, July 27.

In the several capacities I bear, of astrologer, civilian, and physician, I have with great application studied the public emolument: to this end serve all my lucubrations, speculations, and whatever other labours I undertake, whether nocturnal or diurnal. On this motive am I induced to publish a never-failing medicine for the spleen: my experience in this distemper came from a very remarkable cure on my ever worthy friend Tom Spindle, who, through excessive gaiety, had exhausted that natural stock of wit and spirits he had long been blessed with: he was sunk and flattened to the lowest degree imaginable, sitting whole hours over the "Book of Martyrs" and "Pilgrim's Progress;" his other contemplations never rising higher than the colour of his urine, or the regularity of his pulse. In this condition I found him, accompanied by the learned Dr. Drachm, and a good old nurse. Drachm had prescribed magazines of herbs, and mines of steel. I soon discovered the malady, and descanted on the nature of it, until I convinced both the patient and his nurse, that the spleen is not to be cured by medicine, but by poetry. Apollo, the author of physic, shone with diffusive rays, the best of poets as well as of physicians; and it is in this double capacity that I have made my way; and have found sweet, easy, flowing numbers are oft superior to

our noblest medicines. When the spirits are low, and nature sunk, the muse, with sprightly and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected turn with a grain of poetry; which I prepare without the use of mercury. I have done wonders in this kind; for the spleen is like the Tarantula, the effects of whose malignant poison are to be prevented by no other remedy but the charms of music: for you are to understand, that as some noxious animals carry antidotes for their own poisons, so there is something equally unaccountable in poetry; for though it is sometimes a disease, it is to be cured only by itself. Now I, knowing Tom Spindle's constitution, and that he is not only a pretty gentleman, but also a pretty poet, found the true cause of his distemper was a violent grief, that moved his affections too strongly: for during the late treaty of peace, he had writ a most excellent poem on that subject; and when he wanted but two lines in the last stanza for finishing the whole piece, there comes news that the French tyrant would not sign. Spindle in a few days took his bed, and had lain there still, had not I been sent for. I immediately told him, there was great probability the French would now sue to us for peace. I saw immediately a new life in his eyes; and I knew that nothing could help him forward so well, as hearing verses which he would believe worse than his own. I read him, therefore, the Brussels Postscript: after which I recited some heroic lines of my own, which operated so strongly on the *tympanum* of his ear, that I doubt not but I have kept out all other sounds for a fortnight; and have reason to hope, we shall see him abroad the day before his poem.

This, you see, is a particular secret I have found out, *viz.* that you are not to choose your physician for his knowledge in your distemper, but for having

it himself. Therefore, I am at hand or all maladies arising from poetical vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other day to one in love, I took indeed their three guineas, and gave them my advice, which was to send for Æsculapius *. Æsculapius, as soon as he saw the patient, cries out, "It is love! it is love! Oh! the unequal pulse! These are the symptoms a lover feels; such sighs, such pangs, attend the uneasy mind; nor can our art, or all our boasted skill, avail.—Yet, O fair! for thee"—Thus the sage ran on, and owned the passion which he pitied, as well as that he felt a greater pain than ever he cured: after which he concluded, "All I can advise, is marriage: charms and beauty will give new life and vigour, and turn the course of nature to its better prospect." This is the new way; and thus Æsculapius has left his beloved powders, and writes a *recipe* for a wife at sixty. In short, my friend followed the prescription, and married youth and beauty in its perfect bloom.

"Supine in Silvia's snowy arms he lies,
"And all the busy cares of life defies:
"Each happy hour is fill'd with fresh delight,
"While peace the day, and pleasure crowns the night."

From my own Apartment, July 27.

Tragical passion was the subject of the discourse where I last visited this evening: and a gentleman who knows that I am at present writing a very deep tragedy, directed his discourse in a particular manner to me. "It is the common fault," said he, "of you gentlemen who write in the buskin style, that you give us rather the sentiments of such who

* Dr. Radcliffe.

behold tragical events, than of such who bear a part in them themselves. I would advise all who pretend this way, to read Shakspeare with care; and they will soon be deterred from putting forth what is usually called tragedy. The way of common writers in this kind is rather the description than the expression of sorrow. There is no medium in these attempts, and you must go to the very bottom of the heart, or it is all mere language; and the writer of such lines is no more a poet, than a man is a physician for knowing the names of distempers, without the causes of them. Men of sense are professed enemies to all such empty labours: for he who pretends to be sorrowful, and is not, is a wretch yet more contemptible than he who pretends to be merry, and is not. Such a tragedian is only maudlin drunk." The gentleman went on with much warmth; but all he could say had little effect upon me: but when I came hither, I so far observed his counsel, that I looked into Shakspeare. The tragedy I dipped into was "Henry the Fourth." In the scene where Morton is preparing to tell Northumberland of his son's death, the old man does not give him time to speak, but says,

"The whiteness of thy cheeks
"Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand;
"Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
"So dull, so dead in look, so woe-be-gone,
"Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night,
"And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
"But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
"And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it."

The image in this place is wonderfully noble and great; yet this man in all this is but rising towards his great affliction, and is still enough himself, as you see, to make a simile. But when he is certain of his son's death, he is lost to all patience, and

gives up all the regards of this life; and since the last of evils is fallen upon him, he calls for it upon all the world.

"Now let not nature's hand
"Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
"And let the world no longer be a stage,
"To feed contention in a lingering act;
"But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
"Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
"On bloody courses, the wide scene may end,
"And darkness be the burier of the dead."

Reading but this one scene has convinced me, that he, who describes the concern of great men, must have a soul as noble, and as susceptible of high thoughts, as they whom he represents: I shall therefore lay by my drama for some time, and turn my thoughts to cares and griefs, somewhat below that of heroes, but no less moving. A misfortune, proper for me to take notice of, has too lately happened: the disconsolate Maria has three days kept her chamber for the loss of the beauteous Fidelia, her lap-dog. Lesbia herself did not shed more tears for her sparrow. What makes her the more concerned, is, that we know not whether Fidelia was killed or stolen; but she was seen in the parlour-window when the train-bands went by, and never since. Whoever gives notice of her dead or alive, shall be rewarded with a kiss of her lady.

N° 48. SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1709.

—— *Virtutem verba putant, ut*
Lucum ligna ——

HOR. Ep. VI. 31.

"They look on virtue as an empty name."

From my own Apartment, July 29.

THIS day I obliged Pacolet to entertain me with matters which regarded persons of his own character and occupation. We chose to take our walk on Tower-hill; and as we were coming from thence, in order to stroll as far as Garraway's *, I observed two men, who had but just landed, coming from the water-side. I thought there was something uncommon in their mien and aspect; but though they seemed by their visage to be related, yet was there a warmth in their manner, as if they differed very much in their sentiments of the subject on which they were talking. One of them seemed to have a natural confidence, mixed with an ingenuous freedom, in his gesture; his dress very plain, but very graceful and becoming: the other, in the midst of an over-bearing carriage, betrayed, by frequently looking round him, a suspicion that he was not enough regarded by those he met, or that he feared they would make some attack upon him. This person was much taller than his companion,

* Garraway kept a coffee-house at that time, opposite to the Royal Exchange, probably in the place where there is now a coffee-house well known by the same name.

and added to that height the advantage of a feather in his hat, and heels to his shoes so monstrously high, that he had three or four times fallen down, had he not been supported by his friend. They made a full stop as they came within a few yards of the place where we stood. The plain gentleman bowed to Pacolet, the other looked upon him with some displeasure: upon which I asked him, who they both were? when he thus informed me of their persons and circumstances:

"You may remember, Isaac, that I have often told you, there are beings of a superior rank to mankind; who frequently visit the habitations of men, in order to call them from some wrong pursuits in which they are actually engaged, or divert them from methods which will lead them into errors for the future. He that will carefully reflect upon the occurrences of his life, will find he has been sometimes extricated out of difficulties, and received favours where he could never have expected such benefits; as well as met with cross events from some unseen hand, which has disappointed his best-laid designs. Such accidents arrive from the interventions of aërial beings, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the nature of man; and attend his steps in the tracks of ambition, of business, and of pleasure. Before I ever appeared to you in the manner I do now, I have frequently followed you in your evening-walks; and have often, by throwing some accident in your way, as the passing by of a funeral, or the appearance of some other solemn object, given your imagination a new turn, and changed a night you have destined to mirth and jollity, into an exercise of study and contemplation. I was the old soldier who met you last summer in Chelsea-fields, and pretended that I had broken my wooden leg, and could not get home; but I snapped

it short off, on purpose that you might fall into the reflections you did on that subject, and take me into your hack. If you remember, you made yourself very merry on that fracture, and asked me whether I thought I should next winter feel cold in the toes of that leg? as is usually observed, that those who lose limbs are sensible of pains in the extreme parts, even after those limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you then in the story of the battle of the Boyne prevented an assignation, which would have led you into more disasters than I then related.

"To be short: those two persons whom you see yonder are such as I am; they are not real men, but are mere shades and figures; one is named Alethes, the other Verisimilis. Their office is to be the guardians and representatives of conscience and honour. They are now going to visit the several parts of the town, to see how their interests in the world decay or flourish, and to purge themselves from the many false imputations they daily meet with in the commerce and conversation of men. You observed Verisimilis frowned when he first saw me. What he is provoked at is, that I told him one day, though he strutted and dressed with so much ostentation, if he kept himself within his own bounds, he was but a lacquey, and wore only that gentleman's livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the heart: for you must know, he has pretended a long time to set up for himself, and gets among a crowd of the more unthinking part of mankind, who take him for a person of the first quality; though his introduction into the world was wholly owing to his present companion."

This encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was resolved to dog them, and desired Pacolet to accompany me. I soon perceived what he told me, in the gesture of the persons; for when they looked

at each other in discourse, the well-dressed man suddenly cast down his eyes, and discovered that the other had a painful superiority over him. After some further discourse, they took leave. The plain gentleman went down towards Thames-street, in order to be present, at least, at the oaths taken at the Custom-house; and the other made directly for the heart of the city. It is incredible how great a change there immediately appeared in the man of honour, when he got rid of his uneasy companion: he adjusted the cock of his hat a-new, settled his sword-knot, and had an appearance that attracted a sudden inclination for him and his interests in all who beheld him. "For my part," said I to Pacolet, "I cannot but think you are mistaken in calling this person of the lower quality; for he looks more like a gentleman than the other. Do not you observe all eyes are upon him, as he advances? how each sex gazes at his stature, aspect, address, and motion?" Pacolet only smiled, and shaked his head; as leaving me to be convinced by my own further observation. We kept on our way after him until we came to Exchange-alley, where the plain gentleman again came up to the other; and they stood together after the manner of eminent merchants, as if ready to receive application; but I could observe no man talk to either of them. The one was laughed at as a fop; and I heard many whispers against the other, as a whimsical sort of a fellow, and a great enemy to trade. They crossed Cornhill together, and came into the full Exchange, where some bowed, and gave themselves airs in being known to so fine a man as Verisimilis, who, they said, had great interest in all princes courts; and the other was taken notice of by several, as one they had seen somewhere long before. One more particularly said, he had formerly been a man of

consideration in the world; but was so unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by some strange infatuation or other, had a way of cutting off their own bills, and were prodigiously slow in improving their stock. But as much as I was curious to observe the reception these gentlemen met with upon the Exchange, I could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every body made their compliments. He was of the common height, and in his dress there seemed to be great care to appear no way particular, except in a certain exact and feat manner of behaviour and circumspection. He was wonderfully careful that his shoes and cloaths should be without the least speck upon them; and seemed to think, that on such an accident depended his very life and fortune. There was hardly a man on the Exchange who had not a note upon him; and each seemed very well satisfied that their money lay in his hands, without demanding payment. I asked Pacolet, what great merchant that was, who was so universally addressed to, yet made too familiar an appearance to command that extraordinary deference? Pacolet answered, "This person is the dæmon or genius of credit; his name is Umbra. If you observe, he follows Alethes and Verisimilis at a distance; and indeed has no foundation for the figure he makes in the world, but that he is thought to keep their cash; though, at the same time, none who trust him would trust the others for a groat." As the company rolled about, the three spectres were jumbled into one place: when they were so, and all thought there was an alliance between them, they immediately drew upon them the business of the whole Exchange. But their affairs soon increased to such an unwieldy bulk, that Alethes took his leave, and said, "he would not engage further than he had an

immediate fund to answer." Verisimilis pretended, "that though he had revenues large enough to go on his own bottom, yet it was below one of his family to condescend to trade in his own name;" therefore he also retired. I was extremely troubled to see the glorious mart of London left with no other guardian but him of credit. But Pacolet told me, "that traders had nothing to do with the honour or conscience of their correspondents, provided they supported a general behaviour in the world, which could not hurt their credit or their purses: for," said he, "you may, in this one tract of building of London and Westminster, see the imaginary motives on which the greatest affairs move, as well as in rambling over the face of the earth. For though Alethes is the real governor, as well as legislator of mankind, he has very little business but to make up quarrels; and is only a general referee, to whom every man pretends to appeal, but is satisfied with his determinations no further than they promote his own interest. Hence it is, that the soldier and the courtier model their actions according to Verisimilis's manner, and the merchant according to that of Umbra. Among these men, honour and credit are not valuable possessions in themselves, or pursued out of a principle of justice; but merely as they are serviceable to ambition and to commerce. But the world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity, until men are firmly convinced, that conscience, honour, and credit, are all in one interest; and that, without the concurrence of the former, the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others. The force these delusive words have is not seen in the transactions of the busy world only, but they have also their tyranny over the fair sex. Were you to ask the unhappy Lais, what pangs of reflection preferring the consideration of her honour

to her conscience has given her? she could tell you, that it has forced her to drink up half a gallon this winter of Tom Dassapas's potions; that she still pines away for fear of being a mother; and knows not but, the moment she is such, she shall be a murderess: but if conscience had as strong a force upon the mind as honour, the first step to her unhappy condition had never been made; she had still been innocent, as she is beautiful. Were men so enlightened and studious of their own good, as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conscience would be the steady ruler of human life; and the words truth, law, reason, equity, and religion, would be but synonymous terms for that only guide which makes us pass our days in our own favour and approbation."

No 49. TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 1.

THE imposition of honest names and words upon improper subjects, has made so regular a confusion among us, that we are apt to sit down with our errors, well enough satisfied with the methods we

are fallen into, without attempting to deliver ourselves from the tyranny under which we are reduced by such innovations. Of all the laudable motives of human life, none have suffered so much in this kind, as love; under which revered name a brutal desire called lust is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a matron from a prostitute, or a companion from a buffoon. Philander the other day was bewailing this misfortune with much indignation, and upbraided me for having some time since quoted those excellent lines of the satirist:

> " To an exact perfection they have brought
> " The action love, the passion is forgot."

" How could you," said he, " leave such a hint so coldly? How could Aspasia and Sempronia enter into your imagination at the same time, and you never declare to us the different receptions you gave them?"

The figures which the antient mythologists and poets put upon Love and Lust in their writings are very instructive. Love is a beauteous blind child, adorned with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him, without design or direction; to intimate to us, that the person beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with, but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant; they cannot but attract your concern and fondness, though the child so regarded is as insensible of the value you put upon it, as it is that it deserves your benevolence. On the other side, the sages figured Lust in the form of a satyr; of shape, part human, part bestial; to signify that the followers of it prostitute the reason of a man to pursue the appetites of a beast. This satyr is made to haunt the paths and coverts

of the wood-nymphs and shepherdesses, to lurk on the banks of rivulets, and watch the purling streams, as the resorts of retired virgins; to show, that lawless desire tends chiefly to prey upon innocence, and has something so unnatural in it, that it hates its own make, and shuns the object it loved, as soon as it has made it like itself. Love, therefore, is a child that complains and bewails its inability to help itself, and weeps for assistance, without an immediate reflection or knowledge of the food it wants: Lust, a watchful thief, which seizes its prey, and lays snares for its own relief; and its principal object being innocence, it never robs, but it murders at the same time.

From this idea of a Cupid and a Satyr, we may settle our notions of these different desires, and accordingly rank their followers. Aspasia must, therefore, be allowed to be the first of the beauteous order of Love, whose unaffected freedom, and conscious innocence, give her the attendance of the Graces in all her actions. That awful distance which we bear toward her in all our thoughts of her, and that chearful familiarity with which we approach her, are certain instances of her being the truest object of love of any of her sex. In this accomplished lady, love is the constant effect, because it is never the design. Yet, though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; and to love her is a liberal education; for, it being the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved person in the lover, a regard for Aspasia naturally produces decency of manners, and good conduct of life, in her admirers. If, therefore, the giggling Leucippe could but see her train of fops assembled, and Aspasia move by them, she would be mortified at the veneration with which she is

beheld, even by Leucippe's own unthinking equipage, whose passions have long taken leave of their understandings.

As charity is esteemed a conjunction of the good qualities necessary to a virtuous man, so love is the happy composition of all the accomplishments that make a fine gentleman. The motive of a man's life is seen in all his actions; and such as have the beauteous boy for their inspirer have a simplicity of behaviour, and a certain evenness of desire, which burns like the lamp of life in their bosoms; while they who are instigated by the satyr are ever tortured by jealousies of the object of their wishes; often desire what they scorn, and as often consciously and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

Florio, the generous husband, and Limberham, the kind keeper, are noted examples of the different effects which these desires produce in the mind. Amanda, who is the wife of Florio, lives in the continual enjoyment of new instances of her husband's friendship, and sees it the end of all his ambition to make her life one series of pleasure and satisfaction; and Amanda's relish of the goods of life is all that makes them pleasing to Florio: they behave themselves to each other, when present, with a certain apparent benevolence, which transports above rapture; and they think of each other in absence with a confidence unknown to the highest friendship: their satisfactions are doubled, their sorrows lessened, by participation.

On the other hand, Corinna*, who is the mistress of Limberham, lives in constant torment: her

* The persons here alluded to under the names of Corinna and Limberham, were Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, junior, and Henry Cromwell, Esquire.

equipage is an old woman, who was what Corinna is now; an antiquated footman, who was pimp to Limberham's father; and a chambermaid, who is Limberham's wench by fits, out of a principle of politics to make her jealous and watchful of Corinna. Under this guard, and in this conversation, Corinna lives in state: the furniture of her habitation, and her own gorgeous dress, make her the envy of all the strolling ladies in the town; but Corinna knows she herself is but part of Limberham's houshold stuff, and is as capable of being disposed of elsewhere, as any other moveable. But while her keeper is persuaded by his spies, that no enemy has been within his doors since his last visit, no Persian prince was ever so magnificently bountiful: a kind look or falling tear is worth a piece of brocade, a sigh is a jewel, and a smile is a cupboard of plate. All this is shared between Corinna and her guard in his absence. With this great œconomy and industry does the unhappy Limberham purchase the constant tortures of jealousy, the favour of spending his estate, and the opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and despised. These are the ordinary and common evils which attend keepers; and Corinna is a wench but of common size of wickedness, were you to know what passes under the roof where the fair Messalina reigns with her humble adorer.

Messalina is the professed mistress of mankind; she has left the bed of her husband, and her beauteous offspring, to give a loose to want of shame and fulness of desire. Wretched Nocturnus, her feeble keeper! How the poor creature fribbles in his gait, and skuttles from place to place, to dispatch his necessary affairs in painful daylight, that he may return to the constant twilight preserved in that scene of wantonness, Messalina's bed chamber!

How does he, while he is absent from thence, consider in his imagination the breadth of his porter's shoulders, the spruce night-cap of his valet, the ready attendance of his butler! any of all whom he knows she admits, and professes to approve of. This, alas! is the gallantry, this the freedom of our fine gentlemen; for this they preserve their liberty, and keep clear of that bugbear, marriage. But he does not understand either vice or virtue, who will not allow, that life without the rules of morality is a wayward uneasy being, with snatches only of pleasure; but under the regulation of virtue, a reasonable and uniform habit of enjoyment. I have seen, in a play of old Haywood's, a speech at the end of an act, which touched this point with much spirit. He makes a married man in the play, upon some endearing occasion, look at his spouse with an air of fondness, and fall into the following reflection on his condition:

Oh marriage! happiest, easiest, safest state;
Let debauchees and drunkards scorn thy rites,
Who, in their nauseous draughts and lusts, profane
Both thee and Heav'n, by whom thou wert ordain'd.
How can the savage call it loss of freedom,
Thus to converse with, thus to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous friend?
Blush not, my fair-one, that thy love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded wife
That my full heart o'erflows in praise of thee.
Thou art by law, by interest, passion, mine:
Passion and reason join in love of thee.
Thus, through a world of calumny and fraud,
We pass both unreproach'd, both undeceiv'd;
While in each other's interest and happiness,
We without art all faculties employ,
And all our senses without guilt enjoy.

N° 50. THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 2.

The History of ORLANDO THE FAIR.

WHATEVER malicious men may say of our Lucubrations, we have no design but to produce unknown merit, or place in a proper light the actions of our contemporaries who labour to distinguish themselves, whether it be by vice or virtue. For we shall never give accounts to the world of any thing, but what the lives and endeavours of the persons, of whom we treat, make the basis of their fame and reputation. For this reason, it is to be hoped that our appearance is reputed a public benefit; and though certain persons may turn what we mean for panegyric into scandal, let it be answered once for all, that if our praises are really designed as raillery, such malevolent persons owe their safety from it, only to their being too inconsiderable for history. It is not every man who deals in rats-bane, or is unseasonably amorous, that can adorn story like Æsculapius *; nor every stock-jobber of the India company can assume the port, and personate the figure of Aurengezebe. My noble

* Dr. Radcliffe.

ancestor, Mr. Shakspeare, who was of the race of the Staffs, was not more fond of the memorable Sir John Falstaff, than I am of those worthies; but the Latins have an admirable admonition expressed in three words, to wit, *Ne quid nimis*, which forbids my indulging myself on those delightful subjects, and calls me to do justice to others, who make no less figures in our generation: of such, the first and most renowned is, that eminent hero and lover Orlando * the handsome, whose disappointments in love, in gallantry, and in war, have banished him from public view, and made him voluntarily enter into a confinement to which the ungrateful age would otherwise have forced him. Ten *lustra* and more are wholly passed since Orlando first appeared in the metropolis of this island: his descent noble, his wit humorous, his person charming. But to none of these recommendatory advantages was his title so undoubted, as that of his beauty. His complexion was fair, but his countenance manly; his stature of the tallest, his shape the most exact: and though in all his limbs he had a proportion as delicate as we see in the works of the most skilful statuaries, his body had a strength and firmness little inferior to the marble of which such images are formed. This made Orlando the universal flame of all the fair sex; innocent virgins sighed for him, as Adonis; experienced widows, as Hercules. Thus did this figure walk alone the pattern and ornament of our species, but of course the envy of all who had the same passions without his superior merit, and pretences to the favour of

* Robert Fielding, esq. commonly known then by the name of Beau *Fielding*, a handsome and very comely gentleman, much distinguished in the "Annals of Gallantry" at that time.

that enchanting creature, woman. However, the generous Orlando believed himself formed for the world, and not to be ingrossed by any particular affection. He sighed not for Delia, for Chloris, for Chloe, for Betty, nor my lady, nor for the ready chamber-maid, nor distant baroness: woman was his mistress, and the whole sex his seraglio. His form was always irresistible: and if we consider, that not one of five hundred can bear the least favour from a lady without being exalted above himself; if also we must allow, that a smile from a side-box has made Jack Spruce half mad; we cannot think it wonderful that Orlando's repeated conquests touched his brain: so it certainly did, and Orlando became an enthusiast in love; and in all his address, contracted something out of the ordinary course of breeding and civility. However, powerful as he was, he would still add to the advantages of his person that of a profession which the ladies always favour, and immediately commenced soldier. Thus equipped for love and honour, our hero seeks distant climes and adventures, and leaves the despairing nymphs of Great Britain, to the courtships of beaux and witlings till his return. His exploits in foreign nations and courts have not been regularly enough communicated unto us, to report them with that veracity, which we profess in our narrations: but after many feats of arms (which those who were witnesses to them have suppressed out of envy, but which we have had faithfully related from his own mouth in our public streets) Orlando returns home full, but not loaded, with years. Beaux born in his absence made it their business to decry his furniture, his dress, his manner; but all such rivalry he suppressed (as the philosopher did the sceptic, who argued there was no such thing as motion) by only

moving. The beauteous Villaria *, who only was formed for his paramour, became the object of his affection. His first speech to her was as follows:

"Madam,

"It is not only that nature has made us two the most accomplished of each sex, and pointed to us to obey her dictates in becoming one; but that there is also an ambition in following the mighty persons you have favoured. Where kings and heroes, as great as Alexander, or such as could personate Alexander, have bowed, permit your General to lay his laurels."

According to Milton;

> The Fair with conscious majesty approv'd
> His pleaded reason. ———

Fortune having now supplied Orlando with necessaries for his high taste of gallantry and pleasure, his equipage and œconomy had something in them more sumptuous and gallant than could be received in our degenerate age; therefore his figure, though highly graceful, appeared so exotic, that it assembled all the Britons under the age of sixteen, who saw his grandeur, to follow his chariot with shouts and acclamations; which he regarded with the contempt which great minds affect in the midst of applauses. I remember, I had the honour to see him one day stop, and call the youths about him, to whom he spake as follows:

"Good bastards—Go to school, and do not lose your time in following my wheels: I am loth to hurt you, because I know not but you are all my own offspring: hark ye, you sirrah with the white hair,

* Barbara, daughter and heiress to William Villiers lord viscount Grandison of the kingdom of Ireland.

I am sure you are mine: there is half a crown. Tell your mother, this, with the half crown I gave her when I got you, comes to five shillings. Thou hast cost me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young dogs, did you never see a man before?" 'Never such a one as you, noble general,' replied a truant from Westminster. "Sirrah, I believe thee: there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman."

This vehicle, though sacred to love, was not adorned with doves: such an hieroglyphic denoted too languishing a passion. Orlando therefore gave the eagle, as being of a constitution which inclined him rather to seize his prey with talons, than pine for it with murmurs.

From my own Apartment, August 2.

I have received the following letter from Mr. Powel of Bath, who, I think, runs from the point between us; which I leave the whole world to judge.

"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

"Sir, *Bath, July* 28.

"Having a great deal of more advantageous business at present on my hands, I thought to have deferred answering your Tatler of the twenty-first instant until the company was gone, and season over; but having resolved not to regard any impertinencies of your paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more easily induced to answer you, as I shall find time to do it. First, partly lest you should think yourself neglected, which I have reason to believe you would take heinously ill. Secondly, partly because it will increase my fame, and consequently my audience, when all the

quality shall see with how much wit and raillery I show you—I do not care a farthing for you. Thirdly, partly because being without books, if I do not show much learning, it will not be imputed to my having none.

"I have travelled Italy, France, and Spain, and fully comprehend whatever any German artist in the world can do; yet cannot I imagine, why you should endeavour to disturb the repose and plenty which, though unworthy, I enjoy at this place. It cannot be, that you take offence at my prologues and epilogues, which you are pleased to miscall foolish and abusive. No, no, until you give a better, I shall not forbear thinking that the true reason of your picking a quarrel with me was, because it is more agreeable to your principles, as well as more to the honour of your assured victory, to attack a governor. Mr. Isaac, Mr. Isaac, I can see into a mill-stone as far as another, as the saying is; you are for sowing the seeds of sedition and disobedience among my puppets, and your zeal for the good old cause would make you persuade Punch to pull the string from his chops, and not move his jaw when I have a mind he should harangue. Now, I appeal to all men, if this be not contrary to that unaccountable and uncontroulable dominion, which by the laws of nature I exercise over them; for all sorts of wood and wire were made for the use and benefit of man: I have, therefore, an unquestionable right to frame, fashion, and put them together as I please; and having made them what they are, my puppets are my property, and therefore my slaves: nor is there in nature any thing more just, than the homage which is paid by a less to a more excellent being: so that by the right, therefore, of a superior genius, I am their supreme moderator,

although you would insinuate, agreeably to your levelling principles, that I am myself but a great puppet, and can therefore have but a co-ordinate jurisdiction with them. I suppose, I have now sufficiently made it appear, that I have a paternal right to keep a puppet-show, and this right I will maintain in my prologues on all occasions.

"And, therefore, if you write a defence of yourself against this my self-defence, I admonish you to keep within bounds; for every day will not be so propitious to you as the twenty-ninth of April; and perhaps my resentment may get the better of my generosity, and I may no longer scorn to fight one who is not my equal, with unequal weapons: there are such things as *scandalums magnatums*; therefore, take heed hereafter how you write such things as I cannot easily answer, for that will put me in a passion.

"I order you to handle only these two propositions, to which our dispute may be reduced: the first, whether I have not an absolute power, whenever I please, to light a pipe with one of Punch's legs, or warm my fingers with his whole carcase? the second, whether the devil would not be in Punch, should he by word or deed oppose my sovereign will and pleasure? and then, perhaps, I may, if I can find leisure for it, give you the trouble of a second letter.

"But if you intend to tell me of the original of puppet-shows; and the several changes and revolutions that have happened in them since Thespis, and I do not care who, that is *Noli me tangere!* I have solemnly engaged to say nothing of what I cannot approve. Or, if you talk of certain contracts with the mayor and burgesses, or fees to the constables, for the privilege of acting, I will not

write one single word about any such matters; but shall leave you to be mumbled by the learned and very ingenious author of a late book, who knows very well what is to be said and done in such cases. He is now shuffling the cards, and dealing to Timothy; but if he wins the game, I will send him to play at back-gammon with you; and then he will satisfy you, that *deuce-ace* makes five.

"And so, submitting myself to be tried by my country, and allowing any jury of twelve good men, and true, to be that country; not excepting any unless Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff to be of the pannel, for you are neither good nor true; I bid you heartily farewell; and am, Sir,

Your loving friend,

POWEL."

ADVERTISEMENT.

Proper cuts for the historical part of this paper, are now almost finished, by an engraver lately arrived from Paris, and will be sold at all the toy-shops in London and Westminster.

Nº 51. SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper ſeizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 5.

Continuation of the History of ORLANDO the FAIR *.

FORTUNE being now propitious to the gay Orlando, he dressed, he spoke, he moved as a man might be supposed to do in a nation of pygmies, and had an equal value for our approbation or dislike. It is usual for thôse who profess a contempt for the world, to fly from it and live in obscurity; but Orlando, with a greater magnanimity, contemned it, and appeared in it to tell them so. If, therefore, his exalted mien met with an unwelcome reception, he was sure always to double the cause which gave the distaste. You see our beauties affect a negligence in the ornament of their hair, and adjusting their head-dresses, as conscious that they adorn whatever they wear. Orlando had not only this humour in common with other beauties, but also had a neglect whether things became him, or not, in a world he contemned. For this reason, a noble particularity appeared in all his œconomy, furniture, and equipage. And to convince the present little race, how unequal all their measures were to

* See p. 89.

an Antediluvian as he called himself, in respect of the insects which now appear for men, he sometimes rode in an open tumbril, of less size than ordinary, to show the largeness of his limbs, and the grandeur of his personage, to the greater advantage. At other seasons, all his appointments had a magnificence, as if it were formed by the genius of Trimalchio of old, which showed itself in doing ordinary things, with an air of pomp and grandeur. Orlando therefore called for tea by beat of drum; his valet got ready to shave him by a trumpet to horse; and water was brought for his teeth, when the sound was changed to boots and saddle.

In all these glorious excesses from the common practice, did the happy Orlando live and reign in an uninterrupted tranquillity, until an unlucky accident brought to his remembrance, that one evening he was married before he courted the nuptials of Villaria. Several fatal memorandums were produced to revive the memory of this accident; and the unhappy lover was for ever banished her presence, to whom he owed the support of his just renown and gallantry. But distress does not debase noble minds; it only changes the scene, and gives them new glory by that alteration. Orlando therefore now raves in a garret, and calls to his neighbour-skies to pity his dolours, and to find redress for an unhappy lover. All high spirits, in any great agitation of mind, are inclined to relieve themselves by poetry: the renowned porter of Oliver had not more volumes around his cell in his college of Bedlam, than Orlando in his present apartment. And though inserting poetry in the midst of prose be thought a licence among correct writers not to be indulged, it is hoped the necessity of doing it, to give a just idea of the hero of whom we treat, will plead for the liberty we shall hereafter take, to

print Orlando's soliloquies in verse and prose, after the manner of great wits, and such as those to whom they are nearly allied.

Will's Coffee-house, August 5.

A good company of us were this day to see, or rather to hear, an artful person do several feats of activity with his throat and windpipe. The first thing wherewith he presented us, was a ring of bells, which he imitated in a most miraculous manner; after that, he gave us all the different notes of a pack of hounds, to our great delight and astonishment. The company expressed their applause with much noise; and never was heard such a harmony of men and dogs: but a certain plump merry fellow, from an angle of the room, fell a crowing like a cock so ingeniously, that he won our hearts from the other operator in an instant. As soon as I saw him, I recollected I had seen him on the stage, and immediately knew it to be Tom Mirrour *, the comical actor. He immediately addressed himself to me, and told me, "he was surprised to see a virtuoso take satisfaction in any representations below that of human life;" and asked me, "whether I thought this acting of bells and dogs was to be considered under the notion of wit, humour, or satire? Were it not better," continued he, "to have some particular picture of man laid before your eyes, that might incite your laughter?" He had no sooner spoke the word, but he immediately quitted his natural shape, and talked to me in a very different air and tone from what he had used before: upon which, all that sat near us laughed; but I saw no distortion in his countenance, or any thing that ap-

* Mr. Richard Estcourt, commonly called *Dick Estcourt*, celebrated for his mimick powers, in which he was inimitable.

peared to me disagreeable. I asked Pacolet, "what meant that sudden whisper about us? for I could not take the jest." He answered, "The gentleman you were talking to assumed your air and countenance so exactly, that all fell a-laughing to see how little you knew yourself, and how much you were enamoured with your own image. But that person," continued my monitor, "if men would make the right use of him, might be as instrumental to their reforming errors in gesture, language, and speech, as a dancing-master, linguist, or orator. You see he laid yourself before you with so much address, that you saw nothing particular in his behaviour: he has so happy a knack of representing errors and imperfections, that you can bear your faults in him as well as in yourself: he is the first mimick that ever gave the beauties, as well as the deformities, of the man he acted. What Mr. Dryden said of a very great man, may be well applied to him:

——— "He seems to be
"Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

You are to know, that this Pantomime may be said to be a species of himself: he has no commerce with the rest of mankind, but as they are the objects of imitation; like the Indian fowl, called the Mock-bird, who has no note of his own, but hits every sound in the wood as soon as he hears it; so that Mirrour is at once a copy and an original. Poor Mirrour's fate, as well as talent, is like that of the bird we just now spoke of; the nightingale, the linnet, the lark, are delighted with his company; but the buzzard, the crow, and the owl, are observed to be his mortal enemies. Whenever Sophronius meets Mirrour, he receives him with civility and respect, and well knows a good copy of

himself can be no injury to him; but Bathillus shuns the street where he expects to meet him; for he, that knows his every step and look is constrained and affected, must be afraid to be rivalled in his action, and of having it discovered to be unnatural, by its being practised by another as well as himself.

From my own Apartment, August 5.

Letters from Coventry and other places have been sent to me, in answer to what I have said in relation to my antagonist Mr. Powell; and advise me, with warm language, to keep to subjects more proper for me than such high points. But the writers of these epistles mistake the use and service I proposed to the learned world by such observations: for you are to understand, that the title of this paper gives me a right in taking to myself, and inserting in it, all such parts of any book or letter which are foreign to the purpose intended, or professed, by the writer; so that suppose two great divines should argue, and treat each other with warmth and levity unbecoming their subject or character, all that they say unfit for that place is very proper to be inserted here. Therefore, from time to time, in all writings which shall hereafter be published, you shall have from me extracts of all that shall appear not to the purpose; and for the benefit of the gentle reader, I will show what to turn over unread, and what to peruse. For this end I have a mathematical sieve preparing, in which I will sift every page and paragraph; and all that falls through I shall make bold with for my own use. The same thing will be as beneficial in speech; for all superfluous expressions in talk fall to me also: as when a pleader at the bar designs to be extremely impertinent and troublesome, and cries, "Under favour of the court——with sub-

mission, my lord——I humbly offer"——and, "I think I have well considered this matter; for I would be very far from trifling with your lordship's time, or trespassing upon your patience—however, thus I will venture to say ——" and so forth. Or else, when a sufficient self-conceited coxcomb is bringing out something in his own praise, and begins, "Without vanity, I must take this upon me to assert." There is also a trick which the fair sex have, that will greatly contribute to swell my volumes: as, when a woman is going to abuse her best friend, "Pray," says she, "have you heard what is said of Mrs. such-a-one? I am heartily sorry to hear any thing of that kind of one I have so great a value for; but they make no scruple of telling it; and it was not spoken of to me as a secret, for now all the town rings of it." All such flowers in rhetorick, and little refuges for malice, are to be noted, and naturally belong only to Tatlers. By this method you will immediately find folios contract themselves into octavos, and the labour of a fortnight got over in half a day.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 5.

Last night arrived a mail from Lisbon, which gives a very pleasing account of the posture of affairs in that part of the world, the enemy having been necessitated wholly to abandon the blockade of Olivenza. These advices say, that Sir John Jennings is arrived at Lisbon. When that gentleman left Barcelona, his Catholic Majesty was taking all possible methods for carrying on an offensive war. It is observed with great satisfaction in the court of Spain, that there is very good intelligence between the general officers: Count Staremberg and Mr. Stanhope acting in all things with such unanimity, that the public affairs receive great advantages from

their personal friendship and esteem to each other, and mutual assistance in promoting the service of the common cause.

*** This is to give notice, that if any able-bodied Palatine will enter into the bonds of matrimony with Betty Pepin, the said Palatine shall be settled in a freehold of forty shillings *per annum* in the county of Middlesex.

N° 52. THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines —
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

DELAMIRA resigns her FAN.

LONG had the crowd of the gay and young stood in suspence, as to their fate in their passion to the beauteous Delamira; but all their hopes are lately vanished, by the declaration that she has made of her choice, to take the happy Archibald * for her companion for life. Upon her making this known,

* The Honourable Lord Archibald Hamilton of Motherwell, son to William third duke of Hamilton, was probably *the happy Archibald* here meant, who about this time married Lady Jane Hamilton, youngest daughter of James Earl of Abercorn.

the expence of sweet powder and jessamine are considerably abated; and the mercers and milliners complain of her want of public spirit, in not concealing longer a secret which was so much the benefit of trade. But so it has happened; and no one was in confidence with her in carrying on this treaty, but the matchless Virgulta, whose despair of ever entering the matrimonial state made her, some nights before Delamira's resolution was published to the world, address herself to her in the following manner:

"Delamira! you are now going into that state of life wherein the use of your charms is wholly to be applied to the pleasing only one man. That swimming air of your body, that janty bearing of your head over one shoulder, and that inexpressible beauty in your manner of playing your Fan, must be lowered into a more confined behaviour; to show, that you would rather shun than receive addresses for the future. Therefore, dear Delamira, give me those excellences you leave off, and acquaint me with your manner of charming: for I take the liberty of our friendship to say, that when I consider my own stature, motion, complexion, wit, or breeding, I cannot think myself any way your inferior; yet do I go through crowds without wounding a man, and all my acquaintance marry round me, while I live a virgin unasked, and I think unregarded."

Delamira heard her with great attention, and, with that dexterity which is natural to her, told her, that "all she had above the rest of her sex and contemporary beauties, was wholly owing to a Fan (that was left her by her mother, and had been long in the family), which whoever had in possession, and used with skill, should command the hearts of all her beholders: and since," said she

smiling, "I have no more to do with extending my conquests or triumphs, I will make you a present of this inestimable rarity." Virgulta made her expressions of the highest gratitude for so uncommon a confidence in her, and desired she would "show her what was peculiar in the management of that utensil, which rendered it of such general force while she was mistress of it." Delamira replied, "You see, madam, Cupid is the principal figure painted on it; and the skill in playing the Fan is, in your several motions of it, to let him appear as little as possible; for honourable lovers fly all endeavours to ensnare them; and your Cupid must hide his bow and arrow, or he will never be sure of his game. You may observe," continued she, "that in all public assemblies, the sexes seem to separate themselves, and draw up to attack each other with eye-shot: that is the time when the Fan, which is all the armour of a woman, is of most use in our defence; for our minds are construed by the waving of that little instrument, and our thoughts appear in composure or agitation, according to the motion of it. You may observe, when Will Peregrine comes into the side-box, Miss Gatty flutters her fan, as a fly does its wings round a candle; while her eldest sister, who is as much in love with him as she is, is as grave as a vestal at his entrance; and the consequence is accordingly. He watches half the play for a glance from her sister, while Gatty is overlooked and neglected. I wish you heartily as much success in the management of it as I have had: If you think fit to go on where I left off, I will give you a short account of the execution I have made with it.

"Cymon, who is the dullest of mortals, and though a wonderful great scholar, does not only pause, but seems to take a nap with his eyes open

between every other sentence in his discourse: him have I made a leader in assemblies; and one blow on the shoulder as I passed by him has raised him to a downright impertinent in all conversations. The airy Will Sampler is become as lethargic by this my wand, as Cimon is sprightly. Take it, good girl, and use it without mercy; for the reign of beauty never lasted full three years, but it ended in marriage, or condemnation to virginity. As you fear, therefore, the one, and hope for the other, I expect an hourly journal of your triumphs; for I have it by certain tradition, that it was given to the first who wore it, by an inchantress, with this remarkable power, that it bestows a husband in half a year on her who does not overlook her proper minute; but assigns to a long despair the woman who is well offered, and neglects that proposal. May occasion attend your charms, and your charms slip no occasion! Give me, I say, an account of the progress of your forces at our next meeting; and you shall hear what I think of my new condition. I should meet my future spouse this moment. Farewell. Live in just terror of the dreadful words, SHE WAS."

From my own Apartment, August 8.

I had the honour this evening to visit some ladies, where the subject of the conversation was Modesty; which they commended as a quality quite as becoming in men as in women. I took the liberty to say, "it might be as beautiful in our behaviour as in theirs, yet it could not be said, it was as successful in life; for as it was the only recommendation in them, so it was the greatest obstacle to us, both in love and business." A gentleman present was of my mind, and said, that "we must describe the difference between the Modesty of women and that

of men, or we should be confounded in our reasonings upon it; for this virtue is to be regarded with respect to our different ways of life. The woman's province is, to be careful in her œconomy, and chaste in her affections: the man's, to be active in the improvement of his fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is consistent with his reputation for that end." Modesty, therefore, in a woman, has a certain agreeable fear in all she enters upon; and in men, it is composed of a right judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a discreet man is always a modest one. It is to be noted that Modesty in a man is never to be allowed as a good quality, but a weakness, if it suppresses his virtue, and hides it from the world, when he has at the same time a mind to exert himself. A French author says very justly, that Modesty is to the other virtues in a man, what shade in a picture is to the parts of the thing represented. It makes all the other beauties conspicuous, which would otherwise be but a wild heap of colours. This shade in our actions must, therefore, be very justly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good qualities, instead of showing them to advantage.

Nestor in Athens was an unhappy instance of this truth; for he was not only in his profession the greatest man of that age, but had given more proofs of it than any other man ever did; yet, for want of that natural freedom and audacity which is necessary in commerce with men, his personal Modesty overthrew all his public actions. Nestor was in those days a skilful architect, and in a manner the inventor of the use of mechanic powers; which he brought to so great perfection, that he knew to an atom what foundation would bear such a superstructure: and they record of him, that he was so

prodigiously exact, that, for the experiment's sake, he built an edifice of great beauty, and seeming strength; but contrived so as to bear only its own weight, and not to admit the addition of the least particle. This building was beheld with much admiration by all the *Virtuosi* of that time; but fell down with no other pressure, but the settling of a Wren upon the top of it. Yet Nestor's modesty was such, that his art and skill were soon disregarded, for want of that manner with which men of the world support and assert the merit of their own performances. Soon after this instance of his art, Athens was, by the treachery of its enemies, burned to the ground. This gave Nestor the greatest occasion that ever builder had to render his name immortal, and his person venerable: for all the new city rose according to his disposition, and all the monuments of the glories and distresses of that people were erected by that sole artist: nay, all their temples, as well as houses, were the effects of his study and labour; insomuch that it was said by an old sage, "Sure Nestor will now be famous, for the habitations of Gods, as well as men, are built by his contrivance." But this bashful quality still put a damp upon his great knowledge, which has as fatal an effect upon men's reputations as poverty; for as it was said, "the poor man saved the city, and the poor man's labour was forgot;" so here we find, "the modest man built the city, and the modest man's skill was unknown."

Thus, we see, every man is the maker of his own fortune; and what is very odd to consider, he must in some measure be the trumpeter of his own fame: not that men are to be tolerated who directly praise themselves; but they are to be endued with a sort of defensive eloquence, by which they shall be al-

ways capable of expressing the rules and arts whereby they govern themselves.

Varillus was the man, of all I have read of, the happiest in the true possession of this quality of Modesty. My author says of him, Modesty in Varillus is really a virtue, for it is a voluntary quality, and the effect of good sense. He is naturally bold and enterprising; but so justly discreet, that he never acts or speaks any thing, but those who behold him know he has forborn much more than he has performed or uttered, out of deference to the persons before whom he is. This makes Varillus truly amiable, and all his attempts successful; for, as bad as the world is thought to be by those who are perhaps unskilled in it, want of success in our actions is generally owing to want of judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a rustic modesty, which will not give us leave to undertake what we ought. But how unfortunate this diffident temper is to those who are possessed with it, may be best seen in the success of such as are wholly unacquainted with it.

We have one peculiar elegance in our language above all others, which is conspicuous in the term "Fellow." This word, added to any of our adjectives, extremely varies, or quite alters, the sense of that with which it is joined. Thus though "a modest man" is the most unfortunate of all men, yet "a modest fellow" is as superlatively happy. "A modest fellow" is a ready creature, who, with great humility, and as great forwardness, visits his patrons at all hours, and meets them in all places, and has so moderate an opinion of himself, that he makes his court at large. If you will not give him a great employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has so great a deference for his benefactor's

judgment, that as he thinks himself fit for any thing he can get, so he is above nothing which is offered. He is like the young bachelor of arts, who came to town recommended to a chaplain's place; but none being vacant, modestly accepted that of a postillion.

We have very many conspicuous persons of this undertaking yet modest turn: I have a grandson who is very happy in this quality: I sent him in the time of the last peace into France. As soon as he landed at Calais, he sent me an exact account of the nature of the people, and the policies of the king of France. I got him since chosen a member of a corporation: the modest creature, as soon as he came into the common-council, told a senior burgess, he was perfectly out of the orders of their house. In other circumstances he is so thoroughly "modest a fellow" that he seems to pretend only to things he understands. He is a citizen only at court, and in the city a courtier. In a word, to speak the characteristical difference between "a modest man" and "a modest fellow;" the Modest Man is in doubt in all his actions; a Modest Fellow never has a doubt from his cradle to his grave.

N° 53. THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 10.

THE CIVIL HUSBAND.

THE fate and character of the inconstant Osmyn is a just excuse for the little notice taken by his widow of his departure out of this life, which was equally troublesome to Elmira, his faithful spouse, and to himself. That life passed between them after this manner, is the reason the town has just now received a lady with all that gaiety, after having been a relict but three months, which other women hardly assume under fifteen, after such a disaster. Elmira is the daughter of a rich and worthy citizen, who gave her to Osmyn, with a portion which might have obtained her an alliance with our noblest houses, and fixed her in the eye of the world, where her story had not been now to be related: for her good qualities had made her the object of universal esteem among the polite part of mankind, from whom she has been banished and immured until the death of her gaoler. It is now full fifteen years since that beauteous lady was given into the hands of the happy Osmyn, who, in the sense of all the world, received at that time a present more valuable than the possession of both the Indies. She

was then in her early bloom, with an understanding and discretion very little inferior to the most experienced matrons. She was not beholden to the charms of her sex, that her company was preferable to any Osmyn could meet with abroad; for were all she said considered without regard to her being a woman, it might stand the examination of the severest judges. She had all the beauty of her own sex, with all the conversation-accomplishments of ours. But Osmyn very soon grew surfeited with the charms of her person by possession, and of her mind by want of taste; for he was one of that loose sort of men, who have but one reason for setting any value upon the fair sex; who consider even brides but as new women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the merit of Elmira could not prevent her becoming a mere wife within few months after her nuptials; and Osmyn had so little relish for her conversation, that he complained of the advantages of it. "My spouse," said he to one of his companions, "is so very discreet, so good, so virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her person is rather the object of esteem than of love; and there is such a thing as a merit which causes rather distance than passion." But there being no medium in the state of matrimony, their life began to take the usual gradations to become the most irkome of all beings. They grew in the first place very complaisant; and having at heart a certain knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, apologies were made for every little circumstance which they thought betrayed their mutual coldness. This lasted but few months, when they shewed a difference of opinion in every trifle; and, as a sign of certain decay of affection, the word "perhaps" was introduced in all their discourse. "I have a mind to go to the park,"

says she; "but *perhaps*, my dear, you will want the coach on some other occasion." He "would very willingly carry her to the play; but *perhaps* she had rather go to lady Centaur's and play at ombre." They were both persons of good discerning, and soon found that they mortally hated each other, by their manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are some genio's which are not capable of pure affection, and a man is born with talents for it as much as for poetry or any other science.

Osmyn began too late to find the imperfection of his own heart; and used all the methods in the world to correct it, and argue himself into return of desire and passion for his wife, by the contemplation of her excellent qualities, his great obligations to her, and the high value he saw all the world except himself did put upon her. But such is man's unhappy condition, that though the weakness of the heart has a prevailing power over the strength of the head, yet the strength of the head has but small force against the weakness of the heart. Osmyn, therefore, struggled in vain to revive departed desire; and for that reason resolved to retire to one of his estates in the country, and pass away his hours of wedlock in the noble diversions of the field; and in the fury of a disappointed lover, made an oath to leave neither stag, fox, or hare living, during the days of his wife. Besides that country-sports would be an amusement, he hoped also, that his spouse would be half killed by the very sense of seeing this town no more, and would think her life ended as soon as she left it. He communicated his design to Elmira, who received it, as now she did all things, like a person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the circumstance of place. This unexpected resignation made Osmyn resolve to be as obliging to

her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the weakness of his temper, to excuse the indifference of his behaviour. He disposed his houshold in the way to Rutland, so as he and his lady travelled only in the coach, for the convenience of discourse. They had not gone many miles out of town, when Osmyn spoke to this purpose:

"My dear, I believe I look quite as silly now I am going to tell you I do not love you, as when I first told you I did. We are now going into the country together, with only one hope for making this life agreeable, survivorship: desire is not in our power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with decency to the world, and hate one another with discretion?"

The lady answered, without the least observation on the extravagance of his speech:

"My dear, you have lived most of your days in a court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that sort of life. In courts, you see good-will is spoken with great warmth, ill-will covered with great civility. Men are long in civilities to those they hate, and short in expressions of kindness to those they love. Therefore, my dear, let us be well-bred still; and it is no matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate: and to let you see how much you are beholden to me for my conduct, I have both hated and despised you, my dear, this half year; and yet neither in language or behaviour has it been visible but that I loved you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go out of town to divert life in pursuit of beasts, and conversation with men just above them; so, my life, from this moment, I shall read all the learned cooks who have ever writ; study broths, plasters, and con-

serves, until from a fine lady I become a notable woman. We must take our minds a note or two lower, or we shall be tortured by jealousy, or anger. Thus, I am resolved to kill all keen passions, by employing my mind on little subjects, and lessening the easiness of my spirit; while you, my dear, with much ale, exercise, and ill company, are so good as to endeavour to be as contemptible, as it is necessary for my quiet I should think you."

At Rutland they arrived, and lived with great but secret impatience for many successive years, until Osmyn thought of an happy expedient to give their affairs a new turn. One day he took Elmira aside, and spoke as follows:

"My dear, you see here the air is so temperate and serene; the rivulets, the groves, and soil, so extremely kind to nature, that we are stronger and firmer in our health since we left the town; so that there is no hope of a release in this place: but if you will be so kind as to go with me to my estate in the hundreds of Essex, it is possible some kind damp may one day or other relieve us. If you will condescend to accept of this offer, I will add that whole estate to your jointure in this county."

Elmira, who was all goodness, accepted the offer, removed accordingly, and has left her spouse in that place to rest with his fathers.

This is the real figure in which Elmira ought to be beheld in this town; and not thought guilty of an indecorum, in not professing the sense, or bearing the habit of sorrow, for one who robbed her of all the endearments of life, and gave her only common civility, instead of complacency of manners, dignity of passion, and that constant assemblage of soft desires and affections, which all feel who love, but none can express.

Will's Coffee-house, August 10.

Mr. Truman, who is a mighty admirer of dramatic poetry, and knows I am about a tragedy, never meets me, but he is giving admonitions and hints for my conduct. "Mr Bickerstaff," said he, "I was reading last night your second act you were so kind to lend me: but I find you depend mightily upon the retinue of your hero to make him magnificent. You make guards, and ushers, and courtiers, and commons, and nobles, march before; and then enters your prince, and says, they cannot defend him from his love. Why, prythee, Isaac, who ever thought they could? Place me your loving monarch in a solitude, let him have no sense at all of his grandeur, but let it be eaten up with his passion. He must value himself as the greatest of lovers, not as the first of princes: and then let him say a more tender thing than ever man said before—for his *feather* and *eagle's beak* are nothing at all. The man is to be expressed by his sentiments and affections, and not by his fortune or equipage. You are also to take care, that at his first entrance he says something, which may give us an idea of what we are to expect in a person of his way of thinking. Shakspeare is your pattern. In the tragedy of Cæsar he introduces his hero in his night-gown. He had at that time all the power of Rome: deposed consuls, subordinate generals, and captive princes might have preceded him; but his genius was above such mechanic methods of shewing greatness. Therefore, he rather presents that great soul debating upon the subject of life and death with his intimate friends, without endeavouring to prepossess his audience with empty show and pomp. When those who attend him talk of the many omens which had appeared that day, he answers:

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
"The valiant never taste of death but once.
"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
"It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
"Seeing that death, a necessary end,
"Will come, when it will come."

"When the hero has spoken this sentiment, there is nothing that is great, which cannot be expected from one, whose first position is the contempt of death to so high a degree, as to make his exit a thing wholly indifferent, and not a part of his care, but that of Heaven and fate."

St. James's Coffee-house, August 10.

Letters from Brussels, of the fifteenth instant, N. S. say, that major-general Ravignan returned on the eighth, with the French king's answer to the intended capitulation for the citadel of Tournay; which is, that he does not think fit to sign that capitulation, except the allies will grant a cessation of arms in general, during the time in which all acts of hostility were to have ceased between the citadel and the besiegers. Soon after the receipt of this news, the cannon on each side began to play. There are two attacks against the citadel, commanded by general Lottum and general Schuylemberg, which are both carried on with great success; and it is not doubted but the citadel will be in the hands of the allies before the last day of this month. Letters from Ipres say, that, on the ninth instant, part of the garrison of that place had mutinied in two bodies, each consisting of two hundred; who being dispersed the same day, a body of eight hundred appeared in the market-place at nine the night following, and seized all manner of provisions, but were with much difficulty quieted. The governor has not punished any of the offenders, the

dissatisfaction being universal in that place; and it is thought the officers foment those disorders, that the ministry may be convinced of the necessity of paying those troops, and supplying them with provisions. These advices add, that, on the fourteenth, the marquis d'Este passed express through Brussels from the duke of Savoy, with advice that the army of his royal highness had forced the retrenchments of the enemy in Savoy, and defeated that body of men which guarded those passes under the command of the marquis de Thouy.

N° 54. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
noſtri eſt farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper ſeizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 12.

Of the Government of Affection.

WHEN labour was pronounced to be the portion of man, that doom reached the affections of his mind, as well as his person, the matter on which he was to feed, and all the animal and vegetable world about him. There is, therefore, an assiduous care and cultivation to be bestowed upon our passions and affections; for they, as they are the excrescences of our souls, like our hair and beards, look horrid or

becoming, as we cut, or let them grow. All this grave preface is meant to assign a reason in nature for the unaccountable behaviour of Duumvir, the husband and keeper. Ten thousand follies had this unhappy man escaped, had he made a compact with himself to be upon his guard, and not permitted his vagrant eye to let in so many different inclinations upon him, as all his days he has been perplexed with. But indeed, at present, he has brought himself to be confined only to one prevailing mistress; between whom and his wife, Duumvir passes his hours in all the vicissitudes which attend passion and affection, without the intervention of reason. Laura his wife, and Phillis his mistress, are all with whom he has had, for some months, the least amorous commerce. Duumvir has passed the noon of life; but cannot withdraw from those entertainments which are pardonable only before that stage of our being, and which after that season are rather punishments than satisfactions: for palled appetite is humourous, and must be gratified with sauces rather than food. For which end Duumvir is provided with an haughty, imperious, expensive, and fantastic mistress, to whom he retires from the conversation of an affable, humble, discreet, and affectionate wife. Laura receives him after absence, with an easy and unaffected complacency; but that he calls insipid: Phillis rates him for his absence, and bids him return from whence he came; this he calls spirit and fire: Laura's gentleness is thought mean; Phillis's insolence, sprightly. Were you to see him at his own home, and his mistress's lodgings; to Phillis he appears an obsequious lover, to Laura an imperious master. Nay, so unjust is the taste of Duumvir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality, but that she is his wife; Phillis no good one, but that she is his mistress. And he has him-

self often said, were he married to any one else, he would rather keep Laura than any woman living; yet allows, at the same time, that Phillis, were she a woman of honour, would have been the most insipid animal breathing. The other day Laura, who has a voice like an angel, began to sing to him. "Fie, madam," he cried, "we must be past all these gaieties." Phillis has a note as rude and as loud as that of a milk-maid: when she begins to warble, "Well," says he, "there is such a pleasing simplicity in all that wench does." In a word, the affectionate part of his heart being corrupted, and his true taste that way wholly lost, he has contracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of Laura, and a general partiality in favour of Phillis. It is not in the power of the wife to do a pleasing thing, nor in the mistress to commit one that is disagreeable. There is something too melancholy in the reflection on this circumstance, to be the subject of raillery. He said a sour thing to Laura at dinner the other day; upon which she burst into tears. "What the devil, madam," says he, "cannot I speak in my own house?" He answered Phillis a little abruptly at supper the same evening, upon which she threw his periwig into the fire." "Well," said he, "thou art a brave termagant jade: do you know, hussy, that fair wig cost forty guineas?" Oh Laura! is it for this that the faithful Cromius sighed for you in vain? How is thy condition altered, since crowds of youth hung on thy eye, and watched its glances? It is not many months since Laura was the wonder and pride of her own sex, as well as the desire and passion of ours. At plays and at balls, the just turn of her behaviour, the decency of her virgin charms, chastised, yet added to diversions. At public devotions, her winning modesty, her resigned carriage, made virtue and re-

ligion appear with new ornaments, and in the natural apparel of simplicity and beauty. In ordinary conversations, a sweet conformity of manners, and an humility which heightened all the complacencies of good-breeding and education, gave her more slaves than all the pride of her sex ever made women wish for, Laura's hours are now spent in the sad reflection on her choice, and that deceitful vanity, almost inseparable from the sex, of believing she could reclaim one that had so often ensnared others; as it now is, it is not even in the power of Duumvir himself to do her justice: for though beauty and merit are things real and independent on taste and opinion, yet agreeableness is arbitrary, and the mistress has much the advantage of the wife. But whenever fate is so kind to her and her spouse as to end her days, with all this passion for Phillis, and indifference for Laura, he has a second wife in view, who may avenge the injuries done to her predecessor. Aglaura is the destined lady, who has lived in assemblies, has ambition and play for her entertainment, and thinks of a man, not as the object of love, but the tool of her interest or pride. If ever Aglaura comes to the empire of this inconstant, she will endear the memory of her predecessor. But in the mean time it is melancholy to consider, that the virtue of a wife is like the merit of a poet, never justly valued until after death.

From my own Apartment, August 11.

As we have professed that all the actions of men are our subject, the most solemn are not to be omitted, if there happens to creep into their behaviour any thing improper for such occasions. Therefore the offence mentioned in the following epistles, though it may seem to be committed in a

place sacred from observation, is such, that it is our duty to remark upon it: for though he who does it is himself only guilty of an indecorum, he occasions a criminal levity in all others who are present at it.

"*St. Paul's Church Yard, August* 11.

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"It being mine as well as the opinion of many others, that your papers are extremely well fitted to reform any irregular or indecent practice, I present the following as one which requires your correction. Myself, and a great many good people who frequent the divine service at St. Paul's, have been a long time scandalized by the imprudent conduct of Stentor * in that cathedral. This gentleman, you must know, is always very exact and zealous in his devotion, which I believe nobody blames; but then he is accustomed to roar and bellow so terribly loud in the responses, that he frightens even us of the congregation who are daily used to him: and one of our petty canons, a punning Cambridge scholar, calls his way of worship a Bull-offering. His harsh untuneable pipe is no more fit than a raven's to join with the music of a choir; yet, nobody having been enough his friend, I suppose, to inform him of it; he never fails, when present, to drown the harmony of every hymn and anthem, by an inundation of sound beyond that of the bridge at the ebb of the tide, or the neighbouring lions in the anguish of their hunger. This is a grievance, which, to my certain knowledge, several worthy people desire to see redressed; and if, by inserting this epistle in your paper, or by representing the matter your own

* Dr. William Stanley, Dean of St. Paul's.

way, you can convince Stentor, that discord in a choir is the same sin that schism is in the church in general, you would lay a great obligation upon us; and make some atonement for certain of your paragraphs, which have not been highly approved by us. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,
"JEOFFRY CHANTICLEER."

It is wonderful that there should be such a general lamentation, and the grievance so frequent, and yet the offender never know any thing of it. I have received the following letter from my kinsman at the Heralds-office, near the same place.

"Dear Cousin,

"This office, which has had its share in the impartial justice of your censures, demands at present your vindication of their rights and privileges. There are certain hours when our young heralds are exercised in the faculties of making proclamation, and other vociferations, which of right belong to us only to utter: but at the same hours Stentor in St. Paul's Church, in spite of the coaches, carts, London cries, and all other sounds between us, exalts his throat to so high a key, that the most noisy of our order is utterly unheard. If you please to observe upon this, you will ever oblige, &c."

There have been communicated to me some other ill consequences from the same cause; as, the overturning of coaches by sudden starts of the horses as they passed that way, women pregnant frightened, and heirs to families lost; which are public disasters, though arising from a good intention; but it is hoped, after this admonition, that Stentor will avoid an act of so great supererogation, as singing without a voice.

But I am diverted from prosecuting Stentor's reformation, by an account, that the two faithful lovers, Lisander and Coriana, are dead; for, no longer ago than the first day of the last month, they swore eternal fidelity to each other, and to love until death. Ever since that time, Lisander has been twice a day at the chocolate-house, visits in every circle, is missing four hours in four-and-twenty, and will give no account of himself. These are undoubted proofs of the departure of a lover; and consequently Coriana is also dead as a mistress. I have written to Stentor, to give this couple three calls at the church-door, which they must hear if they are living within the bills of mortality; and if they do not answer at that time, they are from that moment added to the number of my defunct.

N° 55. TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1709.

—— *Paulo majora canamus.* VIRG. Ecl. IV. I.

" —— Begin a loftier strain."

White's Chocolate-house, August 15.

WHILE others are busied in relations which concern the interest of princes, the peace of nations, and revolutions of empire; I think, though these are very great subjects, my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a yet higher consideration. The slow steps of providence and nature, and strange events which are brought about in an in-

stant, are what, as they come within our view and observation, shall be given to the public. Such things are not accompanied with show and noise, and therefore seldom draw the eyes of the unattentive part of mankind; but are very proper at once to exercise our humanity, please our imaginations, and improve our judgments. It may not, therefore, be unuseful to relate many circumstances, which were observable upon a late cure done upon a young gentleman who was born blind, and on the twenty-ninth of June last received his sight, at the age of twenty years, by the operation of an oculist. This happened no farther off than Newington, and the work was prepared for in the following manner.

The operator, Mr. Grant, having observed the eyes of his patient, and convinced his friends and relations, among others the reverend Mr. Caswell, minister of the place, that it was highly probable that he should remove the obstacle which prevented the use of his sight; all his acquaintance, who had any regard for the young man, or curiosity to be present when one of full age and understanding received a new sense, assembled themselves on this occasion. Mr. Caswell, being a gentleman particularly curious, desired the whole company, in case the blindness should be cured, to keep silence: and let the patient make his own observations, without the direction of any thing he had received by his other senses, or the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices. Among several others, the mother, brethren, sisters, and a young gentlewoman for whom he had a passion, were present. The work was performed with great skill and dexterity. When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared such an ecstacy in his action, that he seemed ready to swoon away in the surprize of joy

and wonder. The surgeon stood before him with his instruments in his hands. The young man observed him from head to foot; after which he surveyed himself as carefully, and seemed to compare him to himself; and, observing both their hands, seemed to think they were exactly alike, except the instruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in this amazement some time, his mother could not longer bear the agitations of so many passions as thronged upon her; but fell upon his neck, crying out, "My son! my son!" The youth knew her voice, and could speak no more than, "Oh me! are you my mother?" and fainted. The whole room, you will easily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but, above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, shrieked in the loudest manner. That voice seemed to have a sudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he shewed a double curiosity in observing her as she spoke and called to him; until at last he broke out, "What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me, the thing I have heard so often of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you said you were glad to see each other? Where is Tom, who used to lead me? But I could now, methinks, go any where without him." He offered to move, but seemed afraid of every thing around him. When they saw his difficulty, they told him, "until he became better acquainted with his new being, he must let the servant still lead him." The boy was called for, and presented to him. Mr. Caswell asked him, "what sort of thing he took Tom to be before he had seen him?" He answered, "he believed there was not so much of him as himself; but he fancied him the same sort of creature." The noise of this

sudden change made all the neighbourhood throng to the place where he was. As he saw the crowd thickening, he desired Mr. Caswell to tell him how many there were in all to be seen. The gentleman, smiling, answered him, that "it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered, until they had received strength: for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had from little and little come to the strength he had at present in his ability of walking and moving; and that it was the same thing with his eyes, which," he said, "would lose the power of continuing to him that wonderful transport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aside the use of them, until they were strong enough to bear the light without so much feeling as, he knew, he underwent at present." With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound; in which condition they kept him in a dark room, until it was proper to let the organ receive its objects without further precaution. During the time of this darkness, he bewailed himself in the most distressed manner; and accused all his friends, complaining that "some incantation had been wrought upon him, and some strange magic used to deceive him into an opinion that he had enjoyed what they called sight." He added, "that the impressions then let in upon his soul would certainly distract him, if he were not so at that present." At another time, he would strive to name the persons he had seen among the crowd after he was couched, and would pretend to speak, in perplexed terms of his own making, of what he in that short time observed. But on the sixth instant it was thought fit to unbind his head, and the young woman whom he loved was instructed to open his eyes accordingly; as well to endear herself to him by

such a circumstance, as to moderate his ecstacies by the persuasion of a voice which had so much power over him as hers ever had. When this beloved young woman began to take off the binding of his eyes, she talked to him as follows:

"Mr. William, I am now taking the binding off, though, when I consider what I am doing, I tremble with the apprehension, that, though I have from my very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me, you will find there is such a thing as beauty, which may ensnare you into a thousand passions of which you are now innocent, and take you from me for ever. But, before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love, you always professed to me, entered into your heart; for its usual admission is at the eyes."

The young man answered, "Dear Lidia, if I am to lose by sight the soft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice; if I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love when she approaches me, but to change that sweet and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew the little time I lately saw; or if I am to have any thing besides, which may take from me the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time, which apparition it seems was you; pull out these eyes, before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wished for them but to see you; pull them out, if they are to make me forget you."

Lidia was extremely satisfied with these assurances; and pleased herself with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he shewed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ears; and closed his protestation to her, by saying, that if he were to see Valentia and Barcelona, whom he supposed the most esteemed of

all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but Lidia.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 15.

We have repeated advices of the entire defeat of the Swedish army near Pultowa, on the twenty-seventh of June, O. S. and letters from Berlin give the following account of the remains of the Swedish army since the battle; prince Menzikoff, being ordered to pursue the victory, came up with the Swedish army, which was left to the command of general Lewenhaupt, on the thirtieth of June, O. S. on the banks of the Boristhenes; whereupon he sent general Lewenhaupt a summons to submit himself to his present fortune: Lewenhaupt immediately dispatched three general officers to that prince, to treat about a capitulation; but the Swedes, though they consisted of fifteen thousand men, were in so great want of provision and ammunition, that they were obliged to surrender themselves at discretion. His Czarish majesty dispatched an express to general Goltz, with an account of these particulars, and also with instructions to send out detachments of his cavalry, to prevent the king of Sweden's joining his army in Poland. That prince made his escape with a small party by swimming over the Boristhenes; and it was thought he designed to retire into Poland by the way of Volhinia. Advices from Bern of the eleventh instant say, that the general diet of the Helvetic body held at Baden concluded on the sixth; but the deputies of the six cantons, who are deputed to determine the affair of Tockenburg, continue their application to that business, notwithstanding some new difficulties started by the abbot of St. Gall. Letters from Geneva, of the ninth, say, that the duke of Savoy's cavalry had joined count Thaun, as had

also two imperial regiments of hussars; and that his royal highness's army was disposed in the following manner: the troops under the command of count Thaun are extended from Conflans to St. Peter D'Albigni. Small parties are left in several posts from thence to Little St. Bernard, to preserve the communication with Piedmont by the valley of Aosta. Some forces are also posted at Taloir, and in the castle of Doin, on each side of the lake of Anneci. General Rhebinder is encamped in the valley of Oulx with ten thousand foot, and some detachments of horse: his troops are extended from Exilles to mount Genevre, so that he may easily penetrate into Dauphinè on the least motion of the enemy; but the duke of Berwick takes all necessary precautions to prevent such an enterprize. That general's head quarters are at Francin; and he hath disposed his army in several parties, to preserve a communication with the Maurienne and Briançon. He hath no provisions for his army but from Savoy; Provence and Dauphinè being unable to supply him with necessaries. He left two regiments of dragoons at Annen, who suffered very much in the late action at Tessons, where they lost fifteen hundred, who were killed on the spot, four standards, and three hundred prisoners, among whom were forty officers. The last letters from the duke of Marlborough's camp at Orchies, of the nineteenth instant, advise, that Monsieur Ravignon being returned from the French court with an account that the king of France had refused to ratify the capitulation for the surrender of the citadel of Tournay, the approaches have been carried on with great vigour and success: our miners have discovered several of the enemy's mines, who have sprung divers others, which did little execution; but, for the better security of the troops, both

assaults are carried on by the cautious way of sapping. On the eighteenth, the confederate army made a general forage without any loss. Marshal Villars continues in his former camp, and applies himself with great diligence in casting up new lines behind the old on the Scarp. The duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene designed to begin a general review of the army on the twentieth.

N° 56. THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

White's Chocolate-house, August 17.

THERE is a young foreigner committed to my care, who puzzles me extremely in the questions he asks about the persons of figure we meet in public places. He has but very little of our language, and therefore I am mightily at a loss to express to him things for which they have no word in that tongue to which he was born. It has been often my answer, upon his asking who such a fine gentleman is? That he is what we call a Sharper: and he wants my explication. I thought it would be very unjust to tell him, he is the same the French call *Coquin*;

the Latins *Nebulo*; or the Greeks, Ράσκαλ as custom is the most powerful of all laws, and that the order of men we call Sharpers are received amongst us, not only with permission, but favour, I thought it unjust to use them like persons upon no establishment; besides that it would be an unpardonable dishonour to our country, to let him leave us with an opinion, thot our nobility and gentry keep company with common thieves and cheats: I told him, "they were a sort of tame Hussars, that were allowed in our cities, like the wild ones in our camp; who had all the privileges belonging to us, but at the same time were not tied to our discipline or laws." Aletheus, who is a gentleman of too much virtue for the age he lives in, would not let this matter be thus palliated; but told my pupil, "that he was to understand that distinction, quality, merit, and industry, were laid aside among us by the incursions of these civil hussars; who had got so much countenance, that the breeding and fashion of the age turned their way to the ruin of order and œconomy in all places where they are admitted." But Sophronius, who never falls into heat upon any subject, but applies proper language, temper, and skill, with which the thing in debate is to be treated, told the youth, "that gentleman had spoken nothing but what was literally true; but fell upon it with too much earnestness to give a true idea of that sort of people he was declaiming against, or to remedy the evil which he bewailed: for the acceptance of these men being an ill which had crept into the conversation-part of our lives, and not into our constitution itself, it must be corrected where it began: and consequently is to be amended only by bringing raillery and derision upon the persons who

* The word "rascal," printed in Greek characters.

are guilty, or those who converse with them. For the Sharpers," continued he, " at present are not as formerly, under the acceptation of pick-pockets; but are by custom erected into a real and venerable body of men, and have subdued us to so very particular a deference to them, that though they are known to be men without honour or conscience, no demand is called a debt of honour so indisputably as theirs. You may lose your honour to them, but they lay none against you: as the priesthood in Roman catholic countries can purchase what they please for the church, but they can alienate nothing from it. It is from this toleration, that Sharpers are to be found among all sorts of assemblies and companies; and every talent amongst men is made use of by some one or other of the society, for the good of their common cause: so that an unexperienced young gentleman is as often ensnared by his understanding as his folly; for who could be unmoved, to hear the eloquent Dromio explain the constitution, talk in the key of Cato, with the severity of one of the antient sages, and debate the greatest question of state in a common chocolate or coffee-house? who could, I say, hear this generous declamator, without being fired at his noble zeal, and becoming his professed follower, if he might be admitted? Monoculus's gravity would be no less inviting to a beginner in conversation; and the snare of his eloquence would equally catch one who had never seen an old gentleman so very wise, and yet so little severe. Many other instances of extraordinary men among the brotherhood might be produced; but every man, who knows the town, can supply himself with such examples without their being named."—Will Vafer, who is skilful at finding out the ridiculous side of a thing, and placing it in a new and proper light, though he very seldom

talks, thought fit to enter into this subject. He has lately lost certain loose sums, which half the income of his estate will bring in within seven years: besides which, he proposes to marry, to set all right. He was, therefore, indolent enough to speak of this matter with great impartiality. "When I look around me," said this easy gentleman, "and consider in a just balance us *bubbles*, elder brothers, whose support our dull fathers contrived to depend upon certain acres, with the rooks, whose ancestors left them the wide world; I cannot but admire their fraternity, and contemn my own. Is not Jack Heyday much to be preferred to the Knight he has bubbled? Jack has his equipage, his wenches, and his followers: the Knight, so far from a retinue, that he is almost one of Jack's. However, he is gay, you see, still; a florid outside.——His habit speaks the man—And since he must unbutton, he would not be reduced outwardly, but is stripped to his upper coat. But though I have great temptation to it, I will not at this time give the history of the losing side; but speak the effects of my thoughts, since the loss of my money, upon the gaining people. This ill fortune makes most men contemplative and given to reading; at least it has happened so to me; and the rise and fall of the family of Sharpers in all ages has been my contemplation."

I find, all times have had of this people: Homer, in his excellent heroic poem, calls them Myrmidons, who were a body that kept among themselves, and had nothing to lose; therefore never spared either Greek or Trojan, when they fell in their way, upon a party. But there is a memorable verse, which gives us an account of what broke that whole body, and made both Greeks and Trojans masters of the secret of their warfare and plunder.

There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations; therefore I shall inform you only, that in this battalion there were two officers called Thersites and Pandarus: they were both less renowned for their beauty than their wit; but each had this particular happiness, that they were plunged over head and ears in the same water which made Achilles invulnerable; and had ever after certain gifts, which the rest of the world were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know they were the most dreadful to the sight of all mortals, never to be diffident of their own abilities, never to blush, or ever to be wounded but by each other. Though some historians say, gaming began among the Lydians to divert hunger, I could cite many authorities to prove it had its rise at the siege of Troy; and that Ulysses won the sevenfold shield at hazard. But be that as it may, the ruin of the corps of the Myrmidons proceeded from a breach between Thersites and Pandarus. The first of these was leader of a squadron, wherein the latter was but a private man; but having all the good qualities necessary for a partisan, he was the favourite of his officer. But the whole history of the several changes in the order of Sharpers, from those Myrmidons to our modern men of address and plunder, will require that we consult some antient manuscripts. As we make these inquiries, we shall diurnally communicate them to the public, that the Knights of the Industry may be better understood by the good people of England. These sort of men, in some ages, were sycophants and flatterers only, and were endued with arts of life to capacitate them for the conversation of the rich and great; but now the bubble courts the impostor, and pretends at the utmost to be but his equal. To clear up the reasons and causes in such revolutions, and the different

conduct between fools and cheats, shall be one of our labours for the good of this kingdom. How therefore pimps, footmen, fidlers, and lacqueys, are elevated into companions in this present age, shall be accounted for from the influence of the planet Mercury on this island; the ascendency of which Sharper over Sol, who is a patron of the Muses and all honest professions, has been noted by the learned Job Gadbury *, to be the cause, that "cunning and trick are more esteemed than art and science." It must be allowed also, to the memory of Mr. Partridge, late of Cecil-street, in the Strand, that in his answer to an horary question, At what hour of the night to set a fox-trap in June 1705? he has largely discussed, under the character of Reynard, the manner of surprising all Sharpers as well as him. But of these great points, after more mature deliberation.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 17.

"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.

"Sir,

"We have nothing at present new, but that we understand by some Owlers †, old people die in France. Letters from Paris, of the tenth instant, N. S. say, that Monsieur d'Andre, Marquis d'Oraison, died at eighty-five: Monsieur Brumars, at one hundred and two years, died for love of his wife, who was ninety-two at her death, after seventy years cohabitation. Nicholas de Boutheiller, parish-preacher of Sasseville, being a bachelor, held out to

* Gadbury was an almanack-maker, an astrologer.

† Owler signifies one who carries contraband goods; the word is perhaps derived from the necessity of carrying on an illicit trade by night.

one hundred and sixteen. Dame Claud de Massy, relict of Monsieur Peter de Monceaux, Grand Audiencer of France, died on the seventeenth, aged one hundred and seven. Letters of the seventeenth say, Monsieur Chrestien de Lamoignon died on the seventh instant, a person of great piety and virtue; but having died young, his age is concealed for reasons of state. On the fifteenth, his Most Christian Majesty, attended by the Dauphin, the duke of Burgundy, the duke and dutchess of Berry, assisted at the procession which he yearly performs in memory of a vow made by Lewis the Thirteenth, in 1638. For which act of piety, his Majesty received absolution of his confessor, for the breach of all inconvenient vows made by himself. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"HUMPHREY KIDNEY."

From my own Apartment, August 17.

I am to acknowledge several letters which I have lately received; among others, one subscribed Philanthropos, another Emilia, both which shall be honoured. I have a third from an officer in the army, wherein he desires I would do justice to the many gallant actions which have been done by men of private characters, or officers of lower stations, during this long war; that their families may have the pleasure of seeing we lived in an age, wherein men of all orders had their proper share in fame and glory. There is nothing I should undertake with greater pleasure than matters of this kind; if therefore they, who are acquainted with such facts, would please to communicate them, by letters directed to me at Mr. Morphew's, no pains should be spared to put them in a proper and distinguishing light.

*** This is to admonish Stentor, that it was not admiration of his voice, but my publication of it, which has lately increased the number of his hearers.

N° 57. SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines ——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill* ——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

Will's Coffee-house, August 19.

I WAS this evening representing a complaint sent me out of the country from Emilia. She says, her neighbours there have so little sense of what a refined lady of the town is, that she, who was a celebrated wit in London, is in that dull part of the world in so little esteem, that they call her in their base style a Tongue-pad. Old Truepenny bid me advise her to keep her wit until she comes to town again, and admonish her, that both wit and breeding are local; for a fine court-lady is as aukward among country housewives, as one of them would appear in a drawing-room. It is therefore the most useful knowledge one can attain at, to understand among what sort of men we make the best figure; for if there be a place where the beauteous and accomplished Emilia is unacceptable, it is cer-

tainly a vain endeavour to attempt pleasing in all conversations. Here is Will Ubi, who is so thirsty after the reputation of a companion, that his company is for any body that will accept of it; and for want of knowing whom to choose for himself, is never chosen by others. There is a certain chastity of behaviour which makes a man desirable; and which if he transgresses, his wit will have the same fate with Delia's beauty, which no one regards, because all know it is within their power. The best course Emilia can take is, to have less humility; for if she could have as good an opinion of herself for having every quality, as some of her neighbours have of themselves with one, she would inspire even them with a sense of her merit, and make that carriage, which is now the subject of their derision, the sole object of their imitation. Until she has arrived at this value of herself, she must be contented with the fate of that uncommon creature, a woman too humble.

White's Chocolate-house, August 19.

Since my last, I have received a letter from Tom Trump, to desire that I would do the fraternity of gamesters the justice to own, that there are notorious Sharpers, who are not of their class. Among others he presented me with the picture of Harry Coppersmith, in little, who, he says, is at this day worth half a plumb *, by means much more indirect than by false dice. I must confess, there appeared some reason in what he asserted; and he met me since, and accosted me in the following manner: "It is wonderful to me, Mr. Bickerstaff, that you can pretend to be a man of penetration, and fall upon us Knights of the Industry as the wickedest

* A Plumb is a term in the city for £. 100,000.

of mortals, when there are so many who live in the constant practice of baser methods unobserved. You cannot, though you know the story of myself and the North Briton, but allow I am an honester man than Will Coppersmith, for all his great credit among the Lombards. I get my money by men's follies, and he gets his by their distresses. The declining merchant communicates his griefs to him, and he augments them by extortion. If, therefore, regard is to be had to the merit of the persons we injure, who is the more blameable, he that oppresses an unhappy man, or he that cheats a foolish one? All mankind are indifferently liable to adverse strokes of fortune; and he who adds to them, when he might relieve them, is certainly a worse subject, than he who unburdens a man whose prosperity is unwieldy to him. Besides all which, he that borrows of Coppersmith does it out of necessity; he that plays with me does it out of choice."

I allowed Trump there are men as bad as himself, which is the height of his pretensions: and must confess, that Coppersmith is the most wicked and impudent of all Sharpers: a creature that cheats with credit, and is a robber in the habit of a friend. The contemplation of this worthy person made me reflect on the wonderful successes I have observed men of the meanest capacities meet with in the world, and recollect an observation I once heard a sage man make; which was, "That he had observed, that in some professions, the lower the understanding, the greater the capacity." I remember, he instanced that of a banker, and said, that "the fewer appetites, passions, and ideas a man had, he was the better for his business."

There is little Sir Tristram, without connexion in his speech, or so much as common sense, has

arrived by his own natural parts at one of the greatest estates amongst us. But honest Sir Tristram knows himself to be but a repository for cash: he is just such an utensil as his iron chest, and may rather be said to hold money, than possess it. There is nothing so pleasant as to be in the conversation of these wealthy proficients. I had lately the honour to drink half a pint with Sir Tristram, Harry Coppersmith, and Giles Twoshoes. These wags gave one another credit in discourse, according to their purses; they jest by the pound, and make answers as they honour bills. Without vanity, I thought myself the prettiest fellow of the company; but I had no manner of power over one muscle in their faces, though they smirked at every word spoken by each other. Sir Tristram called for a pipe of tobacco; and telling us "tobacco was a pot-herb," bid the drawer bring him the other half pint. Twoshoes laughed at the Knight's wit without moderation; I took the liberty to say it was but a pun." "A pun!" said Coppersmith; "you would be a better man by ten thousand pounds if you could pun like Sir Tristram." With that they all burst out together. The queer curs maintained this style of dialogue until we had drunk our quart a-piece by half-pints. All I could bring away with me is, that Twoshoes is not worth twenty thousand pounds: for his mirth, though he was as insipid as either of the others, had no more effect upon the company than if he had been a bankrupt.

From my own Apartment, August 19.

I have heard, it has been advised by a Diocesan to his inferior clergy, that, instead of broaching opinions of their own, and uttering doctrines which may lead themselves and hearers into error, they would read some of the most celebrated sermons,

printed by others for the instruction of their congregations. In imitation of such preachers at second-hand, I shall transcribe from Bruyere one of the most elegant pieces of raillery and satire which I have ever read. He describes the French as if speaking of a people not yet discovered, in the air and style of a traveller.

"I have heard talk of a country, where the old men are gallant, polite, and civil: the young men, on the contrary, stubborn, wild, without either manners or civility. They are free from passion for women at the age when in other countries they begin to feel it; and prefer beasts, victuals, and ridiculous amours before them. Amongst these people, he is sober who is never drunk with any thing but wine; the too frequent use of it having rendered it flat and insipid to them: They endeavour by brandy, and other strong liquors, to quicken their taste, already extinguished, and want nothing to complete their debauches, but to drink aqua-fortis. The women of that country hasten the decay of their beauty, by their artifices to preserve it: they paint their cheeks, eye-brows, and shoulders, which they lay open, together with their breasts, arms, and ears, as if they were afraid to hide those places which they think will please, and never think they show enough of them. The physiognomies of the people of that country are not at all neat, but confused and embarrassed with a bundle of strange hair, which they prefer before their natural: with this they weave something to cover their heads, which descends down half way their bodies, hides their features, and hinders you from knowing men by their faces. This nation has, besides this, their God and their king. The grandees go every day, at a certain hour, to a temple they call a church: at the upper end of that temple there stands an

altar consecrated to their God, where the priest celebrates some mysteries which they call holy, sacred, and tremendous. The great men make a vast circle at the foot of the altar, standing with their backs to the priest and the holy mysteries, and their faces erected towards their king, who is seen on his knees upon a throne, and to whom they seem to direct the desires of their hearts, and all their devotion. However, in this custom, there is to be remarked a sort of subordination; for the people appear adoring their prince, and their prince adoring God. The inhabitants of this region call it —— It is from forty-eight degrees of latitude, and more than eleven hundred leagues by sea, from the Iroquois and Hurons."

Letters from Hampstead say, there is a coxcomb arrived there, of a kind which is utterly new. The fellow has courage, which he takes himself to be obliged to give proofs of every hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the men, and contradicting the women. A lady, who sent to me, superscribed him with this description out of Suckling:

> "I am a man of war and might,
> "And know thus much that I can fight,
> "Whether I am i'th' wrong or right,
> "Devoutly.
>
> "No woman under Heaven I fear,
> "New oaths I can exactly swear;
> "And forty healths my brain will bear,
> "Most stoutly."

N° 58. TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 22.

Poor Cynthio, who does me the honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his most secret thoughts, and tells me his most private frailties, owned to me, that though he is in his very prime of life, love had killed all his desires, and, he was now as much to be trusted with a fine lady, as if he were eighty. "That one passion for Clarissa has taken up," said he, "my whole soul; and all my idle flames are extinguished, as you may observe ordinary fires are often put out by the sun-shine."

This was a declaration not to be made but upon the highest opinion of a man's sincerity; yet as much a subject of raillery as such a speech would be, it is certain, that chastity is a nobler quality, and as much to be valued in men as in women. The mighty Scipio, "who," as Bluffe says in the comedy, "was a pretty fellow in his time," was of this mind, and is celebrated for it by an author of good sense. When he lived, wit, and humour, and raillery, and public success, were at as high a pitch at Rome, as at present in England; yet, I believe, there was no man in those days thought that

general at all ridiculous in his behaviour in the following account of him.

Scipio, at four-and-twenty years of age, had obtained a great victory; and a multitude of prisoners, of each sex, and all conditions, fell into his possession: among others, an agreeable virgin in her early bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a spirit to see the most lovely of all objects without being moved with passion: besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue to restrain his desires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden sorrow, which appeared in her countenance, when the conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, that she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, and contracted to Indibilis, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride; and though a youth, a bachelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to resign all the invitations of his passion, and the rights of his power, to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose he commanded her parents and relations, as well as her husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they met, and were waiting for the general, my author frames to himself the different concern of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons who were so related to the captive. But, for fear of injuring the delicate circumstances with an old translation, I shall proceed to tell you, that Scipio appears to them, and leads in his prisoner into their presence. The Romans, as noble as they were, seemed to allow themselves a little too much triumph over the conquered; there-

fore, as Scipio approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady: but Scipio observing in him a manly sullenness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words:

"It is not the manner of the Romans to use all the power they justly may: we fight not to ravage countries, or break through the ties of humanity. I am acquainted with your worth, and your interest in this lady: fortune has made me your master; but I desire to be your friend. This is your wife; take her, and may the gods bless you with her! But far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the rate of making an honest man unhappy."

Indibilis's heart was too full to make him any answer; but he threw himself at the feet of the general, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so, until the father burst into the following words: "O divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, and thinks you sent down from them, raptures, above all the transports which you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person?" The temperate Scipio answered him without much emotion, and, saying, "Father, be a friend to Rome," retired. An immense sum was offered as her ransom; but he sent it to her husband, and, smiling, said, "This is a trifle after what I have given him already; but let Indibilis know, that chastity at my age is a much more difficult virtue to practise than generosity."

I observed Cynthio was very much taken with my narrative; but told me, "this was a virtue that would bear but a very inconsiderable figure in our

days." However, I took the liberty to say, that "we ought not to lose our ideas of things, though we had debauched our true relish in our practice, for, after we have done laughing, solid virtue will keep its place in men's opinions: and though custom made it not so scandalous as it ought to be, to ensnare innocent women, and triumph in the falsehood; such actions, as we have here related, must be accounted true gallantry, and rise the higher in our esteem, the farther they are removed from our imitation."

Will's Coffee-house, August 22.

A man would be apt to think, in this laughing town, that it were impossible a thing so exploded as speaking hard words should be practised by any one that had ever seen good company; but, as if there were a standard in our minds as well as bodies, you see very many just where they were twenty years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive at. Were it not thus, the noble Martius would not be the only man in England whom nobody can understand, though he talks more than any man else.

Will Dactyle the epigrammatist, Jack Comma the grammarian, Nick Cross-grain who writes anagrams, and myself, made a pretty company at a corner of this room; and entered very peaceably upon a subject fit enough for us, which was, the examination of the force of the particle For, when Martius joined us. He, being well known to us all, asked "what we were upon? for he had a mind to consummate the happiness of the day, which had been spent among the stars of the first magnitude, among the men of letters; and therefore, to put a period to it as he had commenced it, he should be glad to be allowed to participate of the pleasure of our society." I told him the subject.

"Faith, gentlemen," said Martius, "your subject is humble; and if you will give me leave to elevate the conversation, I should humbly offer, that you would enlarge your inquiries to the word For-as-much; for though I take it," said he, "to be but one word, yet the particle Much implying quantity, the particle As similitude, it will be greater, and more like ourselves, to treat of For-as-much." Jack Comma is always serious, and answered; Martius, I must take the liberty to say, that you have fallen into all this error and profuse manner of speech by a certain hurry in your imagination, for want of being more exact in the knowledge of the parts of speech; and it is so with all men who have not well studied the particle For. You have spoken For without making any inference, which is the great use of that particle. There is no manner of force in your observation of quantity and similitude in the syllables As and Much. But it is ever the fault of men of great wit to be incorrect; which evil they run into by an indiscreet use of the word For. Consider all the books of controversy which have been written, and I will engage you will observe, that all the debate lies in this point, Whether they brought in For in a just manner; or forced it in for their own use, rather than as understanding the use of the word itself? There is nothing like familiar instances: you have heard the story of the Irishman, who reading, 'Money for live hair,' took a lodging, and expected to be paid for living at that house. If this man had known, For was in that place of a quite different signification from the particle To, he could not have fallen into the mistake of taking *Live* for what the Latins call *Vivere*, or rather *Habitare*."

Martius seemed at a loss; and, admiring his profound learning, wished he had been bred a scholar,

for he did not take the scope of his discourse. This wise debate, of which we had much more, made me reflect upon the difference of their capacities, and wonder that there could be as it were a diversity in men's genius for nonsense; that one should bluster, while another crept, in absurdities. Martius moves like a blind man, lifting his legs higher than the ordinary way of stepping; and Comma, like one who is only short-sighted, picking his way when he should be marching on. Want of learning makes Martius a brisk entertaining fool, and gives him a full scope; but that which Comma has, and calls learning, makes him diffident, and curbs his natural misunderstanding to the great loss of the men of raillery. This conversation confirmed me in the opinion, that learning usually does but improve in us what nature endowed us with. He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 22.

We have undoubted intelligence of the defeat of the king of Sweden; and that prince, who for some years had hovered like an approaching tempest, and was looked up at by all the nations of Europe, which seemed to expect their fate according to the course he should take, is now, in all probability, an unhappy exile, without the common necessaries of life. His Czarish majesty treats his prisoners with great gallantry and distinction. Count Rhensfeildt has had particular marks of his majesty's esteem, for his merit and services to his master; but Count Piper, whom his majesty believes author of the most violent counsels into which his prince entered, is disarmed, and entertained accordingly. That de-

cisive battle was ended at nine in the morning; and all the Swedish generals dined with the Czar that very day, and received assurances, that they should find Muscovy was not unacquainted with the laws of honour and humanity.

N° 59. THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 24.

ÆSOP has gained to himself an immortal renown for figuring the manners, desires, passions, and interests of men, by fables of beasts and birds. I shall, in my future accounts of our modern heroes and wits, vulgarly called Sharpers, imitate the method of that delightful moralist; and think, I cannot represent those worthies more naturally than under the shadow of a pack of dogs; for this set of men are, like them, made up of Finders, Lurchers, and Setters. Some search for the prey, others pursue, others take it; and if it be worth it, they all come in at the death, and worry the carcass. It would require a most exact knowledge of the field and the harbours where the deer lie, to recount all the revolutions in the chace.

But I am diverted from the train of my discourse of the fraternity about this town, by letters from Hampstead, which give me an account, there is a late institution there, under the name of a Raffling-shop; which is, it seems, secretly supported by a person who is a deep practitioner in the law, and out of tenderness of conscience has, under the name of his maid Sisly, set up this easier way of conveyancing and alienating estates from one family to another. He is so far from having an intelligence with the rest of the fraternity, that all the humbler cheats, who appear there, are out-faced by the partners in the bank, and driven off by the reflection of superior brass. This notice is given to all the silly faces that pass that way, that they may not be decoyed in by the soft allurement of a fine lady, who is the sign to the pageantry. At the same time Signior Hawksly, who is the patron of the household, is desired to leave off this interloping trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the Knights of the Industry to their share in the spoil. But this little matter is only by way of digression. Therefore to return to our worthies.

The present race of terriers and hounds would starve, were it not for the inchanted Actæon, who has kept the whole pack for many successions of hunting seasons. Actæon has long tracts of rich soil; but had the misfortune in his youth to fall under the power of sorcery, and has been ever since, some parts of the year, a deer, and in some parts a man. While he is a man, such is the force of magic, he no sooner grows to such a bulk and fatness, but he is again turned into a deer, and hunted until he is lean; upon which he returns to his human shape. Many arts have been tried, and many resolutions taken by Acteon himself, to follow such methods as would break the inchantment;

but all have hitherto proved ineffectual. I have therefore, by midnight watchings and much care, found out, that there is no way to save him from the jaws of his hounds, but to destroy the pack, which, by astrological prescience, I find I am destined to perform. For which end I have sent out my familiar, to bring me a list of all the places where they are harboured, that I may know where to sound my horn, and bring them together, and take an account of their haunts and their marks, against another opportunity.

Will's Coffee-house, August 24.

The author of the ensuing letter, by his name, and the quotations he makes from the antients, seems a sort of spy from the old world, whom we moderns ought to be careful of offending; therefore, I must be free, and own it a fair hit where he takes me, rather than disoblige him.

"Sir,

"Having a peculiar humour of desiring to be somewhat the better or wiser for what I read, I am always uneasy when, in any profound writer, for I read no others, I happen to meet with what I cannot understand. When this falls out, it is a great grievance to me that I am not able to consult the author himself about his meaning, for commentators are a sect that has little share in my esteem: your elaborate writings have, among many others, this advantage; that their author is still alive, and ready, as his extensive charity make us expect, to explain whatever may be found in them too sublime for vulgar understandings. This, Sir, makes me presume to ask you, how the Hampstead hero's character could be perfectly new when the last letters came away, and yet Sir John Suckling so well

acquainted with it sixty years ago? I hope, Sir, you will not take this amiss: I can assure you, I have a profound respect for you, which makes me write this, with the same disposition with which Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato. When in reading, says he, any of those celebrated authors, we meet with a passage to which we cannot well reconcile our reasons, we ought firmly to believe, that were those great wits present to answer for themselves, we should to our wonder be convinced, that we only are guilty of the mistakes we before attributed to them. If you think fit to remove the scruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to settle a frequent correspondence with you; several things falling in my way which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your purpose, and whereon your thoughts would be very acceptable to your most humble servant,

OBADIAH GREENHAT."

I own this is clean, and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonsense, yet am I not at all offended at him.

Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 11.

"I own th' indulgence——Such I give and take."
FRANCIS.

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and shows at the same time he is in good humour, and not urged on by malice against the person he rallies. Obadiah Greenhat has hit this very well: for to make an apology to Isaac Bickerstaff, an unknown student and horary historian, as well as astrologer, and with a grave face to say, he speaks of him by the same rules with which he would treat Homer or Plato, is to

place him in company where he cannot expect to make a figure; and makes him flatter himself, that it is only being named with them which renders him most ridiculous.

I have not known, and I am now past my grand climacteric, being sixty-four years of age, according to my way of life; or rather, if you will allow punning in an old gentleman, according to my way of *pastime*; I say, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the Greenhats. There is indeed one Zedekiah Greenhat, who is lucky also in his way. He has a very agreeable manner; for when he has a mind thoroughly to correct a man, he never takes from him any thing, but he allows him something for it; or else he blames him for things wherein he is not defective, as well as for matters wherein he is. This makes a weak man believe he is in jest in the whole. The other day he told Beau Prim, who is thought impotent, "that his mistress had declared she would not have him, because he was a sloven, and had committed a rape." The Beau bit at the banter, and said very gravely, "he thought to be clean was as much as was necessary; and that as to the rape, he wondered by what witchcraft that should come to her ears; but it had indeed cost him an hundred pounds to hush the affair."

The Greenhats are a family with small voices and short arms, therefore they have power with none but their friends: they never call after those who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you if you resist. But it has been remarkable, that all who have shunned their company, or not listened to them, have fallen into the hands of such as have knocked out their brains, or broken their bones. I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of this epistle, and find the Greenhats are a-kin to the

Staffs. They descend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerstaff, in the reign of Harry the second. And it is remarkable, that they are all left-handed, and have always been very expert at single rapier. A man must be very much used to their play to know how to defend himself, for their posture is so different from that of the right-handed, that you run upon their swords if you push forward; and they are in with you, if you offer to fall back without keeping your guard.

There have been also letters lately sent to me which relate to other people: among the rest, some whom I have heretofore declared to be so, are deceased. I must not therefore break through rules so far, as to speak ill of the dead. This maxim extends to all but the late Partridge, who still denies his death. I am informed indeed by several, that he walks; but I shall with all convenient speed lay him.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 24.

We hear from Tournay, that on the night between the twenty-second and twenty-third, they went on with their works in the enemy's mines, and levelled the earth which was taken out of them. The next day, at eight in the morning, when the French observed we were relieving our trenches, they sprung a larger mine than any they had fired during the siege, which killed only four private centinels. The ensuing night we had three men and two officers killed, as also seven men wounded. Between the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth, we repaired some works which the enemy had ruined. On the next day, some of the enemy's magazines blew up; and it is thought they were destroyed on

purpose by some of their men, who are impatient of the hardships of the present service. There happened nothing remarkable for two or three days following. A deserter who came out of the citadel on the twenty-seventh, says, the garrison is brought to the utmost necessity; that their bread and water are both very bad: and that they were reduced to eat horse-flesh. The manner of fighting in this siege has discovered a gallantry in our men unknown to former ages; their meeting with adverse parties under ground, where every step is taken with apprehensions of being blown up with mines below them, or crushed by the fall of the earth above them, and all this acted in darkness, has something in it more terrible than ever is met with in any other part of a soldier's duty. However, this is performed with chearfulness. In other parts of the war we have also good prospects: Count Thaun has taken Annecy, and the Count de Merci marched into Franche Compté, while his Electoral Highness is much superior in number to Monsieur d'Harcourt; so that both on the side of Savoy and Germany, we have reason to expect very suddenly some great event.

N° 60. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 26.

To proceed regularly in the history of my Worthies, I ought to give an account of what has passed from day to day in this place; but a young fellow of my acquaintance has so lately been rescued out of the hands of the Knights of the Industry, that I rather chuse to relate the manner of his escape from them, and the uncommon way which was used to reclaim him, than to go on in my intended diary.

You are to know then, that Tom Wildair is a student of the Inner Temple, and has spent his time, since he left the university for that place, in the common diversions of men of fashion; that is to say, in whoring, drinking, and gaming. The two former vices he had from his father; but was led into the last by the conversation of a partizan of the Myrmidons who had chambers near him. His allowance from his father was a very plentiful one for a man of sense, but as scanty for a modern fine gentleman. His frequent losses had reduced him to so necessitous a condition, that his lodgings were always haunted by impatient creditors; and all his thoughts employed in contriving low methods to support himself in a way of life from which he

knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted means to proceed. There is never wanting some good-natured person to send a man an account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many epistles were conveyed to the father of this extravagant, to inform him of the company, the pleasures, the distresses, and entertainments, in which his son passed his time. The old fellow received these advices with all the pain of a parent, but frequently consulted his pillow, to know how to behave himself on such important occasions, as the welfare of his son, and the safety of his fortune. After many agitations of mind, he reflected, that necessity was the usual snare which made men fall into meanness, and that a liberal fortune generally made a liberal and honest mind; he resolved therefore to save him from his ruin, by giving him opportunities of tasting what it is to be at ease, and inclosed to him the following order upon Sir Tristram Cash.

"Sir,

"Pray pay to Mr. Thomas Wildair, or order, the sum of one thousand pounds, and place it to the account of yours,

HUMPHRY WILDAIR."

Tom was so astonished with the receipt of this order, that though he knew it to be his father's hand, and that he had always large sums at Sir Tristram's; yet a thousand pounds was a trust of which his conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his note by him, until he writ to his father the following letter:

"Honoured Father,

"I have received an order under your hand for a thousand pounds, in words at length; and I think

I could swear it is your own hand. I have looked it over and over twenty thousand times. There is in plain letters, T,h,o,u,s,a,n,d; and after it, the letters P,o,u,n,d,s. I have it still by me, and shall, I believe, continue reading it until I hear from you."

The old gentleman took no manner of notice of the receipt of his letter; but sent him another order for three thousand pounds more. His amazement on this second letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-locked his door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his orders. After he had read them until he was half mad, he walked six or seven turns in his chamber, then opens his door, then locks it again; and, to examine thoroughly this matter, he locks his door again, puts his table and chairs against it; then goes into his closet, and, locking himself in, read his notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his astonishment. Soon after, he began to recollect many stories he had formerly heard of persons, who had been possessed with imaginations and appearances which had no foundation in nature, but had been taken with sudden madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his wits; and, with a design to compose himself, he immediately betakes him to his night-cap, with a resolution to sleep himself into his former poverty and senses. To bed therefore he goes at noon-day; but soon rose again, and resolved to visit Sir Tristram upon this occasion. He did so, and dined with the knight, expecting he would mention some advice from his father about paying him money; but no such thing being said, "Look you, Sir Tristram," said he, "you are to know, that an affair has happened, which—

"Look you," says Tristram, "I know, Mr. Wildair, you are going to desire me to advance; but the late call of the bank, where I have not yet made my last payment, has obliged me—" Tom interrupted him, by showing him the bill of a thousand pounds. When he had looked at it for a convenient time, and as often surveyed Tom's looks and countenance; "Look you, Mr. Wildair, a thousand pounds—" Before he could proceed, he shows him the order for three thousand more—Sir Tristram examined the orders at the light, and finding at the writing the name, there was a certain stroke in one letter, which the father and he had agreed should be to such directions as he desired might be more immediately honoured, he forthwith pays the money. The possession of four thousand pounds gave my young gentleman a new train of thoughts: he began to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable ways he had long pursued. Instead of that unthinking creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and discreet. The father and son have an exact and regular correspondence, with mutual and unreserved onfidence in each other. The son looks upon his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the son the most safe banker he could have in the city.

Will's Coffee-house, August 26.

There is not any thing in nature so extravagant, but that you will find one man or other that shall practise or maintain it; otherwise Harry Spondee could not have made so long an harangue as he did here this evening, concerning the force and efficacy of well-applied nonsense. Among ladies, he positively averred, it was the most prevailing part of eloquence: and had so little complaisance as to

say, "a woman is never taken by her reason, but always by her passion." He proceeded to assert, "the way to move that, was only to astonish her. I know," continued he, "a very late instance of this; for being by accident in the room next to Strephon, I could not help over-hearing him, as he made love to a certain great lady's woman. The true method in your application to one of this second rank of understanding, is not to elevate and surprize, but rather to elevate and amaze. Strephon is a perfect master in this kind of persuasion: his way is, to run over with a soft air a multitude of words, without meaning or connexion; but such as do each of them apart give a pleasing idea, though they have nothing to do with each other as he assembles them. After the common phrases of salutation, and making his entry into the room, I perceived he had taken the fair nymph's hand, and kissing it said, 'Witness to my happiness, ye groves! be still, ye rivulets! Oh! woods, caves, fountains, trees, dales, mountains, hills, and streams! oh! fairest! could you love me?' To which I overheard her answer, with a very pretty lisp, 'oh! Strephon, you are a dangerous creature: why do you talk these tender things to me? but you men of wit——' 'Is it then possible,' said the enamoured Strephon, 'that she regards my sorrows! oh! pity, thou balmy cure to an heart over-loaded! If rapture, solicitation, soft desire, and pleasing anxiety—But still I live in the most afflicting of all circumstances, doubt—Cannot my charmer name the place and moment?'

'There all those joys insatiably to prove,
'With which rich beauty feeds the glutton love.'

"Forgive me, madam; it is not that my heart is weary of its chain, but—' This incoherent stuff

was answered by a tender sigh, 'Why do you put your wit to a weak woman?' Strephon saw he had made some progress in her heart, and pursued it, by saying that 'He would certainly wait upon her at such an hour near Rosamond's pond; and then—the sylvan deities, and rural powers of the place, sacred and inviolable to love; love, the mover of all noble arts, should hear his vows repeated by the streams and echoes.' The assignation was accordingly made. This style he calls the unintelligible method of speaking his mind; and I will engage, had this gallant spoken plain English, she had never understood him half so readily: for we may take it for granted, that he will be esteemed as a very cold lover, who discovers to his mistress that he is in his senses."

From my own Apartment, August 26.

The following letter came to my hand, with a request to have the subject recommended to our readers, particularly the smart fellows; who are desired to repair to Major Touch-hole, who can help them to firelocks that are only fit for exercise.

"Just ready for the Press.

"Mars Triumphant; or, London's Glory: being the whole art of encampment, with the method of embattelling armies, marching them off, posting the officers, forming hollow squares, and the various ways of paying the salute with the half-pike; as it was performed by the trained-bands of London this year, one thousand seven hundred and nine, in that nursery of Bellona, the Artillery-ground. Wherein you have a new method how to form a strong line of foot, with large intervals between each platoon, very useful to prevent the breaking-

in of horse. A civil way of performing the military ceremony; wherein the major alights from his horse, and at the head of his company salutes the lieutenant-colonel; and the lieutenant-colonel, to return the compliment, courteously dismounts, and after the same manner salutes his major; exactly as it was performed, with abundance of applause, on the fifth of July last. Likewise an account of a new invention, made use of in the red regiment, to quell mutineering captains; with several other things alike useful for the public. To which is added, an appendix by major Touch-hole; proving the method of discipline now used in our armies to be very defective: with an essay towards an amendment. Dedicated to the lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment."

*** Mr. Bickerstaff has now in the press, "A defence of aukward fellows against the class of the smarts: with a dissertation upon the gravity which becomes weighty persons. Illustrated by way of fable, and a discourse on the nature of the elephant, the cow, the dray-horse, and the dromedary, which have motions equally steady and grave. To this is added a treatise written by an elephant, according to Pliny, against receiving foreigners into the forest. Adapted to some present circumstances. Together with allusions to such beasts as declare against the poor Palatines."

N° 61. TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, August 29.

AMONG many phrases which have crept into conversation, especially of such company as frequent this place, there is not one which misleads me more, than that of a "Fellow of a great deal of fire." This metaphorical term, Fire, has done much good in keeping coxcombs in awe of one another; but at the same time it has made them troublesome to every body else. You see, in the very air of "a Fellow of Fire," something so expressive of what he would be at, that if it were not for self-preservation, a man would laugh out.

I had last night the fate to drink a bottle with two of these Firemen, who are indeed dispersed like the Myrmidons in all quarters, and to be met with among those of the most different education. One of my companions was a scholar with Fire; and the other a soldier of the same complexion. My learned man would fall into disputes, and argue without any manner of provocation or contradiction: the other was decisive without words, and would give a shrug or an oath to express his opinion. My learned man was a mere scholar, and my man of war as mere a soldier. The particularity

of the first was ridiculous, that of the second, terrible. They were relations by blood, which in some measure moderated their extravagances towards each other: I gave myself up merely as a person of no note in the company, but as if brought to be convinced that I was an inconsiderable thing, any otherwise than that they would show each other to me, and make me spectator of the triumph they alternately enjoyed. The scholar has been very conversant with books, and the other with men, only; which makes them both superficial: for the taste of books is necessary to our behaviour in the best company, and the knowledge of men is required for a true relish of books: but they have both Fire, which makes one pass for a man of sense, and the other for a fine gentleman. I found, I could easily enough pass my time with the scholar: for if I seemed not to do justice to his parts and sentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the warrior could not let it rest there; I must know all that happened within his shallow observations of the nature of the war: to all which he added an air of laziness, and contempt of those of his companions who were eminent for delighting in the exercise and knowledge of their duty. Thus it is, that all the young fellows of much animal life, and little understanding, who repair to our armies, usurp upon the conversation of reasonable men, under the notion of having Fire.

The word has not been of greater use to shallow lovers, to supply them with chat to their mistresses, than it has been to pretended men of pleasure, to support them in being pert and dull, and saying of every fool of their order, "Such a one has Fire." There is colonel Truncheon, who marches with divisions ready on all occasions; an hero who never doubted in his life, but is ever positively fixed in

the wrong, not out of obstinate opinion, but invincible stupidity.

It is very unhappy for this latitude of London, that it is possible for such as can learn only fashion, habit, and a set of common phrases of salutation, to pass with no other accomplishments, in this nation of freedom, for men of conversation and sense. All these ought to pretend to is, not to offend; but they carry it so far, as to be negligent whether they offend or not; "for they have Fire." But their force differs from true spirit, as much as a vicious from a mettlesome horse. A man of Fire is a general enemy to all the waiters where you drink; is the only man affronted at the company's being neglected; and makes the drawers abroad, his *valet de chambre* and footman at home, know he is not to be provoked without danger.

This is not the Fire that animates the noble Marinus, a youth of good nature, affability, and moderation. He commands his ship as an intelligence moves its orb: he is the vital life, and his officers the limbs of the machine. His vivacity is seen in doing all the offices of life with readiness of spirit, and propriety in the manner of doing them. To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing character of a man of merit; while the common behaviour of every gay coxcomb of Fire is, to be confidently in the wrong, and dare to persist in it.

Will's Coffee-house, August 29.

It is a common objection against writings of a satirical mixture, that they hurt men in their reputations, and consequently in their fortunes and possessions; but a gentleman who frequents this room declared he was of opinion it ought to be so, provided such performances had their proper restrictions. The greatest evils in human society are

such as no law can come at; as in the case of ingratitude, where the manner of obliging very often leaves the benefactor without means of demanding justice, though that very circumstance should be the more binding to the person who has received the benefit. On such an occasion, shall it be possible for the malefactor to escape? and is it not lawful to set marks upon persons who live within the law, and do base things? shall not we use the same protection of those laws to punish them, which they have to defend themselves? We shall therefore take it for a very moral action to find a good appellation for offenders, and to turn them into ridicule under feigned names.

I am advertised by a letter of August 25, that the name of Coppersmith has very much wanted explanation in the city, and by that means is unjustly given, by those who are conscious they deserve it themselves, to an honest and worthy citizen belonging to the Copper-office; but that word is framed out of a moral consideration of wealth amongst men, whereby he that has gotten any part of it by injustice and extortion, is to be thought in the eye of virtuous men so much the poorer for such gain. Thus, all the gold which is torn from our neighbours, by making advantage of their wants, is Copper; and I authorise the Lombards to distinguish themselves accordingly. All the honest, who make a reasonable profit, both for the advantage of themselves and those they deal with, are Goldsmiths; but those who tear unjustly all they can, Coppersmiths. At the same time, I desire him who is most guilty, to sit down satisfied with riches and contempt, and be known by the title of "The Coppersmith;" as being the chief of that respected, contemptible fraternity.

This is the case of all others mentioned in our Lucubrations; particularly of Stentor, who goes on in his vociferations at St. Paul's with so much obstinacy, that he has received admonition from St. Peter's for it, from a person of eminent wit and piety; but who is by old age reduced to the infirmity of sleeping at a service, to which he had been fifty years attentive; and whose death, whenever it happens, may, with that of the saints, well be called "Falling asleep:" for the innocence of his life makes him expect it as indifferently as he does his ordinary rest. This gives him a chearfulness of spirit to rally on his own weakness, and hath made him write to Stentor to hearken to my admonitions. "Brother Stentor," said he, "for the repose of the church, hearken to Bickerstaff; and consider that, while you are so devout at Saint Paul's, we cannot sleep for you at Saint Peter's."

From my own Apartment, August 29.

There has been lately sent me a much harder question than was ever yet put to me, since I professed astrology; to wit, how far, and to what age, women ought to make their beauty their chief concern? The regard and care of their faces and persons are as variously to be considered, as their complexions themselves differ; but if one may transgress against the careful practice of the fair sex so much as to give an opinion against it, I humbly presume, that less care, better applied, would increase their empire, and make it last as long as life. Whereas now, from their own example, we take our esteem of their merit from it; for it is very just that she who values herself only on her beauty, should be regarded by others on no other consideration.

There is certainly a liberal and a pedantic education among women, as well as men; and the merit lasts

accordingly. She, therefore, that is bred with freedom, and in good company, considers men according to their respective characters and distinctions; while she, that is locked up from such observations, will consider her father's butler, not as a butler, but as a man. In like manner, when men converse with women, the well-bred and intelligent are looked upon with an observation suitable to their different talents and accomplishments, without respect to their sex; while a mere woman can be observed under no consideration but that of a woman; and there can be but one reason for placing any value upon her, or losing time in her company. Wherefore, I am of opinion, that the rule for pleasing long is, to obtain such qualifications as would make them so, were they not women.

Let the beauteous Cleomira then show us her real face, and know that every stage of life has its peculiar charms, and that there is no necessity for fifty to be fifteen. That childish colouring of her cheeks is now as ungraceful, as that shape would have been when her face wore its real countenance. She has sense, and ought to know, that if she will not follow nature, nature will follow her. Time then has made that person which had, when I visited her grandfather, an agreeable bloom, sprightly air, and soft utterance, now no less graceful in a lovely aspect, an awful manner, and maternal wisdom. But her heart was so set upon her first character, that she neglects and repines at her present; not that she is against a more stayed conduct in others, for she recommends gravity, circumspection, and severity of countenance to her daughter. Thus, against all chronology, the girl is the sage, the mother the fine lady.

But these great evils proceed from an unaccountable wild method in the education of the better half

of the world, the women. We have no such thing as a standard for good breeding. I was the other day at my lady Wealthy's, and asked one of her daughters how she did? She answered, "She never conversed with men." The same day I visited at lady Plantwell's, and asked her daughter the same question. She answers, "What is that to you, you old thief?" and gives me a slap on the shoulders.

I defy any man in England, except he knows the family before he enters, to be able to judge whether he shall be agreeable or not, when he comes into it. You find either some odd old woman, who is permitted to rule as long as she lives, in hopes of her death, and to interrupt all things; or some impertinent young woman, who will talk sillily upon the strength of looking beautifully. I will not answer for it, but it may be, that I (like all other old fellows) have a fondness for the fashions and manners which prevailed when I was young and in fashion myself. But certain it is, that the taste of grace and beauty is very much lowered. The fine women they show me now-a-days are at best but pretty girls to me who have seen Sacharissa, when all the world repeated the poems she inspired; and Villaria *, when a youthful king was her subject. The *Things* you follow, and make songs on now, should be sent to knit or sit down to bobbins or bone-lace: they are indeed neat, and so are their sempstresses; they are pretty, and so are their hand-maids. But that graceful motion, that awful mien, and that winning attraction, which grew upon them from the thoughts and conversations they met with in my time, are now no more seen.

* The dutchess of Cleveland.

They tell me I am old: I am glad I am so; for I do not like your present young ladies.

Those among us who set up for any thing of decorum, do so mistake the matter, that they offend on the other side. Five young ladies, who are of no small fame for their great severity of manners, and exemplary behaviour, would lately go no where with their lovers but to an organ-loft in a church; where they had a cold treat, and some few opera songs, to their great refreshment and edification. Whether these prudent persons had not been as much so if this had been done at a tavern, is not very hard to determine. It is such silly starts and incoherences as these, which *undervalue* the beauteous sex, and puzzle us in our choice of sweetness of temper and simplicity of manners, which are the only lasting charms of woman. But I must leave this important subject, at present, for some matters which press for publication; as you will observe in the following letter:

"Dear Sir,

"*London, Aug.* 26, *Artillery Ground.*

"It is natural for distant relations to claim kindred with a rising family; though at this time zeal to my country, not interest, calls me out. The city-forces being shortly to take the field, all good protestants would be pleased that their arms and valour should shine with equal lustre. A council of war was lately held, the honourable colonel Mortar being president. After many debates, it was unanimously resolved, That major Blunder, a most expert officer, should be detached for Birmingham, to buy arms, and to prove his firelocks on the spot, as well to prevent expence, as disappointment in the day of battle. The major, being a person of con-

summate experience, was invested with a discretionary power. He knew from antient story, that securing the rear, and making a glorious retreat, was the most celebrated piece of conduct. Accordingly such measures were taken to prevent surprize in the rear of his arms, that even Pallas herself, in the shape of rust, could not invade them. They were drawn into close order, firmly embodied, and arrived securely without touch-holes. Great and national actions deserve popular applause; and as praise is no expence to the public, therefore, dearest kinsman, I communicate this to you, as well to oblige this nursery of heroes, as to do justice to my native country. I am,

Your most affectionate kinsman,

OFFSPRING TWIG."

*** A war-horse, belonging to one of the colonels of the artillery, to be let or sold. He may be seen adorned with ribbands, and set forth to the best advantage, the next training day.

N° 62. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines ——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill* ——
By human *kind*, shall this collection fill.

White's Chocolate-house, August 31.

THIS place being frequented by persons of condition, I am desired to recommend a dog-kennel to any who shall want a pack. It lies not far from Suffolk-street, and is kept by two who were formerly dragoons in the French service; but left plundering for the more orderly life of keeping dogs: besides that, according to their expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the safety of their skin, to follow this trade, than the beat of drum. Their residence is very convenient for the dogs to whelp in, and bring up a right breed to follow the scent. The most eminent of the kennel are blood-hounds, which lead the van, and are as follow:

A list of the dogs.

Jowler, of a right Irish breed, called Captain.

Rockwood, of French race, with long hair, by the courtesy of England, called also Captain.

Pompey, a tall hound, kennelled in a convent in France, and knows a rich soil.

These two last hunt in couple, and are followed by

Ringwood, a French black whelp of the same breed, a fine open-mouthed dog; and an old sick

hound, always in kennel, but of the true blood, with a good nose, French breed.

There is also an Italian grey-hound, with good legs, and knows perfectly the ground from Ghent to Paris.

Ten setting-dogs, right English.

Four mongrels of the same nation.

And twenty whelps, fit for any game.

These curs are so extremely hungry, that they are too keen at the sport, and worry their game before the keepers can come in. The other day a wild boar from the north rushed into the kennel, and at first, indeed, defended himself against the whole pack; but they proved at last too many for him, and tore twenty-five pounds of flesh from off his back, with which they filled their bellies, and made so great a noise in the neighbourhood, that the keepers are obliged to hasten the sale. That quarter of the town where they are kennelled is generally inhabited by strangers, whose blood the hounds have often sucked in such a manner, that many a German count, and other virtuosi, who came from the continent, have lost the intention of their travels, and been unable to proceed on their journey.

If these hounds are not very soon disposed of to some good purchaser, as also those at the kennels nearer Saint James's, it is humbly proposed, that they may be all together transported to America, where the dogs are few, and the wild beasts many: or that, during their stay in these parts, some eminent justice of the peace may have it in particular direction to visit their harbours; and that the sheriff of Middlesex may allow him the assistance of the common hangman to cut off their ears, or part of them, for distinction-sake, that we may know the blood-hounds from the mongrels and setters.

Until these things are regulated, you may enquire at an house belonging to Paris, at the upper-end of Suffolk-street, or an house belonging to Ghent, opposite to the lower end of Pall-mall, and know further.

It were to be wished that these curs were disposed of; for it is a very great nuisance to have them tolerated in cities. That of London takes care, that the "Common Hunt," assisted by the serjeants and bailiffs, expel them whenever they are found within the walls; though it is said, some private families keep them, to the destruction of their neighbours: but it is desired, that all who know of any of these curs, or have been bit by them, would send me their marks, and the houses where they are harboured; and I do not doubt but I shall alarm the people so well, as to have them used like mad dogs wherever they appear. In the mean time, I advise all such as entertain this kind of vermin, that if they give me timely notice that their dogs are dismissed, I shall let them go unregarded; otherwise am obliged to admonish my fellow-subjects in this behalf, and instruct them how to avoid being worried, when they are going about their lawful professions and callings. There was lately a young gentleman bit to the bone; who has now indeed recovered his health, but is as lean as a skeleton. It grieved my heart to see a gentleman's son run among the hounds; but he is, they tell me, as fleet and as dangerous as the best of the pack.

Will's Coffee-house, August 31.

This evening was spent at our table in discourse of propriety of words and thoughts, which is Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; but a very odd fellow, who would intrude upon us, and has a briskness of imagination more like madness than regular thoughts,

said, that "Harry Jacks was the first who told him of the taking of the citadel of Tournay; and," says he, "Harry deserves a statue more than the boy who ran to the senate with a thorn in his foot, to tell of a victory." We were astonished at the assertion, and Spondee asked him, "What affinity is there between that boy and Harry, that you say their merit has so near a resemblance as you just now told us?" Why," says he, "Harry, you know, is in the French interest; and it was more pain to him to tell the story of Tournay, than to the boy to run upon a thorn to relate the victory which he was glad of." The gentleman, who was in the chair upon the subject of propriety of words and thoughts, would by no means allow, that there was wit in this comparison; and urged, that "to have any thing gracefully said, it must be natural; but that whatsoever was introduced in common discourse with so much premeditation, was insufferable." That critic went on: "Had Mr. Jacks," said he, "told him the citadel was taken, and another had answered, 'he deserves a statue as well as the Roman boy, for he told it with as much pain,' it might have passed for a sprightly expression; but there is a wit for discourse, and a wit for writing. The easiness and familiarity of the first is not to savour in the least of study; but the exactness of the other is to admit of something like the freedom of discourse, especially in treatises of humanity, and what regards the *belles lettres*. I do not in this allow, that Bickerstaff's Tatlers, or discourses of wit by retail, and for the penny, should come within the description of writing." I bowed at his compliment, and—But he would not let me proceed.

You see in no place of conversation the perfection of speech so much as in an accomplished woman. Whether it be, that there is a partiality irresistible

when we judge of that sex, or whatever it is, you may observe a wonderful freedom in their utterance, and an easy flow of words, without being distracted (as we often are who read much) in the choice of dictions and phrases. My lady Courtly is an instance of this. She was talking the other day of dress, and did it with so excellent an air and gesture, that you would have sworn she had learned her action from our Demosthenes. Besides which, her words were so particularly well adapted to the matter she talked of, that though dress was a new thing to us men, she avoided the terms of art in it, and described an unaffected garb and manner in so proper terms, that she came up to that of Horace's "*simplex munditiis*;" which whoever can translate in two words, has as much eloquence as lady Courtly. I took the liberty to tell her, that "all she had said with so much good grace, was spoken in two words in Horace, but would not undertake to translate them:" upon which she smiled, and told me, "she believed me a very great scholar;" and I took my leave.

From my own Apartment, August 31.

I have been just now reading the introduction to the history of Catiline by Sallust, an author who is very much in my favour: but when I reflect upon his professing himself wholly disinterested, and at the same time see how industriously he has avoided saying any thing to the praise of Cicero, to whose vigilance the commonwealth owed its safety, it very much lessens my esteem for that writer; and is one argument, among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the interests of the world, and profess purely to act for the service of mankind, without the least regard to themselves. I do not deny but that the rewards are different; some aim

at riches, others at honour, by their public services. However, they are all pursuing some end to themselves, though indeed those ends differ as much as right and wrong. The most graceful way then, I should think, would be to acknowledge, that you aim at serving yourselves; but at the same time make it appear, it is for the service of others that you have these opportunities.

Of all the disinterested professors I have ever heard of, I take the boatswain of Dampier's ship to be the most impudent, but the most excuseable. You are to know that, in the wild searches that navigator was making, they happened to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessaries of life; insomuch that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In such an extreme necessity, all forms of superiority were laid aside: the captain and lieutenant were safe only by being carrion, and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the company were unanimous, and the boatswain must be cut up. He saw their intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:

"Gentlemen Sailors,

"Far be it that I should speak it for any private interest of my own; but I take it that I should not die with a good conscience, if I did not confess to you, that I am not sound. I say, gentlemen, justice, and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that black Kate at Deptford has made me very unsafe to eat; and,

I speak it with shame, I am afraid, gentlemen, I should poison you."

This speech had a good effect in the boatswain's favour; but the surgeon of the ship protested he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first steak of him himself.

The boatswain replied, like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time, that "he was heartily glad if he could be for their service;" and thanked the surgeon for his information. "However," said he, "I must inform you for your own good, that I have, ever since my cure, been very thirsty and dropsical; therefore, I presume, it would be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the ship fit to be drunk." As he was going on with his harangue, a fresh gale arose, and gave the crew hopes of a better repast at the nearest shore, to which they arrived next morning.

Most of the self-denials we meet with are of this sort; therefore, I think he acts fairest who owns, he hopes at least to have brother's fare, without pro-essing that he gives himself up with pleasure to be devoured for the preservation of his fellows.

St. James's Coffee-house, August 31.

Letters from the Hague, of the sixth of September, N. S. say, that the governor of the citadel of Tournay having offered their Highnesses the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince of Savoy to surrender that place on the thirty-first of the last month, on terms which were not allowed them by those princes, hostilities were thereupon renewed; but that on the third the place was surrendered, with a seeming condition granted to the besieged, above that of being prisoners of war: for they were

forthwith to be conducted to Condé, but were to be exchanged for prisoners of the Allies, and particularly those of Warneton were mentioned in the demand. Both armies having stretched towards Mons with the utmost diligence, that of the Allies, though they passed the much more difficult road, arrived first before that town, which they have now actually invested; and the quarter-master-general was, at the time of dispatching these letters, marking the ground for the encampment of the covering army.

"To the booksellers, or others whom this advertisement may concern.

"Mr. Omicron *, the unborn poet, gives notice, that he writes all treatises, as well in verse as prose, being a ninth son, and translates out of all languages, without learning or study.

"If any bookseller will treat for his pastoral on the siege and surrender of the citadel of Tournay, he must send in his proposals before the news of a capitulation for any other town.

"The undertaker for either play-house may have an opera written by him; or, if it shall suit their design, a satire upon operas; both ready for next winter."

* Mr. Oldmixon was probably here ridiculed under the name of Mr. Omicron.

N° 63. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, September 2.

Of the enjoyment of life with regard to others.

I HAVE ever thought it the greatest diminution to the Roman glory imaginable, that in their institution of public triumphs, they led their enemies in chains when they were prisoners. It is to be allowed that doing all honour to the superiority of heroes above the rest of mankind, must needs conduce to the glory and advantage of a nation; but what shocks the imagination to reflect upon is, that a polite people should think it reasonable, that an unhappy man, who was no way inferior to the victor but by the chance of war, should be led like a slave at the wheels of his chariot. Indeed, these other circumstances of a triumph, that it was not allowed in a civil war, lest one part should be in tears, while the other was making acclamations; that it should not be granted, except such a number were slain in battle; that the general should be disgraced who made a falfe muster of his dead; these, I say, had great and politic ends in their being established, and tended to the apparent benefit of the common-wealth. But this behaviour to the con-

quered had no foundation in nature or policy, only to gratify the insolence of an haughty people, who triumphed over barbarous nations, by acting what was fit only for those very barbarians to practise. It seems wonderful, that they who were so refined as to take care, that, to complete the honour done to the victorious officer, no power should be known above him in the empire on the day of his triumph, but that the consuls themselves should be but guests at his table that evening, could not take it into thought to make the man of chief note among his prisoners one of the company. This would have improved the gladness of the occasion; and the victor had made a much greater figure, in that no other man appeared unhappy on his day, than because no other man appeared great.

But we will wave at present such important incidents and turn our thoughts rather to the familiar part of human life, and we shall find, that the great business we contend for is in a less degree what those Romans did on more solemn occasions, to triumph over our fellow-creatures; and there is hardly a man to be found, who would not rather be in pain to appear happy, than be really happy and thought miserable. This men attempt by sumptuous equipages, splendid houses, numerous servants, and all the cares and pursuits of an ambitious or fashionable life.

Bromeo and Tabio are particularly ill-wishers to each other, and rivals in happiness. There is no way in nature so good to procure the esteem of the one, as to give him little notices of certain secret points, wherein the other is uneasy. Gnatho has the skill of doing this, and never applauds the improvements Bromeo has been many years making, and ever will be making, but he adds, "Now this very thing was my thought when Tabio was pulling

up his underwood, yet he never would hear of it; but now your gardens are in this posture, he is ready to hang himself. Well, to be sincere, that situation of his can never make an agreeable seat; he may make his house and appurtenances what he pleases, but he cannot remove them to the same ground where Bromeo's stands; and of all things under the sun, a man that is happy at second-hand is the most monstrous." "It is a very strange madness," anſwers Bromeo, "if a man on these occasions can think of any end but pleasing himself. As for my part, if things are convenient, I hate all ostentation. There is no end of the folly of adapting our affairs to the imagination of others." Upon which, the next thing he does is to enlarge whatever he hears his rival has attempted to imitate him in; but their misfortune is, that they are in their time of life, in their estates, and in their understandings, equal; so that the emulation may continue to the last day of their lives. As it stands now, Tabio has heard, that Bromeo has lately purchased two hundred a year in the annuities since he last settled the account of their happiness, in which he thought himself to have the balance. This may seem a very fantastical way of thinking in these men; but there is nothing so common, as a man's endeavouring rather to go farther than some other person towards an easy fortune, than to form any certain standard that would make himself happy.

Will's Coffee-house, September 2.

Mr. Dactyle has been this evening very profuse of his eloquence upon the talent of turning things into ridicule; and seemed to say very justly, that "there was generally in it something too disingenuous for the society of liberal men, except it were governed by the circumstances of persons, time, and place.

This talent," continued he, "is to be used as a man does his sword, not to be drawn but in his own defence, or to bring pretenders and impostors in society to a true light. But we have seen this faculty so mistaken, that the burlesque of Virgil himself has passed, among men of little taste, for wit; and the noblest thoughts that can enter into the heart of man levelled with ribaldry and baseness: though by the rules of justice, no man ought to be ridiculed for any imperfection, who does not set up for eminent sufficiency in that way wherein he is defective. Thus cowards, who would hide themselves by an affected terror in their mien and dress; and pedants, who would shew the depth of their knowledge by a supercilious gravity, are equally the objects of laughter. Not that they are in themselves ridiculous, for their want of courage, or weakness of understanding; but that they seem insensible of their own place in life, and unhappily rank themselves with those whose abilities, compared to their defects, make them contemptible. At the same time, it must be remarked, that, risibility being the effect of reason, a man ought to be expelled from sober company who laughs without it." "Ha ha!" says Will Truby, who sat by, "will any man pretend to give me laws when I should laugh, or tell me what I should laugh at?" "Look ye," answered Humphy Slyboots, "you are mightily mistaken; you may, if you please, make what noise you will, and nobody can hinder an English gentleman from putting his face into what posture he thinks fit; but take my word for it, that motion which you now make with your mouth open, and the agitation of your stomach, which you relieve by holding your sides, is not laughter: laughter is a more weighty thing than you imagine; and I will tell you a secret, you never did laugh in

your life: and truly I am afraid you never will, except you take great care to be cured of those convulsive fits." Truby left us, and when he had got two yards from us, "Well," said he, "you are strange fellows!" and was immediately taken with another fit.

The Trubies are a well-natured family, whose particular make is such, that they have the same pleasure out of good-will, which other people have in that scorn which is the cause of laughter; therefore their bursting into the figures of men, when laughing, proceeds only from a general benevolence they are born with; as the Slyboots smile only on the greatest occasion of mirth; which difference is caused rather from a different structure of their organs, than that one is less moved than the other. I know Sourly frets inwardly, when Will Truby laughs at him; but when I meet him, and he bursts out, I know it is out of his abundant joy to see me, which he expresses by that vociferation which is in others laughter. But I shall defer considering this subject at large, until I come to my treatise of oscitation, laughter, and ridicule.

From my own Apartment, September 2.

The following letter being a panegyric upon me for a quality which every man may attain, an acknowledgement of his faults; I thought it for the good of my fellow-writers to publish it.

"Sir,

"It must be allowed, that Esquire Bickerstaff is of all authors the most ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense. You will be pleased, Sir, to pardon this expression, for the same reason for which you once desired us to excuse you, when you seemed any

thing dull. Most writers, like the generality of Paul Lorraine's Saints, seem to place a peculiar vanity in dying hard. But you, Sir, to shew a good example to your brethren, have not only confessed, but of your own accord mended the indictment. Nay, you have been so good-natured as to discover beauties in it, which, I will assure you, he that drew it never dreamed of. And, to make your civility the more accomplished, you have honoured him with the title of your kinsman, which, though derived by the left-hand, he is not a little proud of. My brother, for such Obadiah is, being at present very busy about nothing, has ordered me to return you his sincere thanks for all these favours; and as a small token of his gratitude, to communicate to you the following piece of intelligence, which, he thinks, belongs more properly to you, than to any others of our modern historians.

"Madonella, who, as it was thought, had long since taken her flight towards the ætherial mansions, still walks, it seems, in the regions of mortality; where she has found, by deep reflections on the revolution mentioned in yours of June the twenty-third, that where early instructions have been wanting to imprint true ideas of things on the tender souls of those of her sex, they are never after able to arrive at such a pitch of perfection, as to be above the laws of matter and motion; laws which are considerably enforced by the principles usually imbibed in nurseries and boarding-schools. To remedy this evil, she has laid the scheme of a college for young damsels; where (instead of scissars, needles, and samplers,) pens, compasses, quadrants, books, manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, are to take up their whole time. Only on holidays the students will, for moderate exercise, be allowed to divert themselves with the use of some of the

lightest and most voluble weapons; and proper care will be taken to give them at least a superficial tincture of the antient and modern Amazonian tactics. Of these military performances, the direction is undertaken by Epicene *, the writer of 'Memoirs from the Mediterranean,' who, by the help of some artificial poisons conveyed by smells, has within these few weeks brought many persons of both sexes to an untimely fate; and, what is more surprising, has, contrary to her profession, with the same odours, revived others who had long since been drowned in the whirlpools of Lethe. Another of the professors is to be a certain lady, who is now publishing two of the choicest Saxon novels, which are said to have been in as great repute with the ladies of queen Emma's court, as the 'Memoirs from the New Atalantis' are with those of ours. I shall make it my business to inquire into the progress of this learned institution, and give you the first notice of their 'Philosophical Transactions, and Searches after Nature.'

Yours, &c.

TOBIAH GREENHAT."

St. James's Coffee-house, September 2.

This day we have received advices by the way of Ostend, which give an account of an engagement between the French and the Allies, on the eleventh instant, N. S. Marshal Boufflers arrived in the enemy's camp on the fifth, and acquainted marshal Villars, that he did not come in any character, but to receive his commands for the king's service, and communicate to him his orders upon the present posture of affairs. On the ninth both armies advanced towards each other, and cannonaded all the

* Epicene means Mrs. D. Manley.

ensuing day, until the close of the evening, and stood on their arms all that night. On the day of battle the cannonading was renewed about seven: the duke of Argyle had orders to attack the wood Sart on the right, which he executed so successfully, that he pierced through it, and won a considerable post. The prince of Orange had the same good fortune in a wood on the left: after which the whole body of the confederates, joined by the forces from the siege, marched up and engaged the enemy, who were drawn up at some distance from these woods. The dispute was very warm for some time; but towards noon, the French began to give ground from one wing to the other; which advantage being observed by our generals, the whole army was urged on with fresh vigour, and in a few hours the day ended with the entire defeat of the enemy.

N° 64. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1709.

Quæ caret ora cruore nostro? HOR. I. Od. ii. 36.

What coast, encircled by the briny flood,
Boasts not the glorious tribute of our blood.

From my own Apartment, September 5.

When I lately spoke of triumphs, and the behaviour of the Romans on those occasions, I knew, by my skill in astrology, that there was a great event approaching to our advantage; but, not having yet taken upon me to tell fortunes, I thought fit to de-

fer the mention of the battle near Mons until it happened; which moderation was no small pain to me: but I should wrong my art, if I concealed that some of my aërial intelligencers had signified to me the news of it even from Paris, before the arrival of lieutenant-colonel Graham in England *. All nations, as well as persons, have their good and evil genius attending them; but the kingdom of France has three, the last of which is neither for it nor against it in reality; but has for some months past acted an ambiguous part, and attempted to save its ward from the incursion of its powerful enemies, by little subterfuges and tricks, which a nation is more than undone when it is reduced to practise. Thus, instead of giving exact accounts and representations of things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the same time a falshood when all the circumstances come to be related. Pacolet was at the court of France on Friday night last, when this genius of that kingdom came thither in the shape of a post-boy, and cried out, that Mons was relieved, and the duke of Marlborough marched. Pacolet was much astonished at this account, and immediately changed his form, and flew to the neighbourhood of Mons, from whence he found the Allies had really marched; and began to inquire into the reasons of this sudden change, and half feared he had heard a truth of the posture of the French affairs, even in their own country. But, upon diligent enquiry among the aërials who attend those regions, and consultation with the neighbouring peasants, he was able to bring me the following account of the motions of the armies since they re-

* Lieut. Col. Graham came express with an account of the battle of Malplaquet.

tired from about that place, and the action which followed thereupon.

On Saturday, the seventh of September, N. S. the confederate army was alarmed in their camp at Havre, by intelligence, that the enemy were marching to attack the prince of Hesse. Upon this advice, the duke of Marlborough commanded that the troops should immediately move; which was accordingly performed, and they were all joined on Sunday the eighth at noon. On that day in the morning it appeared, that instead of being attacked, the advanced guard of the detachment, commanded by the prince of Hesse, had dispersed and taken prisoners a party of the enemy's horse, which was sent out to observe the march of the confederates. The French moved from Quiverain on Sunday in the morning, and inclined to the right from thence all that day. The ninth, the Monday following, they continued their march, until on Tuesday, the tenth, they possessed themselves of the woods of Dour and Blaugies. As soon as they came into that ground, they threw up entrenchments with all expedition. The Allies arrived within few hours after the enemy was posted; but the duke of Marlborough thought fit to wait for the arrival of the reinforcement which he expected from the siege of Tournay. Upon notice that these troops were so advanced as to be depended on for an action the next day, it was accordingly resolved to engage the enemy.

It will be necessary for understanding the greatness of the action, and the several motions made in the time of the engagement, that you have in your mind an idea of the place. The two armies, on the eleventh instant, were both drawn up before the woods of Dour, Blaugies, Sart, and Jansart; the army of the prince of Savoy on the right before that of Blaugies; the forces of Great Britain in the

center on his left; those of the high Allies, with the wood Sart, as well as a large interval of plain ground, and Jansart on the left of the whole. The enemy were intrenched in the paths of the woods, and drawn up behind two intrenchments over-against them, opposite to the armies of the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene. There were also two lines intrenched in the plains over-against the army of the States. This was the posture of the French and confederate forces when the signal was given, and the whole line moved on to the charge.

The Dutch army, commanded by the prince of Hesse, attacked with the most undaunted bravery, and, after a very obstinate resistance, forced the first intrenchment of the enemy in the plain between Sart and Jansart; but were repulsed in their attack on the second with great slaughter on both sides. The duke of Marlborough, while this was transacting on the left, had with very much difficulty marched through Sart, and beaten the enemy from the several intrenchments they had thrown up in it. As soon as the duke had marched into the plain, he observed the main body of the enemy drawn up and intrenched in the front of his army. This situation of the enemy, in the ordinary course of war, is usually thought an advantage hardly to be surmounted; and might appear impracticable to any, but that army which had just overcome greater difficulties. The duke commanded the troops to form, but to forbear charging until further order. In the mean time he visited the left of our line, where the troops of the States had been engaged. The slaughter on this side had been very great, and the Dutch incapable of making further progress, except they were suddenly reinforced. The right of our line was attacked soon after their coming upon the plain; but

they drove back the enemy with such bravery, that the victory began to incline to the Allies by the precipitate retreat of the French to their works, from whence they were immediately beaten. The duke, upon observing this advantage on the right, commanded the earl of Orkney to march with a sufficient number of battalions, to force the enemy from their intrenchments on the plain between the woods of Sart and Jansart; which being performed, the horse of the Allies marched into the plains, covered by their own foot, and forming themselves in good order, the cavalry of the enemy attempted no more, but to cover the foot in their retreat. The Allies made so good use of the beginning of the victory, that all their troops moved on with fresh resolution, until they saw the enemy fly before them towards Condé and Maubeuge; after whom proper detachments were sent, who made a terrible slaughter in the pursuit.

In this action, it is said, prince Eugene was wounded, as also the duke of Aremberg, and lieutenant-general Webb. The count of Oxenstern, colonel Lalo, and Sir Thomas Pendergrass, were killed.

This wonderful success, obtained under all the difficulties that could be opposed in the way of an army, must be acknowledged as owing to the genius, courage, and conduct of the duke of Marlborough, a consummate hero; who has lived not only beyond the time in which Cæsar said he was arrived at a satiety of life and glory; but also been so long the subject of panegyric, that it is as hard to say any thing new in his praise, as to add to the merit which requires such eulogiums.

Will's Coffee-house, September 5.

The following letter being very explanatory of the true design of our lucubrations, and at the same

time an excellent model for performing it, it is absolutely necessary, for the better understanding our works, to publish it.

"To ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

"Sir,

"Though I have not the honour to be of the family of the Staffs, nor related to any branch of it, yet I applaud your wholesome project of making wit useful.

"This is what has been, or should have been, intended by the best comedies. But nobody, I think, before you, thought of a way to bring the stage as it were into the coffee-house, and there attack those gentlemen who thought themselves out of the reach of raillery, by prudently avoiding its chief walks and districts. I smile when I see a solid citizen of threescore read the article from Will's coffee-house, and seem to be just beginning to learn his alphabet of wit in spectacles; and to hear the attentive table sometimes stop him with pertinent queries, which he is puzzled to answer, and then join in commending it the sincerest way, by freely owning he does not understand it.

"In pursuing this design, you will always have a large scene before you, and can never be at a loss for characters to entertain a town so plentifully stocked with them. The follies of the finest minds, which a philosophic surgeon knows how to dissect, will best employ your skill: and of this sort, I take the liberty to send you the following sketch.

"Cleontes is a man of good family, good learning, entertaining conversation, and acute wit. He talks well, is master of style, and writes not contemptibly in verse. Yet all this serves but to make him politely ridiculous; and he is above the rank of common characters, only to have the privilege

of being laughed at by the best. His family makes him proud and scornful; his learning, assuming and absurd; and his wit, arrogant and satirical. He mixes some of the best qualities of the head with the worst of the heart. Every body is entertained by him, while nobody esteems him. I am, Sir, your most affectionate monitor,

"JOSIAH COUPLET."

*** Lost, from the Cocoa-tree, in Pall-mall, two Irish dogs, belonging to the pack of London; one a tall white wolf-dog; the other a black nimble greyhound, not very sound, and supposed to be gone to the Bath, by instinct, for cure. The man of the inn from whence they ran, being now there, is desired, if he meets either of them, to tie them up. Several others are lost about Tunbridge and Epsom; which whoever will maintain may keep.

Nº 65. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

Will's Coffee-house, September 7.

I CAME hither this evening, and expected nothing else but mutual congratulations in the company on the late victory; but found our room, which one

would have hoped to have seen full of good humour and alacrity upon so glorious an occasion, full of sour animals, inquiring into the action, in doubt of what had happened, and fearful of the success of their countrymen. It is natural to believe easily what we wish heartily; and a certain rule, that they are not friends to a glad occasion who speak all they can against the truth of it; who end their argument against our happiness, that they wish it otherwise. When I came into the room, a gentleman was declaiming: "If," says he, "we have so great and complete a victory, why have we not the names of the prisoners? Why is not an exact relation of the conduct of our generals laid before the world? Why do we not know where and whom to applaud? If we are victorious, why do we not give an account of our captives and our slain? But we are to be satisfied with general notices we are conquerors, and to believe it so. Sure this is approving the despotic way of treating the world, which we pretend to fight against, if we sit down satisfied with such contradictory accounts, which have the words of triumph, but do not bear the spirit of it." I whispered Mr. Greenhat, "Pray, what can that dissatisfied man be?" "He is," answered he, "a character you have not yet perhaps observed. You have heard of battle-painters, have mentioned a battle-poet; but this is a battle-critic. He is a fellow that lives in a government so gentle, that, though it sees him an enemy, suffers his malice, because they know his impotence. He is to examine the weight of an advantage before the company wil allow it." Greenhat was going on in his explanation, when Sir George England thought fit to take up the discourse in the following manner:

"Gentlemen, The action you are in so great doubt to approve of, is greater than ever has been

performed in any age; and the value of it I observe from your dissatisfaction: for battle-critics are like all others; you are the more offended, the more you ought to be, and are convinced you ought to be pleased. Had this engagement happened in the time of the old Romans, and such things been acted in their service, there would not be a foot of the wood which was pierced but had been consecrated to some deity, or made memorable by the death of him who expired in it for the sake of his country. It had been said on some monument at the entrance; Here the duke of Argyle drew his sword, and said 'March.' Here Webb, after having an accomplished fame for gallantry, exposed himself like a common soldier. Here Rivett, who was wounded at the beginning of the day, and carried off as dead, returned to the field, and received his death. Medals had been struck for our general's behaviour when he first came into the plain. Here was the fury of the action, and here the hero stood as fearless as if invulnerable. Such certainly had been the cares of that state for their own honour, and in gratitude to their heroic subjects. But the wood intrenched, the plain made more impassable than the wood, and all the difficulties opposed to the most gallant army and the most intrepid leaders that ever the sun shone upon, are treated by the talk of some in this room as objections to the merit of our general and our army: but," continued he, "I leave all the examination of this matter, and a proper discourse on our sense of public actions, to my friend Mr. Bickerstaff; who may let beaux and gamesters rest, until he has examined into the reasons of men's being malecontents, in the only nation that suffers professed enemies to breathe in open air."

From my own Apartment, September 7.

The following letters are sent to me from relations; and though I do not know who and who are intended, I publish them. I have only writ nonsense, if there is nothing in them; and done a good action, if they alarm any heedless men against the fraternity of the Knights, whom the Greeks call Ῥάσκαλς.

"Mr. Bickerstaff, *Bath, Aug.* 30.

"It is taken very ill by several gentlemen here, that you are so little vigilant, as to let the dogs run from their kennels to this place. Had you done your duty, we should have had notice of their arrival; but the sharpers are now become so formidable here, that they have divided themselves into nobles and commons; beau Bogg, beau Pert, Rake, and Tallboy, are of their upper house; broken captains, ignorant attornies, and such other bankrupts from industrious professions, compose their lower order. Among these two sets of men, there happened here lately some unhappy differences. Esquire Humphry came down among us with four hundred guineas; his raw appearance, and certain signals in the good-natured muscles of Humphry's countenance, alarmed the societies; for sharpers are as skilful as beggars in physiognomy, and know as well where to hope for plunder, as the others to ask for alms. Pert was the man exactly fitted for taking with Humphry, as a fine gentleman; for a raw fool is ever enamoured with his contrary, a coxcomb; and a coxcomb is what the booby, who wants experience, and is unused to company, regards as the first of men. He ever looks at him with envy, and would certainly be such, if he were not oppressed by his rusticity or bashfulness. There

arose an entire friendship by this sympathy between Pert and Humphry, which ended in stripping the latter. We now could see this forlorn youth for some days moneyless, without sword, and one day without his hat, and with secret melancholy pining for his snuff-box; the jest of the whole town, but most of those who robbed him.

"At last fresh bills came down, when immediately their countenances cleared up, antient kindnesses and familiarity renewed, and to dinner he was invited by the fraternity. You are to know, that while he was in his days of solitude, a commoner, who was excluded from his share of the prey, had whispered the esquire, that he was bit, and cautioned him of venturing again. However, hopes of recovering his snuff-box, which was given him by his aunt, made him fall to play after dinner; yet, mindful of what he was told, he saw something that provoked him to tell them, they were a company of sharpers. Presently Tallboy fell on him, and, being too hard at fisty-cuffs, drove him out of doors. The valiant Pert followed, and kicked him in his turn; which the esquire resented, as being nearer his match; so challenged him: but differing about time and place, friends interposed, for he had still money left, and persuaded him to ask pardon for provoking them to beat him, and they asked his for doing it. The house, consulting, whence Humphry could have his information, concluded it must be from some malicious commoner; and, to be revenged, beau Bogg watched their haunts, and in a shop where some of them were at play with ladies, shewed dice which he found, or pretended to find, upon them; and, declaring how false they were, warned the company to take care who they played with. By his seeming candour, he cleared his reputation at least to fools and some

silly women; but it was still blasted by the esquire's story with thinking men: however, he gained a great point by it; for the next day he got the company shut up with himself and fellow-members, and robbed them at discretion.

"I cannot express to you with what indignation I behold the noble spirit of gentlemen degenerated to that of private cut-purses. It is in vain to hope a remedy, while so many of the fraternity get and enjoy estates of twenty, thirty, and fifty thousand pounds, with impunity, creep into the best conversations, and spread the infectious villany through the nation, while the lesser rogues, that rob for hunger or nakedness, are sacrificed by the blind, and, in this respect, partial and defective law. Could you open men's eyes against the occasion of all this, the great corrupter of our manners and morality, the author of more bankrupts than the war, and sure bane of all industry, frugality, and good-nature; in a word, of all virtues; I mean, public or private play at cards or dice; how willingly would I contribute my utmost, and possibly send you some memoirs of the lives and politics of some of the fraternity of great figure, that might be of use to you in setting this in a clear light against next session; that all who care for their country or posterity, and see the pernicious effects of such a public vice, may endeavour its destruction by some effectual laws. In concurrence to this good design, I remain your humble servant, &c."

"Mr. Bickerstaff, *Friday, Sept.* 2.

"I heartily join with you in your laudable design against the Myrmidons, as well as your late insinuations against Coxcombs of Fire; and I take this opportunity to congratulate you on the success of your labours, which I observed yesterday in one

of the hottest fire-men in town; who not only affects a soft smile, but was seen to be thrice contradicted without showing any sign of impatience. These, I say, so happy beginnings promise fair, and on this account I rejoice you have undertaken to unkennel the curs; a work of such use, that I admire it so long escaped your vigilance; and exhort you, by the concern you have for the good people of England, to pursue your design: and, that these vermin may not flatter themselves that they pass undiscovered, I desire you would acquaint Jack Haughty, that the whole secret of his bubbling his friend with the Swiss at the Thatched-house is well known, as also his sweetening the knight; and I shall acknowledge the favour.

Your most humble servant, &c.

N° 66. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

Will's Coffee-house, September 9.

THE subject of the discourse this evening was eloquence and graceful action. Lysander, who is something particular in his way of thinking and speaking, told us, "a man could not be eloquent

without action: for the deportment of the body, the turn of the eye, and an apt sound to every word that is uttered, must all conspire to make an accomplished speaker. Action in one that speaks in public, is the same thing as a good mien in ordinary life. Thus, as a certain insensibility in the countenance recommends a sentence of humour and jest, so it must be a very lively consciousness that gives grace to great sentiments. The jest is to be a thing unexpected; therefore your undesigning manner is a beauty in expressions of mirth; but when you are to talk on a set subject, the more you are moved yourself, the more you will move others.

"There is," said he, "a remarkable example of that kind. Æschines, a famous orator of antiquity, had pleaded at Athens in a great cause against Demosthenes; but having lost it, retired to Rhodes." Eloquence was then the quality most admired among men; and the magistrates of that place, having heard he had a copy of the speech of Demosthenes, desired him to repeat both their pleadings. After his own, he recited also the oration of his antagonist. The people expressed their admiration of both, but more of that of Demosthenes. "If you are," said he, "thus touched with hearing only what that great orator said, how would you have been affected had you seen him speak? For he who hears Demosthenes only, loses much the better part of the oration." Certain it is that they who speak gracefully are very lamely represented in having their speeches read or repeated by unskilful people; for there is something native to each man, so inherent to his thoughts and sentiments, which it is hardly possible for another to give a true idea of. You may observe in common talk, when a sentence of any man's is repeated, an acquaintance of his

shall immediately observe, "that is so like him, methinks I see how he looked when he said it."

But of all the people on the earth, there are none who puzzle me so much as the Clergy of Great-Britain, who are, I believe, the most learned body of men now in the world; and yet this art of speaking, with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, is wholly neglected among them; and I will engage, were a deaf man to behold the greater part of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of some discourse they intended to make, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of such a nature, as one would believe it were impossible to think of without emotion.

I own there are exceptions to this general observation, and that the Dean we heard the other day together is an orator *. He has so much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he has to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a behaviour, that it must attract your attention. His person, it is to be confessed, is no small recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that advantage, and adding to the propriety of speech, which might pass the criticism of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has many of his audience † who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is used with the most exact and honest skill: he never attempts your passions until he has convinced your reason. All

* Dr. Atterbury.

† At the chapel of Bridewell Hospital, where he was twenty years minister and preacher.

the objections which he can form are laid open and dispersed, before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart; and never pretends to show the beauty of holiness, until he hath convinced you of the truth of it.

Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and show so much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers as you find it has in dissenting congregations, for no reason in the world, but because it is spoken *extempore*: for ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way to come at their hearts, but by power over their imaginations.

There is my friend and merry companion Daniel*. He knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper discourse as well as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out "My beloved!" and the words "grace!" "regeneration!" "sanctification!" "a new light!" "the day! the day! ay, my beloved, the day! or rather the night! the night is coming!" and "judgment will come, when we least think of it!" and so forth.—He knows to be vehement is the only way to come at his audience. Daniel, when he sees my friend Greenhat come in, can give a good hint, and cry out, "This is only for the saints! the regenerated!" By this force of action, though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry

* Dr. Daniel Burgess, who preached to a congregation of independents at the meeting-house in a court adjoining to Carey-street, near Lincoln's Inn.

imaginable, Daniel can laugh at his diocesan, and grow fat by voluntary subscription, while the parson of the parish goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, "it is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell, which the flock follows."

Another thing, very wonderful this learned body should omit, is, learning to read; which is a most necessary part of eloquence in one who is to serve at the altar: for there is no man but must be sensible, that the lazy tone, and inarticulate sound of our common readers, depreciates the most proper form of words that were ever extant, in any nation or language, to speak our own wants, or his power from whom we ask relief.

There cannot be a greater instance of the power of action, than in little parson Dapper, who is the common relief to all the lazy pulpits in town. This smart youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his text, shuts his book fairly, shows he has no notes in his Bible, opens both palms, and shows all is fair there too. Thus, with a decisive air, my young man goes on without hesitation; and though from the beginning to the end of his pretty discourse he has not used one proper gesture, yet at the conclusion the churchwarden pulls his gloves from off his hands; "Pray, who is this extraordinary young man?" Thus the force of action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the reason and argument in the world without it. This gentleman concluded his discourse by saying, "I do not doubt but if our preachers would learn to speak, and our readers to read, within six months time we should not have a dissenter within a mile of a church in Great-Britain."

From my own Apartment, September 9.

I have a letter from a young fellow, who complains to me that "he was bred a mercer, and is now just out of his time; but unfortunately (for he has no manner of education suitable to his present estate) an uncle has left him one thousand pounds *per annum*." The young man is sensible, that he is so spruce, that he fears he shall never be genteel as long as he lives; but applies himself to me to know what method to take, to help his air, and be a fine gentleman.

He says, "that several of those ladies who were formerly his customers, visit his mother on purpose to fall in his way, and fears he shall be obliged to marry against his will; for," says he, "if any of them should ask me, I shall not be able to deny her. I am," says he further, "utterly at a loss how to deal with them; for though I was the most pert creature in the world when I was foreman, and could hand a woman of the first quality to her coach as well as her own gentleman usher, I am now quite out of my way, and speechless in their company. They commend my modesty to my face. No one scruples to say, I certainly should make the best husband in the world, a man of my sober education. Mrs. Would-be watches all opportunities to be alone with me: therefore, good Mr. Bickerstaff, here are my writings inclosed: if you can find any flaw in my title, so as it may go to the next heir, who goes to St. James's coffee-house, and White's, and could enjoy it, I should be extremely well pleased with two thousand pounds to set up my trade, and live in a way I know I should become, rather than be laughed at all my life among too good company. If you could send for my cousin, and persuade him to

take the estate on these terms, and let nobody know it, you would extremely oblige me."

Upon first sight, I thought this a very whimsical proposal; however, upon more mature consideration, I could not but admire the young gentleman's prudence and good sense; for there is nothing so irksome as living in a way a man knows he does not become. I consulted Mr. Obadiah Greenhat * on this occasion, and he is so well pleased with the man, that he has half a mind to take the estate himself; but, upon second thoughts, he proposed this expedient: "I should be very willing," said he, "to keep the estate where it is, if we could make the young man any way easy; therefore, I humbly propose, he should take to drinking for one half year, and make a sloven of him, and from thence begin his education a-new: for it is a maxim, that one who is ill-taught is in a worse condition than he who is wholly ignorant; therefore a spruce mercer is farther off the air of a fine gentleman than a down-right clown. To make our patient any thing better, we must unmake him what he is." I indeed proposed to flux him; but Greenhat answered, "that if he recovered, he would be as prim and feat as ever he was." Therefore he would have it his way, and our friend is to drink until he is carbuncled and tun-bellied; after which we will send him down to smoke and be buried with his ancestors in Derbyshire. I am indeed desirous he should have his life in the estate, because he has such a just sense of himself and his abilities, as to know that it is an unhappiness to him to be a man of fortune.

This youth seems to understand, that a gentleman's life is that of all others the hardest to pass

* Mr. Obadiah Greenhat means Addison.

through with propriety of behaviour; for though he has a support without art or labour, yet his manner of enjoying that circumstance is a thing to be considered; and you see, among men who are honoured with the common appellation of gentlemen, so many contradictions to that character, that it is the utmost ill-fortune to bear it: for which reason I am obliged to change the circumstances of several about this town. Harry Lacker is so very exact in his dress, that I shall give his estate to his younger brother, and make him a dancing-master. Nokes Lightfoot is so nimble, and values himself so much upon it, that I have thoughts of making him huntsman to a pack of beagles, and giving his land to somebody that will stay upon it.

Now I am upon the topic of becoming what we enjoy, I forbid all persons who are not of the first quality, or who do not bear some important office that requires so much distinction, to go to Hyde-Park with six horses; for I cannot but esteem it the highest insolence. Therefore hereafter no man shall do it merely because he is able, without any other pretension. But, what may serve all purposes quite as well, it shall be allowed all such who think riches the chief distinction, to appear in the ring with two horses only, and a rent-roll hanging out of each side of their coach. This is a thought of Mr. Greenhat's, who designs very soon to publish a sumptuary discourse upon the subject of equipage, wherein he will give us rules on that subject, and assign the proper duties and qualifications of masters and servants, as well as that of husbands and wives; with a treatise of œconomy without doors, or the complete art of appearing in the world. This will be very useful to all who are suddenly rich, or are ashamed of being poor.

—— *Sunt certa piacula, quæ te*
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.

HOR. I. Ep. i. 36.

And, like a charm, to th' upright mind and pure,
If thrice read o'er, will yield a certain cure.

I have notice of a new pack of dogs, of quite another sort than hitherto mentioned. I have not an exact account of their way of hunting, the following letter giving only a bare notice of them:

"SIR, *September* 7.

"There are another pack of dogs to be disposed of, who kennel about Charing Cross, at the old Fat Dog's, at the corner of Buckingham Court, near Spring Garden: two of them are said to be whelped in Alsatia *, now in ruins; but they, with the rest of the pack, are as pernicious, as if the old kennel had never been broken down. The antients distinguished this sort of curs by the name of *Hæredipetes*, the most pernicious of all biters, for seizing young heirs, especially when their estates are entailed; whom they reduce by one good bite to such a condition, that they cannot ever after come to the use of their teeth, or get a smelling of a crust. You are desired to dispose of these as soon as you can, that the breed may not increase; and your care in tying them up will be acknowledged by, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PHILANTHROPOS."

St. James's Coffee-house, September 9.

We have received letters from the duke of Marlborough's camp, which bring us further particulars of the great and glorious victory obtained over the enemy on the eleventh instant, N.S. The number

* White Friars.

of the wounded and prisoners is much greater than was expected from our first account. The day was doubtful until after twelve of the clock; but the enemy made little resistance after their first line on the left began to give way. An exact narration of the whole affair is expected next post. The French have had two days allowed them to bury their dead, and carry off their wounded men, upon parole. Those regiments of Great-Britain which suffered most are ordered into garrison, and fresh troops commanded to march into the field. The States have also directed troops to march out of the towns, to relieve those who lost so many men in attacking the second intrenchment of the French in the plain between Sart and Jansart.

N° 67. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

From my own Apartment, September 12.

No man can conceive, until he comes to try it, how great a pain it is to be a public-spirited person. I am sure I am unable to express to the world what great anxiety I have suffered, to see of how little benefit my Lucubrations have been to my fellow-subjects. Men will go on in their own way, in

spite of all my labour. I gave Mr. Didapper a private reprimand for wearing red-heeled shoes, and at the same time was so indulgent as to connive at him for fourteen days, because I would give him the wearing of them out; but, after all this, I am informed he appeared yesterday with a new pair of the same sort. I have no better success with Mr. What-d'ye-call, as to his buttons; Stentor still roars; and box and dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ against them. Partridge walks about at noon day, and Æsculapius thinks of adding a new lace to his livery. However, I must still go on in laying these enormities before men's eyes, and let them answer for going on in their practice.

My province is much larger than at first sight men would imagine, and I shall lose no part of my jurisdiction, which extends not only to futurity, but also is retrospect to things past; and the behaviour of persons, who have long ago acted their parts, is as much liable to my examination, as that of my own contemporaries.

In order to put the whole race of mankind in their proper distinctions, according to the opinion their cohabitants conceived of them, I have with very much care, and depth of meditation, thought fit to erect a chamber of Fame, and established certain rules, which are to be observed in admitting members into this illustrious society.

In this chamber of Fame there are to be three tables, but of different lengths; the first is to contain exactly twelve persons; the second, twenty; and the third, an hundred. This is reckoned to be the full number of those who have any competent share of Fame. At the first of these tables are to be placed in their order the twelve most famous persons in the world; not with regard to the things they are famous for, but according to the degree of

their Fame, whether in valour, wit, or learning. Thus, if a scholar be more famous than a soldier, he is to sit above him. Neither must any preference be given to virtue, if the person be not equally famous.

When the first table is filled, the next in renown must be seated at the second, and so on in like manner to the number of twenty; as also in the same order at the third, which is to hold a hundred. At these tables, no regard is to be had to seniority: for if Julius Cæsar shall be judged more famous than Romulus and Scipio, he must have the precedence. No person who has not been dead an hundred years must be offered to a place at any of these tables: and because this is altogether a lay-society, and that sacred persons move upon greater motives than that of fame, no persons celebrated in holy writ, or any ecclesiastical men whatsoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a side-table for persons of great fame, but dubious existence; such as Hercules, Theseus, Æneas, Achilles, Hector, and others. But because it is apprehended, that there may be great contention about precedence, the proposer humbly desires the opinion of the learned towards his assistance in placing every person according to his rank, that none may have just occasion of offence.

The merits of the cause shall be judged by plurality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of this important affair, it is desired, that no man will offer his favourite hero, scholar, or poet; and that the learned will be pleased to send to Mr. Bickerstaff, at Mr. Morphew's near Stationers-hall, their several lists for the first table only, and in the order they would have them placed; after which the proposer will

compare the several lists, and make another for the public, wherein every name shall be ranked according to the voices it has had. Under this chamber is to be a dark vault for the same number of persons of evil fame.

It is humbly submitted to consideration, whether the project would not be better if the persons of true fame meet in a middle room, those of dubious existence in an upper room, and those of evil fame in a lower dark room.

It is to be noted, that no historians are to be admitted at any of these tables; because they are appointed to conduct the several persons to their seats, and are to be made use of as ushers to the assemblies.

I call upon the learned world to send me their assistance towards this design, it being a matter of too great moment for any one person to determine. But I do assure them, their lists shall be examined with great fidelity, and those that are exposed to the public, made with all the caution imaginable.

In the mean time, while I wait for these lists, I am employed in keeping people in a right way, to avoid the contrary to fame and applause, to wit, blame and derision. For this end, I work upon that useful project of the penny-post, by the benefit of which it is proposed, that a charitable society be established: from which society there shall go every day circular letters to all parts within the bills of mortality, to tell people of their faults in a friendly and private manner, whereby they may know what the world thinks of them, before it is declared to the world that they are thus faulty. This method cannot fail of universal good consequences: for it is further added, that they who will not be reformed by it, must be contented to see the several letters printed, which were not regarded by them, that

when they will not take private reprehension, they may be tried further by a public one. I am very sorry I am obliged to print the following epistles of that kind to some persons, and the more because they are of the fair sex.

This went on Friday last to a very fine lady.

"Madam,

"I am highly sensible, that there is nothing of so tender a nature as the reputation and conduct of ladies; and that when there is the least stain got into their fame, it is hardly ever to be washed out. When I have said this, you will believe I am extremely concerned, to hear, at every visit I make, that your manner of wearing your hair is a mere affectation of beauty, as well as that your neglect of powder has been a common evil to your sex. It is to you an advantage to show that abundance of fine tresses: but I beseech you to consider, that the force of your beauty, and the imitation of you, costs Eleonora great sums of money to her tire-woman for false locks, besides what is allowed to her maid for keeping the secret, that she is gray. I must take leave to add to this admonition, that you are not to reign above four months and odd days longer. Therefore, I must desire you to raise and friz your hair a little, for it is downright insolence to be thus handsome without art; and you will forgive me for intreating you to do now out of compassion, what you must soon do out of necessity. I am, Madam,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant."

This person dresses just as she did before I writ; as does also the lady to whom I addressed the following billet the same day:

"Madam,

"Let me beg of you to take off the patches at the lower end of your left cheek, and I will allow two

more under your left eye, which will contribute more to the symmetry of your face; except you would please to remove the ten black atoms on your ladyship's chin, and wear one large patch instead of them. If so, you may properly enough retain the three patches above-mentioned. I am, &c."

This, I thought, had all the civility and reason in the world in it; but whether my letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the lady patches as she used to do. It is to be observed by all the charitable society, as an instruction in their epistles, that they tell people of nothing but what is in their power to mend. I shall give another instance of this way of writing: two sisters in Essex-street are eternally gaping out of the window, as if they knew not the value of time, or would call in companions. Upon which I writ the following line:

"Dear Creatures,
"On the receipt of this, shut your casements."

But I went by yesterday, and found them still at the window. What can a man do in this case, but go on, and wrap himself up in his own integrity, with satisfaction only in this melancholy truth, that virtue is its own reward; and that if no one is the better for his admonitions, yet he is himself the more virtuous in that he gave those advices?

St. James's Coffee-house, September 12.

Letters of the thirteenth instant, from the Duke of Marlborough's camp at Havre advise, that the necessary dispositions were made for opening the trenches before Mons. The direction of the siege is to be committed to the Prince of Orange, who designed to take his post accordingly with thirty battalions and thirty squadrons on the day following.

On the seventeenth Lieutenant-General Cadogan set out for Brussels, to hasten the ammunition and artillery which is to be employed in this enterprize; and the confederate army was extended from the Haisne to the Trouille, in order to cover the siege. The loss of the confederates in the late battle is not exactly known; but it appears, by a list transmitted to the States-General, that the number of the killed and wounded in their service amounts to above eight thousand. It is computed, that the English have lost fifteen hundred men, and the rest of the allies above five thousand, including the wounded. The States-General have taken the most speedy and effectual measures for reinforcing their troops; and it is expected, that in eight or ten days the army will be as numerous as before the battle. The affairs in Italy afford us nothing remarkable; only that it is hoped, the difference between the courts of Vienna and Turin will be speedily accommodated. Letters from Poland present us with a near prospect of seeing king Augustus re-established on the throne, all parties being very industrious to reconcile themselves to his interests.

Will's Coffee-house, September 12.

Of all the pretty arts in which our modern writers excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the imitation of beginners, than the skill of transition from one subject to another. I know not whether I make myself well understood; but it is certain, that the way of stringing a discourse, used in the Mercure Gallant, the Gentleman's Journal *, and other learned writings; not to mention how naturally things present themselves to such as harangue in pulpits, and other occasions

* Published about the end of the seventeenth century, in 4to.

which occur to the learned; are methods worthy commendation. I shall attempt this style myself in a few lines. Suppose I was discoursing upon the king of Sweden's passing the Boristhenes. The Boristhenes is a great river, and puts me in mind of the Danube and the Rhine. The Danube I cannot think of, without reflecting on that unhappy prince who had such fair territories on the banks of it; I mean the duke of Bavaria, who by our last letters is retired from Mons. Mons is as strong a fortification as any which has no citadel: and places which are not completely fortified are, methinks, lessons to princes, that they are not omnipotent, but liable to the strokes of fortune. But as all princes are subject to such calamities, it is the part of men of letters to guard them from the observations of all small writers: for which reason, I shall conclude my present remarks, by publishing the following advertisement, to be taken notice of by all who dwell in the suburbs of learning:

"Whereas the king of Sweden has been so unfortunate as to receive a wound in his heel; we do hereby prohibit all epigrammatists in either language and both Universities, as well as all other poets, of what denomination soever, to make any mention of Achilles having received his death's wound in the same part.

"We do likewise forbid all comparisons in coffee-houses between Alexander the Great and the said king of Sweden, and from making any parallels between the death of Patkul and Philotas; we being very apprehensive of the reflections that several politicians have ready by them to produce on this occasion, and being willing, as much as in us lies, to free the town from all impertinences of this nature."

Nº 68. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines ——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

From my own Apartment, September 14.

The progress of our endeavours will of necessity be very much interrupted, except the learned world will please to send their lists to the chamber of Fame with all expedition. There is nothing can so much contribute to create a noble emulation in our youth, as the honourable mention of such whose actions have outlived the injuries of time, and recommended themselves so far to the world, that it is become learning to know the least circumstance of their affairs. It is a great incentive to see, that some men have raised themselves so highly above their fellow-creatures, that the lives of ordinary men are spent in inquiries after the particular actions of the most illustrious. True it is, that without this impulse to fame and reputation, our industry would stagnate, and that lively desire of pleasing each other die away. This opinion was so established in the heathen world, that their sense of living appeared insipid, except their being was enlivened with a consciousness that they were esteemed by the rest of the world.

Upon examining the proportion of men's fame for my table of twelve, I thought it no ill way

(since I had laid it down for a rule, that they were to be ranked simply as they were famous, without regard to their virtue) to ask my sister Jenny's advice; and particularly mentioned to her the name of Aristotle. She immediately told me, he was a very great scholar, and that she had read him at the boarding-school. She certainly means a trifle, sold by the hawkers called "Aristotle's Problems." But this raised a great scruple in me, whether a fame increased by imposition of others is to be added to his account, or that these excrescences, which grow out of his real reputation, and give encouragement to others to pass things under the covert of his name, should be considered in giving him his seat in the chamber? This punctilio is referred to the learned. In the mean time, so ill-natured are mankind, that I believe I have names already sent me sufficient to fill up my lists for the dark room, and every one is apt enough to send in their accounts of ill deservers. This malevolence does not proceed from a real dislike of virtue, but a diabolical prejudice against it, which makes men willing to destroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you see the greatest characters among your acquaintance, and those you live with, are traduced by all below them in virtue, who never mention them but with an exception. However, I believe I shall not give the world much trouble about filling my tables for those of evil fame; for I have some thoughts of clapping up the sharpers there as fast as I can lay hold of them.

At present, I am employed in looking over the several notices which I have received of their manner of dexterity, and the way at dice of making all *rugg*, as the cant is. The whole art of securing a die has lately been sent me, by a person who was of the fraternity, but is disabled by the loss of a finger; by which means he cannot practise that trick as he used

to do. But I am very much at a loss how to call some of the fair, who are accomplices with the Knights of Industry; for my metaphorical dogs are easily enough understood; but the feminine gender of dogs has so harsh a sound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly informed, that there are female dogs as voracious as the males, and make advances to young fellows, without any other design but coming to a familiarity with their purses. I have also long lists of persons of condition, who are certainly of the same regimen with these banditti, and instrumental to their cheats upon undiscerning men of their own rank. These add their good reputation to carry on the impostures of others, whose very names would else be defence enough against falling into their hands. But, for the honour of our nation, these shall be unmentioned; provided we hear no more of such practices, and that they shall not from henceforward suffer the society of such as they know to be the common enemies of order, discipline, and virtue. If it appear that they go on in encouraging them, they must be proceeded against according to the severest rules of history, where all is to be laid before the world with impartiality, and without respect to persons,

"So let the stricken deer go weep."

Will's Coffee-house, September 14.

I find left here for me the following epistle:

"Sir,

"Having lately read your discourse about the family of the Trubies, wherein you observe, that there are some who fall into laughter out of a certain benevolence in their temper, and not out of the ordinary motive, viz. contempt, and triumph over the

imperfections of others; I have conceived a good idea of your knowledge of mankind. And, as you have a tragi-comic genius, I beg the favour of you to give us your thoughts of a quite different effect, which also is caused by other motives than what are commonly taken notice of. What I would have you treat of, is the cause of shedding tears. I desire you would discuss it a little, with observations upon the various occasions which provoke us to that expression of our concern, &c."

To obey this complaisant gentleman, I know no way so short as examining the various touches of my own bosom, on several occurrences in a long life, to the evening of which I am arrived, after as many various incidents as any body has met with. I have often reflected, that there is a great similitude in the motions of the heart in mirth and in sorrow; and I think the usual occasion of the latter, as well as the former, is something which is sudden and unexpected. The mind has not a sufficient time to recollect its force, and immediately gushes into tears before we can utter ourselves by speech or complaint. The most notorious causes of these drops from our eyes are pity, sorrow, joy, and reconciliation.

The fair sex, who are made of man and not of earth, have a more delicate humanity than we have; and pity is the most common cause of their tears: for as we are inwardly composed of an aptitude to every circumstance of life, and every thing that befalls any one person might have happened to any other of human race; self-love, and a sense of the pain we ourselves should suffer in the circumstances of any whom we pity, is the cause of that compassion. Such a reflection in the breast of a woman, immediately inclines her to tears; but in a

man, it makes him think how such a one ought to act on that occasion suitably to the dignity of his nature. Thus a woman is ever moved for those whom she hears lament, and a man for those whom he observes to suffer in silence. It is a man's own behaviour in the circumstances he is under, which procures him the esteem of others, and not merely the affliction itself which demands our pity; for we never give a man that passion which he falls into for himself. He that commends himself never purchases our applause; nor he who bewails himself, our pity.

Going through an alley the other day, I observed a noisy impudent beggar bawl out, "that he was wounded in a merchant-man; that he had lost his poor limbs;" and shewed a leg clouted up. All that passed by, made what haste they could out of his sight and hearing: but a poor fellow at the end of the passage, with a rusty coat, a melancholy air, and soft voice, desired them "to look upon a man not used to beg." The latter received the charity of almost every one that went by. The strings of the heart, which are to be touched to give us compassion, are not so played on but by the finest hand. We see in tragical representations, it is not the pomp of language, nor the magnificence of dress, in which the passion is wrought, that touches sensible spirits; but something of a plain and simple nature, which breaks in upon our souls, by that sympathy which is given us for our mutual good-will and service.

In the tragedy of "Macbeth," where Wilks acts the part of a man whose family has been murdered in his absence, the wildness of his passion, which is run over in a torrent of calamitous circumstances, does but raise my spirits, and give me the alarm: but when he skilfully seems to be out of breath,

and is brought too low to say more; and upon a second reflection cries only, wiping his eyes, "What, both children! Both, both my children gone!" there is no resisting a sorrow which seems to have cast about for all the reasons possible for its consolation, but has no resource. "There is not one left; but both, both are murdered!" such sudden starts from the thread of the discourse, and a plain sentiment expressed in an artless way, are the irresistible strokes of eloquence and poetry. The same great master, Shakspeare, can afford us instances of all the places where our souls are accessible; and ever commands our tears. But it is to be observed, that he draws them from some unexpected source, which seems not wholly of a piece with the discourse. Thus, when Brutus and Cassius had a debate in the tragedy of "Cæsar," and rose to warm language against each other, insomuch that it had almost come to something that might be fatal, until they recollected themselves; Brutus does more than make an apology for the heat he had been in, by saying, "Portia is dead." Here Cassius is all tenderness, and ready to dissolve, when he considers that the mind of his friend had been employed on the greatest affliction imaginable, when he had been adding to it by a debate on trifles; which makes him, in the anguish of his heart, cry out, "How scaped I killing, when I thus provoked you?" This is an incident which moves the soul in all its sentiments; and Cassius's heart was at once touched with all the soft pangs of pity, remorse, and reconciliation. It is said, indeed, by Horace, "If you would have me weep, you must first weep yourself." This is not literally true; for it would have been as rightly said, if we observe nature, That I shall certainly weep, if you do not: but what is intended by that expression is, that it

is not possible to give passion, except you show that you suffer yourself. Therefore, the true art seems to be, that when you would have the person you represent pitied, you must show him at once in the highest grief; and struggling to bear it with decency and patience. In this case, we sigh for him, and give him every groan he suppresses.

I remember, when I was young enough to follow the sports of the field, I have more than once rode off at the death of a deer, when I have seen the animal, in an affliction which appeared human, without the least noise, let fall tears when he was reduced to extremity; and I have thought of the sorrow I saw him in, when his haunch came to the table. But our tears are not given only to objects of pity, but the mind has recourse to that relief in all occasions which give us great emotion. Thus, to be apt to shed tears is a sign of a great as well as little spirit. I have heard say, the present pope * never passes through the people, who always kneel in crowds, and ask his benediction, but the tears are seen to flow from his eyes. This must proceed from an imagination that he is the father of all those people: and that he is touched with so extensive a benevolence, that it breaks out into a passion of tears. You see friends, who have been long absent, transported in the same manner: a thousand little images crowd upon them at their meeting, as all the joys and griefs they have known during their separation; and in one hurry of thought they conceive how they should have participated in those occasions; and weep, because their minds are too full to wait the slow expression of words.

* Pope Clement XI.

His lacrymis vitam damus, & miserescimus ultro.
VIRG. ÆN. ii. 145.

With tears the wretch confirm'd his tale of woe:
And soft-ey'd pity pleaded for the foe. R. WYNNE.

*** There is lately broke loose from the London pack, a very tall dangerous biter. He is now at the Bath, and it is feared will make a damnable havock amongst the game. His manner of biting is new, and he is called the Top. He secures one die betwixt his two fingers: the other is fixed, by the help of a famous wax, invented by an apothecary, since a gamester; a little of which he puts upon his fore-finger, and that holds the die in the box at his devotion. Great sums have been lately won by these ways; but it is hoped, that this hint of his manner of cheating will open the eyes of many who are every day imposed upon.

†‡† There is now in the press, and will be suddenly published, a book, intituled, "An Appendix to the Contempt of the Clergy *;" wherein will be set forth at large, that all our dissentions are owing to the laziness of persons in the sacred ministry, and that none of the present schisms could have crept into the flock, but by the negligence of the pastors. There is a digression in this treatise, proving, that the pretences made by the priesthood, from time to time, that the church was in danger, is only a trick to make the laity passionate for that of which they themselves have been negligent. The whole concludes with an exhortation to the clergy, to the study of eloquence, and practice of piety, as the only method to support the highest of all honours, that of a priest who lives and acts according to his character.

* A celebrated book, written by Dr. John Eachard, and published in 1670.

N° 69. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1709.

—— *Quid oportet*
Nos facere, à vulgo longe latéque remotos?

HOR. I. Sat. vi. 17.

But how shall we, who differ far and wide
From the mere vulgar, this great point decide?

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, September 16.

It is, as far as it relates to our present being, the great end of education to raise ourselves above the vulgar; but what is intended by the vulgar is not, methinks, enough understood. In me, indeed, that word raises a quite different idea from what it usually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the relish of such satisfactions as are the ordinary entertainment of men. However, such as my opinion is in this case, I will speak it; because it is possible that turn of thought may be received by others, who may reap as much satisfaction from it as I do myself.

It is to me a very great meanness, and something much below a philosopher, which is what I mean by a gentleman, to rank a man among the vulgar for the condition of life he is in, and not according to his behaviour, his thoughts, and sentiments, in that condition. For if a man be loaded with riches and honours, and in that state of life has thoughts and inclinations below the meanest artificer; is not such an artificer, who within his power is good to

his friends, moderate in his demands for his labour, and chearful in his occupation, very much superior to him who lives for no other end but to serve himself, and assumes a preference in all his words and actions to those who act their part with much more grace than himself? Epictetus has made use of the similitude of a stage-play to human life with much spirit. "It is not," says he, "to be considered, among the actors, who is prince, or who is beggar, but who acts prince or beggar best." The circumstance of life should not be that which gives us place, but our behaviour in that circumstance is what should be our solid distinction. Thus, a wise man should think no man above him or below him, any further than it regards the outward order or discipline of the world: for if we conceive too great an idea of the eminence of our superiors, or subordination of our inferiors, it will have an ill effect upon our behaviour to both. He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

This sense of mankind is so far from a levelling principle, that it only sets us upon a true basis of distinction, and doubles the merit of such as become their condition. A man in power, who can, without the ordinary prepossessions which stop the way to the true knowledge and service of mankind, overlook the little distinctions of fortune, raise obscure merit, and discountenance successful indesert, has, in the minds of knowing men, the figure of an angel rather than a man; and is above the rest of men in the highest character he can be, even that of their benefactor.

Turning my thoughts, as I was taking my pipe this evening, after this manner, it was no small de-

light to me to receive advice from Felicia, that Eboracensis was appointed a governor of one of their plantations. As I am a great lover of mankind, I took part in the happiness of that people who were to be governed by one of so great humanity, justice, and honour. Eboracensis has read all the schemes which writers have formed of government and order, and has been long conversant with men who have the reins in their hands; so that he can very well distinguish between chimerical and practical politics. It is a great blessing, when men have to deal with such different characters in the same species as those of freemen and slaves, that they who command have a just sense of human nature itself, by which they can temper the haughtiness of the master, and soften the servitude of the slave—" *Hæ tibi erunt artes.*" This is the notion with which those of the plantation receive Eboracensis: and, as I have cast his nativity, I find there will be a record made of this person's administration; and on that part of the shore from whence he embarks to return from his government, there will be a monument, with these words: "Here the people wept, and took leave of Eboracensis, the first governor our mother Felicia sent, who, during his command here, believed himself her subject."

White's Chocolate-house, September 16.

The following letter wants such sudden dispatch, that all things else must wait for this time:

"Sir, " *Sept. 13, Equal day and night.*

"There are two ladies, who, having a good opinion of your taste and judgment, desire you to make use of them in the following particular, which perhaps you may allow very extraordinary. The two ladies before mentioned have, a considerable time

since, contracted a more sincere and constant friendship than their adversaries, the men, will allow consistent with the frailty of female nature; and, being from a long acquaintance convinced of the perfect agreement of their tempers, have thought upon an expedient to prevent their separation, and cannot think any so effectual (since it is common for love to destroy friendship) as to give up both their liberties to the same person in marriage. The gentleman they have pitched upon is neither well bred nor agreeable, his understanding moderate, and his person never designed to charm women; but having so much self-interest in his nature, as to be satisfied with making double contracts, upon condition of receiving double fortunes; and most men being so far sensible of the uneasiness that one woman occasions; they think him, for these reasons, the most likely person of their acquaintance to receive these proposals. Upon all other accounts, he is the last man either of them would chuse, yet for this preferable to all the rest. They desire to know your opinion the next post, resolving to defer farther proceeding, until they have received it.

I am, Sir,

your unknown, unthought of,

humble servant,

BRIDGET EITHERSIDE."

This is very extraordinary; and much might be objected by me, who am something of a civilian, to the case of two marrying the same man: but these ladies are, I perceive, free-thinkers; and therefore I shall speak only to the prudential part of this design, merely as a philosopher, without entering into the merit of it in the ecclesiastical or civil law. These constant friends, Piladea and Orestea, are at a loss to preserve their friendship from the

encroachments of love: for which end they have resolved upon a fellow who cannot be the object of affection or esteem to either, and consequently cannot rob one of the place each has in her friend's heart. But in all my reading (and I have read all that the sages of love have writ) I have found the greatest danger in jealousy. The ladies, indeed, to avoid this passion, chuse a sad fellow; but if they would be advised by me, they had better have each her worthless man; otherwise, he that was despicable, while he was indifferent to them, will become valuable when he seems to prefer one to the other.

I remember in the history of Don Quixote of *la Manca*, there is a memorable passage, which opens to us the weakness of our nature in such particulars. The Don falls into discourse with a gentleman, whom he calls "the Knight of the Green Cassock," and is invited to his house. When he comes there, he runs into discourse and panegyric upon the œconomy, the government, and order of his family, the education of his children, and lastly on the singular wisdom of him who disposed things with that exactness. The gentleman makes a soliloquy to himself, "O irresistible power of flattery! Though I know this is a madman, I cannot help being taken with his applause." The ladies will find this much more true in the case of their lover; and the woman he most likes will certainly be more pleased, she whom he slights more offended, than she can imagine before she has tried. Now, I humbly propose, that they both marry coxcombs whom they are sure they cannot like, and then they may be pretty secure against the change of affection, which they fear; and, by that means, preserving the temperature under which they now write, enjoy, during life, "Equal day and night."

St. James's Coffee-house, September 16.

There is no manner of news; but people now spend their time in coffee-houses in reflections upon the particulars of the late glorious day, and collecting the several parts of the action, as they are produced in letters from private hands, or notices given to us by accounts in public papers. A pleasant gentleman, alluding to the great fences through which we pierced, said this evening, "the French thought themselves on the right side of the hedge, but it proved otherwise." Mr. Kidney, who has long conversed with, and filled tea for, the most consummate politicians, was pleased to give me an account of this piece of ribaldry; and desired me on that occasion to write a whole paper on the subject of valour, and explain how that quality, which must be possessed by whole armies, is so highly preferable in one man rather than another; and how the same actions are but mere acts of duty in some, and instances of the most heroic virtue in others. He advises me not to fail, in this discourse, to mention the gallantry of the prince of Nassau in this last engagement; who, when a battalion made a halt in the face of the enemy, snatched the colours out of the hands of the ensign, and planted them just before the line of the enemy, calling to that battalion to take care of their colours, if they had no regard to him. Mr. Kidney has my promise to obey him in this particular, on the first occasion that offers.

*** Mr. Bickerstaff is now compiling exact accounts of the pay of the militia, and the commission-officers under the respective lieutenancies of Great-Britain; in the first place, of those of London and Westminster; and in regard that there

are no common soldiers, but all house-keepers, or representatives of house-keepers, in these bodies, the sums raised by the officers shall be looked into; and their fellow-soldiers, or rather fellow-travellers from one part of the town to the other, not defrauded of the ten pounds allowed for the subsistence of the troops.

††† Whereas, not very long since, at a tavern between Fleet-bridge and Charing-cross, some certain polite gentlemen thought fit to perform the bacchanalian exercises of devotion by dancing without clothes on, after the manner of the Præ-Adamites: this is to certify those persons, that there is no manner of wit or humour in the said practice; and that the beadles of the parish are to be at their next meeting, where it is to be examined, whether they are arrived at want of feeling, as well as want of shame?

‡‡‡ Whereas a chapel-clerk was lately taken in a garret, on a flock-bed, with two of the fair sex, who are usually employed in sifting cinders: this is to let him know, that if he persists in being a scandal both to laity and clergy, as being as it were both and neither, the names of the nymphs who were with him shall be printed; therefore he is desired, as he tenders the reputation of his ladies, to repent.

§§§ Mr. Bickerstaff has received information, that an eminent and noble preacher* in the chief congregation of Great-Britain, for fear of being thought guilty of presbyterian fervency and extemporary prayer, lately read his, before his sermon; but the same advices acknowledging that he made the congregation large amends by the shortness of his discourse, it is thought fit to make no further observation upon it.

* The author seems here to allude to the chapel-royal at St. James's, where Robert Booth, D. D. dean of Bristol, was at that time the only "honourable" chaplain.

Nº 70. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines ——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill* ——
By human *kind*, shall this collection fill.

From my own Apartment, September 19.

THE following letter, in prosecution of what I have lately asserted, has urged that matter so much better than I had, that I insert it as I received it. These testimonials are customary with us learned men, and sometimes are suspected to be written by the author; but I fear no one will suspect me of this.

"Sir, *London, Sept.* 15, 1709.

"Having read your Lucubrations of the tenth instant, I cannot but entirely agree with you in your notion of the scarcity of men who can either read or speak. For my part, I have lived these thirty years in the world, and yet have observed but very few who could do either in any tolerable manner; among which few, you must understand that I reckon myself. How far eloquence, set off with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, will prevail over the passions, and how cold and unaffecting the best oration in the world would be without them, there are two remarkable instances, in the case of Ligarius, and that of Milo. Cæsar had condemned Ligarius. He came indeed to hear what might be said; but, thinking himself his own

master, resolved not to be biassed by any thing Cicero could say in his behalf: but in this he was mistaken; for when the orator began to speak, the hero is moved, he is vanquished, and at length the criminal is absolved. It must be observed, that this famous orator was less renowned for his courage than his eloquence; for though he came, at another time, prepared to defend Milo with one of the best orations that antiquity has produced; yet being seized with a sudden fear, by seeing some armed men surrounding the Forum, he faltered in his speech, and became unable to exert that irresistible force and beauty of action which would have saved his client, and for want of which he was condemned to banishment. As the success the former of these orations met with appears chiefly owing to the life and graceful manner with which it was recited (for some there are who think it may be read without transport) so the latter seems to have failed of success for no other reason, but because the orator was not in a condition to set it off with those ornaments. It must be confessed, that artful sound will with the crowd prevail even more than sense; but those who are masters of both, will ever gain the admiration of all their hearers: and there is, I think, a very natural account to be given of this matter: for the sensation of the head and heart are caused in each of these parts by the outward organs of the eye and ear: that, therefore, which is conveyed to the understanding and passions by only one of these organs, will not affect us so much as that which is transmitted through both. I cannot but think your charge is just against a great part of the learned clergy of Great-Britain, who deliver the most excellent discourses with such coldness and indifference, that it is no great wonder the unintelligent many of their congregations fall asleep. Thus it happens

that their orations meet with a quite contrary fate to that of Demosthenes you mentioned; for as that lost much of its beauty and force, by being repeated to the magistrates of Rhodes without the winning action of that great orator; so the performances of these gentlemen never appear with so little grace, and to so much disadvantage, as when delivered by themselves from the pulpit. Hippocrates, being sent for to a patient in this city, and having felt his pulse, inquired into the symptoms of his distemper; and finding that it proceeded in great measure from want of sleep, advises his patient, with an air of gravity, to be carried to church to hear a sermon, not doubting but that it would dispose him for the rest he wanted. If some of the rules Horace gives for the theatre were (not improperly) applied to our pulpits, we should not hear a sermon prescribed as a good opiate.

—— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipse tibi ——

HOR. ARS. Poet. ver. 102.

If you would have me weep, begin the strain.

FRANCIS.

"A man must himself express some concern and affection in delivering his discourse, if he expects his auditory should interest themselves in what he proposes. For otherwise, notwithstanding the dignity and importance of the subject he treats of; notwithstanding the weight and argument of the discourse itself; yet too many will say,

—— Male si mandata loquêris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo ——

HOR. ARS Poet. ver. 104.

But if, unmov'd, you act not what you say,
I'll sleep, or laugh the lifeless theme away.

"If there be a deficiency in the speaker, there will not be a sufficient attention and regard paid to the thing spoken: but, Mr. Bickerstaff, you know, that as too little action is cold, so too much is fulsome. Some indeed may think themselves accomplished speakers, for no other reason than because they can be loud and noisy; for surely Stentor must have some design in his vociferations. But, dear Mr. Bickerstaff, convince them, that as harsh and irregular sound is not harmony; so neither is banging a cushion, oratory: and, therefore, in my humble opinion, a certain divine of the first order, whom I allow otherwise to be a great man, would do well to leave this off; for I think his sermons would be more persuasive, if he gave his auditory less disturbance. Though I cannot say that this action would be wholly improper to a prophane oration; yet, I think, in a religious assembly, it gives a man too warlike, or perhaps too theatrical a figure, to be suitable to a Christian congregation. I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c."

The most learned and ingenious Mr. Rosehat is also pleased to write to me on this subject.

"Sir,

"I read with great pleasure in the Tatler of Saturday last the conversation upon eloquence: permit me to hint to you one thing the great Roman orator observes upon this subject; *Caput enim arbitrabatur oratoris,* (he quotes Menedemus, an Athenian,) *ut ipsis apud quos ageret talis qualem ipse optaret videretur; id fieri vitæ dignitate.* (Tull. de Orat.) It is the first rule in oratory, that a man must appear such as he would persuade others to be; and that can be accomplished only by the force of his life. I believe it might be of great service to let our public orators know, that an unnatural gra-

vity, or an unbecoming levity in their behaviour out of the pulpit, will take very much from the force of their eloquence in it. Excuse another scrap of Latin; it is from one of the fathers: I think it will appear a just observation to all, and it may have authority with some; *Qui autem docent tantum, nec faciunt, ipsi præceptis suis detrahunt pondus: quis enim obtemperet, cum ipsi præceptores doceant non obtemperare?* Those who teach, but do not act agreeably to the instructions they give to others, take away all weight from their doctrine: for who will obey the precepts they inculcate, if they themselves teach us by their practice to disobey them?

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JONATHAN ROSEHAT."

P. S.—You were complaining in that paper, that the clergy of Great-Britain had not yet learned to speak: a very great defect indeed: and therefore I shall think myself a well-deserver of the church, in recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous speaking doctor at Kensington. This ingenious gentleman, out of compassion to those of a bad utterance, has placed his whole study in the new modelling the organs of voice; which art he has so far advanced, as to be able even to make a good orator of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a specimen of his skill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then present; who were at once delighted and amazed to hear an instrument of so simple an organization use an exact articulation of words, a just cadency in its sentences, and a wonderful pathos in its pronunciation: not that he designs to expatiate in this practice; because he cannot, as he says, apprehend what use it may be of to mankind, whose benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: and for the same reason, he

will never more instruct the feathered kind, the parrot having been his last scholar in that way. He has a wonderful faculty in making and mending echoes: and this he will perform at any time for the use of the solitary in the country; being a man born for universal good, and for that reason recommended to your patronage by, Sir, yours, &c."

Another learned gentleman gives me also this encomium:

"Sir, *September* 16.

"You are now got into an useful and noble subject; take care to handle it with judgment and delicacy. I wish every young divine would give yours of Saturday last a serious perusal; and now you are entered upon the action of an orator, if you would proceed to favour the world with some remarks on the mystical enchantments of pronunciation, what a secret force there is in the accents of a tunable voice, and wherefore the works of two very great men of the profession could never please so well when read as heard, I shall trouble you with no more scribble. You are now in the method of being truly profitable and delightful. If you can keep up to such great and sublime subjects, and pursue them with a suitable genius, go on and prosper. Farewell."

White's Chocolate-house, September 19.

This was left for me here, for the use of the company of the house:

"To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

"Sir, *September* 15.

"The account you gave lately of a certain dog-kennel in or near Suffolk-street was not so punctual, as to the list of the dogs, as might have been ex-

pected from a person of Mr. Bickerstaff's intelligence; for, if you will dispatch Pacolet thither some evening, it is ten to one but he finds, besides those you mentioned,

"Towzer, a large French mongrel, that was not long ago in a tattered condition, but has now got new hair; is not fleet, but, when he grapples, bites even to the marrow.

"Spring, a little French greyhound, that lately made a false trip to Tunbridge.

"Sly, an old battered fox-hound, that began the game in France.

"Lightfoot, a fine skinned Flanders dog, that belonged to a pack at Ghent; but, having lost flesh, is gone to Paris for the benefit of the air.

"With several others, that in time may be worth notice.

"Your familiar will see also, how anxious the keepers are about the prey, and indeed not without very good reason, for they have their share of every thing: nay, not so much as a poor rabbit can be run down, but these carnivorous curs swallow a quarter of it. Some mechanics in the neighbourhood, that have entered into this civil society, and who furnish part of the carrion and oatmeal for the dogs, have the skin; and the bones are picked clean by a little French shock that belongs to the family, &c. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant, &c."

"I had almost forgot to tell you, that Ringwood bites at Hampstead with false teeth *."

* False dice.

N°71. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

From my own Apartment, September 21.

I HAVE long been, against my inclination, employed in satire, and that in prosecution of such persons who are below the dignity of the true spirit of it; such who, I fear, are not to be reclaimed by making them only ridiculous. The sharpers shall, therefore, have a month's time to themselves, free from the observation of this paper; but I must not make a truce without letting them know, that at the same time I am preparing for a more vigorous war: for a friend of mine has promised me, he will employ his time in compiling such a tract, before the session of the ensuing parliament, as shall lay gaming home to the bosoms of all who love their country or their families; and he doubts not but it will create an act, that shall make these rogues as scandalous as those less mischievous ones on the high road.

I have received private intimations to take care of my walks, and remember there are such things as stabs and blows: but as there never was any thing in this design which ought to displease a man of honour, or which was not designed to offend the rascals, I shall give myself very little concern for finding what I expected, that they would be highly

provoked at these Lucubrations. But though I utterly despise the pack, I must confess I am at a stand at the receipt of the following letter, which seems to be written by a man of sense and worth, who has mistaken some passage that I am sure was not levelled at him. This gentleman's complaints give me compunction, when I neglect the threats of the rascals. I cannot be in jest with the rogues any longer, since they pretend to threaten. I do not know whether I shall allow them the favour of transportation.

"Mr. Bickerstaff, *Sept.* 13.

"Observing you are not content with lashing the many vices of the age without illustrating each with particular characters, it is thought nothing would more contribute to the impression you design by such, than always having regard to truth. In your Tatler of this day, I observe you allow, that nothing is so tender as a lady's reputation; that a stain once got in their fame is hardly ever to be washed out. This you grant, even when you give yourself leave to trifle. If so, what caution is necessary in handling the reputation of a man, whose well-being in this life perhaps entirely depends on preserving it from any wound, which, once there received, too often becomes fatal and incurable? Suppose some villainous hand, through personal prejudice, transmits materials for this purpose, which you publish to the world, and afterwards become fully convinced you were imposed on; as by this time you may be of a character you have sent into the world; I say, supposing this, I would be glad to know, what reparation you think ought to be made the person so injured, admitting you stood in his place. It has always been held, that a generous education is the surest mark of a generous mind. The former

is indeed perspicuous in all your papers; and I am persuaded, though you affect often to show the latter, yet you would not keep any measures, even of Christianity, with those who should handle you in the manner you do others. The application of all this is from your having very lately glanced at a man, under a character, which were he conscious to deserve, he would be the first to rid the world of himself; and would be more justifiable in it to all sorts of men, than you in your committing such a violence on his reputation, which perhaps you may be convinced of in another manner than you deserve from him.

"A man of your capacity, Mr. Bickerstaff, should have more noble views, and pursue the true spirit of satire; but I will conclude, lest I grow out of temper, and will only beg you, for your own preservation, to remember the proverb of the pitcher. I am yours,

A. J."

The proverb of the pitcher I have no regard to; but it would be an insensibility not to be pardoned, if a man could be untouched at so warm an accusation, and that laid with so much seeming temper. All I can say to it is, that if the writer, by the same method whereby he conveyed this letter, shall give me an instance wherein I have injured any good man, or pointed at any thing which is not the true object of raillery, I shall acknowledge the offence in as open a manner as the press can do it, and lay down this paper for ever.

There is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; but when men of too modest a sense of themselves will think they are touched, it is impossible to prevent ill-consequences from the

most innocent and general discourses. This I have known happen in circumstances the most foreign to theirs who have taken offence at them. An advertisement lately published, relating to Omicron, alarmed a gentleman of good sense, integrity, honour, and industry, who is, in every particular, different from the trifling pretenders pointed at in that advertisement. When the modesty of some is as excessive as the vanity of others, what defence is there against misinterpretation? However, giving disturbance, though not intended, to men of virtuous characters, has so sincerely troubled me, that I will break from this satirical vein; and, to shew I very little value myself upon it, shall for this month ensuing leave the sharper, the fop, the pedant, the proud man, the insolent; in a word, all the train of knaves and fools, to their own devices, and touch on nothing but panegyric. This way is suitable to the true genius of the Staffs, who are much more inclined to reward than punish. If, therefore, the author of the abovementioned letter does not command my silence wholly, as he shall if I do not give him satisfaction, I shall for the abovementioned space turn my thoughts to raising merit from its obscurity, celebrating virtue in its distress, and attacking vice by no other method, but setting innocence in a proper light.

Will's Coffee-house, September 20.

I find here for me the following letter:

"Esquire Bickerstaff,

"Finding your advice and censure to have a good effect, I desire your admonition to our vicar and schoolmaster, who, in his preaching to his auditors, stretches his jaws so wide, that, instead of instructing youth, it rather frightens them: likewise in

reading prayers, he has such a careless loll, that people are justly offended at his irreverent posture; besides the extraordinary charge they are put to in sending their children to dance, to bring them off of those ill gestures. Another evil faculty he has, in making the bowling-green his daily residence, instead of his church, where his curate reads prayers every day. If the weather is fair, his time is spent in visiting; if cold or wet, in bed, or at least at home, though within a hundred yards of the church. These, out of many such irregular practices, I write for his reclamation: but, two or three things more before I conclude; to wit, that generally when his curate preaches in the afternoon, he sleeps sotting in the desk on a hassock. With all this he is so extremely proud, that he will go but once to the sick, except they return his visit."

I was going on in reading my letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. Greenhat, who has been this evening at the play of Hamlet. "Mr. Bickerstaff," said he, "had you been to-night at the play-house, you had seen the force of action in perfection: your admired Mr. Betterton behaved himself so well, that, though now about seventy, he acted youth; and by the prevalent power of proper manner, gesture, and voice, appeared through the whole drama a young man of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprize. The soliloquy, where he began the celebrated sentence of, 'To be, or not to be!' the expostulation, where he explains with his mother in her closet; the noble ardour, after seeing his father's ghost; and his generous distress for the death of Ophelia, are each of them circumstances which dwell strongly upon the minds of the audience, and would certainly affect their behaviour on any parallel occasions in their own lives. Pray,

Mr. Bickerstaff, let us have virtue thus represented on the stage with its proper ornaments, or let these ornaments be added to her in places more sacred. As for my part," said he, "I carried my cousin Jerry, this little boy, with me; and shall always love the child for his partiality in all that concerned the fortune of Hamlet. This is entering youth into the affections and passions of manhood before-hand, and, as it were, antedating the effects we hope from a long and liberal education."

I cannot, in the midst of many other things which press, hide the comfort that this letter from my ingenious kinsman gives me.

"To my honoured kinsman, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

"Dear Cousin, *Oxford, Sept.* 18.

"I am sorry, though not surprised, to find that you have rallied the men of dress in vain; that the amber-headed cane still maintains its unstable post; that pockets are but a few inches shortened; and a beau is still a beau, from the crown of his night-cap to the heels of his shoes. For your comfort, I can assure you, that your endeavours succeed better in this famous seat of learning. By them, the manners of our young gentlemen are in a fair way of amendment, and their very language is mightily refined. To them it is owing, that not a servitor will sing a catch, nor a senior fellow make a pun, nor a determining bachelor drink a bumper; and I believe a gentleman-commoner would as soon have the heels of his shoes red as his stockings. When a witling stands at a coffee-house door, and sneers at those who pass by, to the great improvement of his hopeful audience, he is no longer surnamed 'a slicer,' but 'a man of fire' is the word. A beauty, whose health is drunk from Heddington to Hinksey;

who has been the theme of the Muses, her cheeks painted with roses, and her bosom planted with orange-boughs; has no more the title of 'lady,' but reigns an undisputed 'toast.' When to the plain garb of gown and band a spark adds an inconsistent long wig, we do not say now 'he boshes,' but 'there goes a smart fellow.' If a virgin blushes, we no longer cry, 'she blues.' He that drinks until he stares is no more 'tow-row,' but 'honest.' 'A youngster in a scrape,' is a word out of date; and what bright man says, 'I was joabed by the Dean?' 'Bambouzling' is exploded; 'a shat' is 'a tatler;' and if the muscular motion of a man's face be violent, no mortal says, 'he raises a horse,' but 'he is a merry fellow.'

"I congratulate you, my dear kinsman, upon these conquests; such as Roman emperors lamented they could not gain; and in which you rival your correspondent Louis le Grand, and his dictating academy.

"Be yours the glory to perform, mine to record, as Mr. Dryden has said before me to his kinsman; and while you enter triumphant into the temple of the Muses, I, as my office requires, will, with my staff on my shoulder, attend and conduct you.

I am, dear cousin,

Your most affectionate kinsman,

BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF."

*** Upon the humble application of certain persons who have made heroic figures in Mr. Bickerstaff's narrations, notice is hereby given, that no such shall ever be mentioned for the future, except those who have sent menaces, and not submitted to admonition."

N°72. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, September 23.

I HAVE taken upon me no very easy task in turning all my thoughts on panegyric, when most of the advices I receive tend to the quite contrary purpose; and I have few notices but such as regard follies and vices. But the properest way for me to treat is, to keep in general upon the passions and affections of men, with as little regard to particulars as the nature of the thing will admit. However, I think there is something so passionate in the circumstances of the lovers mentioned in the following letter, that I am willing to go out of my way to obey what is commanded in it:

"Sir, *London, Sept. 17.*

"Your design of entertaining the town with the characters of the antient heroes, as persons shall send an account to Mr. Morphew's, encourages me and others to beg of you, that, in the mean time, if it is not contrary to the method you have proposed, you would give us one paper upon the subject of the death of Pætus and his wife, when Nero sent him an order to kill himself: his wife, setting him the example, died with these words: 'Pætus, it is

not painful.' You must know the story, and your observations upon it will oblige, Sir,

Your most humble servant."

When the worst of men that ever lived in the world had the highest station in it, human life was the object of his diversion; and he sent orders frequently out of mere wantonness, to take off such and such, without so much as being angry with them. Nay, frequently, his tyranny was so humourous, that he put men to death because he could not but approve of them. It came one day to his ear, that a certain married couple, Pætus and Arria, lived in a more happy tranquillity and mutual love than any other persons who were then in being. He listened with great attention to the account of their manner of spending their time together, of the constant pleasure they were to each other in all their words and actions; and found by exact information, that they were so treasonable as to be much more happy than his imperial majesty himself. Upon which he writ Pætus the following billet:

"Pætus, you are hereby desired to dispatch yourself I have heard a very good character of you; and therefore leave it to yourself, whether you will die by dagger, sword, or poison. If you outlive this order above an hour, I have given directions to put you to death by torture. NERO."

This familiar epistle was delivered to his wife Arria, who opened it.

One must have a soul very well turned for love, pity, and indignation, to comprehend the tumult this unhappy lady was thrown into upon this occasion. The passion of love is no more to be understood by some tempers, than a problem in a science by an ignorant man: but he that knows what affection is, will have, upon considering the con-

dition of Arria, ten thousand thoughts flowing upon him, which the tongue was not formed to express; but the charming statue is now before my eyes, and Arria, in her unutterable sorrow, has more beauty than ever appeared in youth, in mirth, or in triumph. These are the great and noble incidents which speak the dignity of our nature, in our sufferings and distresses. Behold, her tender affection for her husband sinks her features into a countenance which appears more helpless than that of an infant: but again, her indignation shows in her visage and her bosom a resentment as strong as that of the bravest man. Long she stood in this agony of alternate rage and love; but at last composed herself for her dissolution, rather than survive her beloved Pætus. When he came into her presence, he found her with the tyrant's letter in one hand, and a dagger in the other. Upon his approach to her, she gave him the order: and at the same time stabbing herself. "Pætus," says she, "it is not painful;" and expired. Pætus immediately followed her example. The passion of these memorable lovers was such, that it illuded the rigour of their fortune, and baffled the force of a blow, which neither felt, because each received it for the sake of the other. The woman's part in this story is by much the more heroic, and has occasioned one of the best epigrams transmitted to us from antiquity*.

* *Casta suo gladium cum traderet* ARRIA PÆTO,
Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis;
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci, non dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies hoc mihi, PÆTE, *dolet.*
MARTIAL. Epig. I. 14.

When the chaste ARRIA reached the reeking sword,
Drawn from her bowels, to her honour'd lord,
Trust me, she said, for *this* I do not grieve,
I die by *that* which PÆTUS must receive.

From my own Apartment, September 23.

The boy says, one in a black hat left the following letter:

"Friend, *19th of the seventh month.*

"Being of that part of Christians whom men call Quakers, and being a seeker of the right way, I was persuaded yesterday to hear one of your most noted teachers; the matter he treated was the necessity of well living grounded upon a future state. I was attentive; but the man did not appear in earnest. He read his discourse, notwithstanding thy rebukes, so heavily, and with so little air of being convinced himself, that I thought he would have slept, as I observed many of his hearers did. I came home unedified, and troubled in mind. I dipt into the Lamentations, and from thence turning to the 34th chapter of Ezekiel, I found these words: 'Woe be to the shepherds of Israel, that do feed themselves! should not the shepherds feed the flock? Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool: ye kill them that are fed; but ye feed not the flock. The diseased have ye not strengthened; neither have ye healed that which was sick; neither have ye bound up that which was broken; neither have ye brought again that which was driven away; neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them,' &c. Now, I pray thee, friend, as thou art a man skilled in many things, tell me who is meant by the diseased, the sick, the broken, the driven away, and the lost? and whether the prophecy in this chapter be accomplished, or yet to come to pass? and thou wilt oblige thy friend, though unknown."

This matter is too sacred for this paper; but I cannot see what injury it would do to any clergy-

man to have it in his eye, and believe all that are taken from him by his want of industry are to be demanded of him. I dare say, Favonius* has very few of these losses. Favonius, in the midst of a thousand impertinent assailants of the divine truths, is an undisturbed defender of them. He protects all under his care, by the clearness of his understanding, and the example of his life: he visits dying men with the air of a man who hopes for his own dissolution, and enforces in others a contempt of this life, by his own expectation of the next. His voice and behaviour are the lively images of a composed and well-governed zeal. None can leave him for the frivolous jargon uttered by the ordinary teachers among dissenters, but such who cannot distinguish vociferation from eloquence, and argument from railing. He is so great a judge of mankind, and touches our passions with so superior a command, that he who deserts his congregation must be a stranger to the dictates of nature as well as to those of grace.

But I must proceed to other matters, and resolve the questions of other inquirers; as in the following:

"Sir, "*Heddington, Sept.* 19.

"Upon reading that part of the Tatler, N° 69, where mention is made of a certain chapel-clerk, there arose a dispute, and that produced a wager, whether by the words chapel-clerk was meant a clergyman or layman? by a clergyman I mean one in holy orders. It was not that any body in the company pretended to guess who the person was; but some asserted, that by Mr. Bickerstaff's words must be meant a clergyman only: others said,

* Dr. Smalridge.

that those words might have been said of any clerk of a parish; and some of them more properly of a layman. The wager is half a dozen bottles of wine: in which, if you please to determine it, your health, and all the family of the Staffs, shall certainly be drunk; and you will singularly oblige another very considerable family; I mean that of your humble servants,

THE TRENCHER CAPS."

It is very customary with us learned men, to find perplexities where no one else can see any. The honest gentlemen, who wrote this, are much at a loss to understand what I thought very plain; and, in return, their epistle is so plain, that I cannot understand it. This, perhaps, is at first a little like nonsense; but I desire all persons to examine these writings with an eye to my being far gone in the occult sciences; and remember, that it is the privilege of the learned and the great to be understood when they please: for as a man of much business may be allowed to leave company when he pleases; so one of high learning may be above your capacity when he thinks fit. But, without further speeches or fooling, I must inform my friends, the Trencher Caps, in plain words, that I meant, in the place they speak of, a drunken clerk of a church; and I will return their civility among my relations, and drink their healths as they do ours.

N° 73. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or ſay, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper ſeizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, September 29.

I CANNOT express the confusion the following letter gave me, which I received by Sir Thomas this morning. There cannot be a greater surprize than to meet with sudden enmity in the midst of a familiar and friendly correspondence; which is my case in relation to this epistle: and I have no way to purge myself to the world, but by publishing both it and my answer:

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"You are a very impudent fellow to put me into the Tatler. Rot you, Sir, I have more wit than you; and, rot me, I have more money than most fools I have bubbled. All persons of quality admire me; though, rot me if I value a blue garter any more than I do a blue apron. Every body knows I am brave; therefore have a care how you provoke

MONOCULUS."

The Answer.

"Sir,

"Did I not very well know your hand, as well by the spelling as the character, I should not have believed yours of to-day had come from you. But

when all men are acquainted that I have had all my intelligence from you, relating to your fraternity, let them pronounce who is the more impudent. I confess, I have had a peculiar tenderness for you, by reason of that luxuriant eloquence of which you are master, and have treated you accordingly; for which you have turned your florid violence against your antient friend and *school-fellow*.* You know in your own conscience you gave me leave to touch upon your vein of speaking, provided I hid your other talents; in which I believed you sincere, because, like the antient Sinon, you have before now suffered yourself to be *defaced* to carry on a plot. Besides, Sir, *rot me*, language for a person of your present station! Fy, fy, I am really ashamed for you, and shall no more depend upon your intelligence. Keep your temper, *wash your face*, and go to bed.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'

For aught I know, this fellow may have confused the description of the pack, on purpose to ensnare the game, while I have all along believed he was destroying them as well as myself; but because they pretend to bark more than ordinary, I shall let them see that I will not throw away the whip, until they know better how to behave themselves. But I must not, at the same time, omit the praises of their œconomy, expressed in the following advice:

"Mr. Bickerstaff, *Sept.* 17.

"Though your thoughts are at present employed upon the tables of fame, and marshalling your illustrious dead, it is hoped the living may not be neglected, nor defrauded of their just honours; and since you have begun to publish to the world the great sagacity and vigilance of the Knights of the

Industry, it will be expected you shall proceed to do justice to all the societies of them you can be informed of; especially since their own great industry covers their actions as much as possible from that public notice which is their due.

"*Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ*
"*Celata virtus.* HOR. IV. Od. ix. 29.

"Hidden vice and concealed virtue are much alike.

"Be pleased, therefore, to let the following memoirs have a place in their history:

"In a certain part of the town, famous for the freshest oysters, and the plainest English, there is a house, or rather a college, sacred to hospitality and the industrious arts. At the entrance is hieroglyphically drawn a cavalier contending with a monster, with jaws expanded, just ready to devour him.

"Hither the brethren of the Industry resort; but, to avoid ostentation, they wear no habits of distinction, and perform their exercises with as little noise and shew as possible. Here are no undergraduates, but each is a master of his art. They are distributed according to their various talents, and detached abroad in parties, to divide the labours of the day. They have dogs as well-nosed and as fleet as any, and no sportsmen show greater activity. Some beat for the game, some hunt it, others come in at the death; and my honest landlord makes very good venison sauce, and eats his share of the dinner.

"I would fain pursue my metaphors; but a venerable person who stands by me, and waits to bring you this letter, and whom, by a certain benevolence in his look, I suspect to be Pacolet, reproves me, and obliges me to write in plainer terms, that the society had fixed their eyes on a gay young gen-

tleman, who has lately succeeded to a title and an estate; the latter of which they judged would be very convenient for them. Therefore, after several attempts to get into his acquaintance, my landlord finds an opportunity to make his court to a friend of the young spark, in the following manner:

"Sir, as I take you to be a lover of ingenuity and plain dealing, I shall speak very freely to you. In few words, then, you are acquainted with Sir Liberal Brisk. Providence has, for our emolument, sent him a fair estate; for men are not born for themselves. Therefore, if you will bring him to my house, we will take care of him, and you shall have half the profits. There is Ace and Cutter will do his business to a hair. You will tell me, perhaps, he is your friend: I grant it, and it is for that I propose it, to prevent his falling into ill hands.

"We'll carve him like a dish fit for the gods,
"Not hew him like a carcase fit for hounds.

"In short, there are, to my certain knowledge, a hundred mouths open for him. Now if we can secure him to ourselves, we shall disappoint all those rascals that do not deserve him. Nay, you need not start at it. Sir, it is for your own advantage. Besides, Partridge has cast me his nativity, and I find by certain destiny, *his oaks must be felled.*

"The gentleman, to whom this honest proposal was made, made little answer; but said he would consider of it, and immediately took coach to find out the young baronet, and told him all that had passed, together with the new salvo to satisfy a man's conscience in sacrificing his friend. Sir Brisk was fired, swore a dozen oaths, drew his sword, put it up again, called for his man, beat him, and bid him fetch a coach. His friend asked him, what he designed, and whither he was going? He an-

swered, to find out the villains, and fight them. To which his friend agreed, and promised to be his second, on condition he would first divide his estate to them, and reserve only a proportion to himself, that so he might have the justice of fighting his equals. His next resolution was to play with them, and let them see he was not the bubble they took him for. But he soon quitted that, and resolved at last to tell Bickerstaff of them, and get them enrolled in the order of the Industry; with this caution to all young landed knights and esquires, that whenever they are drawn to play, they would consider it as calling them down to a sentence already pronounced upon them, and think of the sound of these words: *His oaks must be felled.* I am, Sir,

your faithful humble servant,

WILL. TRUSTY."

From my own Apartment, September 26.

It is wonderful to consider what a pitch of confidence this world is arrived at. Do people believe I am made up of patience? I have long told them, that I will suffer no enormity to pass, without I have an understanding with the offenders by way of hush-money; and yet the candidates at Queen-Hithe send coals to all the town but me. All the public papers have had this advertisement:

" *London, September* 22, 1709.

" To the electors of an alderman for the ward of Queen-Hithe.

" Whereas an evil and pernicious custom has of late very much prevailed at the election of aldermen for this city, by treating at taverns and alehouses, thereby engaging many unwarily to give their votes: which practice appearing to Sir Arthur de Bradly to be of dangerous consequence to the freedom of

elections, he hath avoided the excess thereof. Nevertheless, to make an acknowledgment to this ward for their intended favour, he hath deposited in the hands of Mr. ——, one of the present common-council, four hundred and fifty pounds, to be disposed of as follows, provided the said Sir Arthur de Bradly be the alderman, viz.

"All such that shall poll for Sir Arthur de Bradly shall have one chaldron of good coals *gratis*.

"And half a chaldron to every one that shall not poll against him.

"And the remainder to be laid out in a clock, dial, or otherwise, as the common-council-men of the said ward shall think fit.

"And if any person shall refuse to take the said coals to himself, he may assign the same to any poor electors in the ward.

> "I do acknowledge to have received the said four hundred and fifty pounds, for the purposes above-mentioned, for which I have given a receipt.

"Witness, J—s H—t, J—n M—y.
J—y G—h,
E—d D—s. *

"N. B.—Whereas several persons have already engaged to poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat, it is hereby further declared, that every such person as doth poll for Sir Humphry Greenhat, and doth also poll for Sir Arthur de Bradly, shall each of them receive a chaldron of coals *gratis*, on the proviso above-mentioned."

* Crowley's agent and the names of the witnesses, John Medgley, James Wallett, Jeremy Gough, and Edward Davis. The Candidates were Sir Ambrose Crowley and Sir Benjamin Green.

This is certainly the most plain dealing that ever was used, except that the just quantity which an elector may drink without excess, and the difference between an acknowledgment and a bribe, wants explanation. Another difficulty with me is, how a man who is bargained with for a chaldron of coals for his vote shall be said to have that chaldron *gratis?* If my kinsman Greenhat had given me the least intimation of his design, I should have prevented his publishing nonsense; nor should any knight in England have put my relation at the bottom of the leaf as a postscript, when after all it appears Greenhat has been the more popular man. There is here such open contradiction, and clumsy art to palliate the matter, and prove to the people, that the freedom of election is safer when laid out in coals than strong drink, that I can turn this only to a religious use, and admire the dispensation of things; for if these fellows were as wise as they are rich, where would be our liberty? This reminds me of a memorable speech made to a city almost in the same latitude with Weftminster: "When I think of your wisdom, I admire your wealth; when I think of your wealth, I admire your wisdom."

N°74. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

White's Chocolate-house, September 28.

THE writer of the following letter has made an use of me, which I did not foresee I should fall into. But the gentleman having assured me that he has a most tender passion for the fair one, and speaking his intention with so much sincerity, I am willing to let them contrive an interview by my means.

"SIR,

"I earnestly entreat you to publish the inclosed; for I have no other way to come at her, or return to myself. A. L.

"P. S. Mr. Bickerstaff,

"You cannot imagine how handsome she is: the superscription of my letter will make her recollect the man that gazed at her. Pray put it in."

I can assure the young lady, the gentleman is in the trammels of love: how else would he make his superscription so much longer than his billet? He superscribes;

"To the younger of the two ladies in mourning (who sat in the hindmost seat of the middle box at

Mr. Winstanley's water-works * on Tuesday was fortnight, and had with them a brother, or some acquaintance that was as careless of that pretty creature as a brother; which seeming brother ushered them to their coach) with great respect. Present."

"MADAM,

"I have a very good estate, and wish myself your husband: let me know by this way where you live; for I shall be miserable until we live together.

ALEXANDER LANDLORD."

This is the modern way of bargain and sale; a certain short-hand writing, in which laconic elder brothers are very successful. All my fear is, that the nymph's elder sister is unmarried; if she is we are undone: but perhaps the careless fellow was her husband, and then she will let us go on.

From my own Apartment, September 28.

The following letter has given me a new sense of the nature of my writings. I have the deepest regard to conviction, and shall never act against it. However, I do not yet understand what good man he thinks I have injured: but his epistle has such weight in it, that I shall always have respect for his admonition, and desire the continuance of it. I am not conscious that I have spoke any faults a man may not mend if he pleases.

* Winstanley's mathematical water theatre stood at the lower end of Piccadilly, distinguishable by a windmill at top. The exhibitions here, between five and six in the evening, were diversified to suit the seasons, and the humours of the company; and the prices, except that of the six-penny gallery, varied accordingly. Boxes from four shillings to half a crown, pit from three to two shillings, and a seat in the shilling gallery sometimes cost eighteen pence. The quantity of water used on extraordinary occasions was from 300 to 800 tuns.

"Mr. BICKERSTAFF, *Sept.* 25.

"When I read your paper of Thursday, I was surprized to find mine of the thirteenth inserted at large; I never intended myself or you a second trouble of this kind, believing I had sufficiently pointed out the man you had injured, and that by this time you were convinced that silence would be the best answer: but finding your reflections are such as naturally call for a reply, I take this way of doing it; and, in the first place, return you thanks for the compliment made me of my seeming sense and worth. I do assure you, I shall always endeavour to convince mankind of the latter, though I have no pretence to the former. But to come a little nearer, I observe you put yourself under a very severe restriction, even the laying down the Tatler for ever, if I can give you an instance, wherein you have injured any good man, or pointed out any thing which is not the true object of raillery.

"I must confess, Mr. Bickerstaff, if the making a man guilty of vices that would shame the gallows, be the best method to point at the true object of raillery, I have until this time been very ignorant; but if it be so, I will venture to assert one thing, and lay it down as a maxim, even to the Staffian race, viz. That that method of pointing ought no more to be pursued, than those people ought to cut your throat who suffer by it; because I take both to be murder, and the law is not in every private man's hands to execute: but indeed, Sir, were you the only person would suffer by the Tatler's discontinuance, I have malice enough to punish you in the manner you prescribe; but I am not so great an enemy to the town or my own pleasures as to wish it; nor that you would lay aside lashing the reigning vices, so long as you keep to the true spirit of satire,

without descending to rake into characters below its dignity; for, as you well observe, there is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may prejudice their honour or fortune; and indeed where crimes are enormous, the delinquent deserves little pity, yet the reporter may deserve less: and here I am naturally led to that celebrated author of 'The whole Duty of Man,' who hath set this matter in a true light in his treatise 'Of the Government of the Tongue;' where, speaking of uncharitable truths, he says, 'a discovery of this kind serves not to reclaim, but enrage the offender, and precipitate him into further degrees of ill. Modesty and fear of shame is one of those natural restraints which the wisdom of Heaven has put upon mankind; and he that once stumbles, may yet by a check of that bridle recover again: but when by a public detection he is fallen under that infamy he feared, he will then be apt to discard all caution, and to think he owes himself the utmost pleasures of vice, as the price of his reputation. Nay, perhaps he advances farther, and sets up for a reversed sort of fame, by being eminently wicked, and he who before was but a clandestine disciple becomes a doctor of impiety, &c.' This sort of reasoning, Sir, most certainly induced our wise legislators very lately to repeal that law which put the stamp of infamy in the face of felons: therefore, you had better give an act of oblivion to your delinquents, at least for transportation, than to continue to mark them in so notorious a manner. I cannot but applaud your designed attempt of 'raising merit from obscurity, celebrating virtue in distress, and attacking vice in another method, by setting innocence in a proper light.' Your pursuing these noble themes will make a greater advance to the reformation you seem to aim at, than the

method you have hitherto taken, by putting mankind beyond the power of retrieving themselves, or indeed to think it possible. But if, after all your endeavours in this new way, there should then remain any hardened impenitents, you must even give them up to the rigour of the law, as delinquents not within the benefit of their clergy. Pardon me, good Mr. Bickerstaff, for the tediousness of this epistle, and believe it is not from any self-conviction I have taken up so much of your time, or my own; but supposing you mean all your Lucubrations should tend to the good of mankind, I may the easier hope your pardon, being, Sir, yours, &c."

Grecian Coffee-house, September 29.

This evening I thought fit to notify to the literati of this house, and by that means to all the world, that on Saturday the fifteenth of October next ensuing, I design to fix my first table of fame; and desire that such as are acquainted with the characters of the twelve most famous men that have ever appeared in the world would send in their lists, or name any one man for that table, assigning also his place at it before that time, upon pain of having such his man of fame postponed, or placed too high for ever. I shall not, upon any application whatever, alter the place which upon that day I shall give to any of these worthies. But whereas there are many who take upon them to admire this hero, or that author, upon second hand, I expect each subscriber should underwrite his reason for the place he allots his candidate.

The thing is of the last consequence; for we are about settling the greatest point that ever has been debated in any age; and I shall take precautions accordingly. Let every man who votes, consider, that he is now going to give away that, for which

the soldier gave up his rest, his pleasure, and his life; the scholar resigned his whole series of thought, his midnight repose, and his morning slumbers. In a word, he is, as I may say, to be judge of that after-life, which noble spirits prefer to their very real beings. I hope I shall be forgiven, therefore, if I make some objections against their jury, as they shall occur to me. The whole of the number by whom they are to be tried, are to be scholars. I am persuaded also, that Aristotle will be put up by all of that class of men. However, in behalf of others, such as wear the livery of Aristotle, the two famous universities are called upon, on this occasion; but I except the men of Queen's, Exeter, and Jesus colleges, in Oxford, who are not to be electors, because he shall not be crowned from an implicit faith in his writings, but receive his honour from such judges as shall allow him to be censured. Upon this election, as I was just now going to say, I banish all who think and speak after others to concern themselves in it. For which reason all illiterate distant admirers are forbidden to corrupt the voices, by sending, according to the new mode, any poor students coals and candles for their votes in behalf of such worthies as they pretend to esteem. All news-writers are also excluded, because they consider fame as it is a report which gives foundation to the filling up their rhapsodies, and not as it is the emanation or consequence of good and evil actions. These are excepted against as justly as butchers in case of life and death: their familiarity with the greatest names takes off the delicacy of their regard, as dealing in blood makes the *Lanii* less tender of spilling it.

St. James's Coffee-house, September 28.

Letters from Lisbon, of the twenty-fifth instant, N. S. speak of a battle which has been fought near the river Cinca, in which general Staremberg had overthrown the army of the duke of Anjou. The persons who send this, excuse their not giving particulars, because they believed an account must have arrived here before we could hear from them. They had advices from different parts, which concurred in the circumstances of the action; after which the army of his catholic majesty advanced as far as Fraga, and the enemy retired to Saragossa. There are reports, that the duke of Anjou was in the engagement; but letters of good authority say, that prince was on the road towards the camp when he received the news of the defeat of his troops. We promise ourselves great consequences from such an advantage obtained by so accomplished a general as Staremberg; who, among the men of this present age, is esteemed the third in military fame and reputation.

N° 75. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I AM called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less

than the disposal of my sister Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit, and pleasing conversation; but I being born of my father's first wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a daughter than a sister. I have indeed told her, that if she kept her honour, and behaved herself in such a manner as became the Bickerstaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in Pliny's "Epistles." That polite author had been employed to find out a consort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon. *Aciliano plurimum vigoris & industriæ quanquam in maxima verecundia: est illi facies liberalis, multo sanguine, multo rubore, suffusa: est ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, & quidam senatorius decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda: debet enim hoc castitati puellarum quasi præmium dari.* "Acilianus (for that was the gentleman's name) is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty: he has very much of the gentleman, with a lively colour, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of quality: which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be overlooked; and should be bestowed on a daughter as the reward of her chastity."

A woman that will give herself liberties, need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a husband, she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my sister Jenny, who, I may say without vanity, is as unspotted a spinster as any in Great Britain. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have in the genealogy of our house, the de-

scriptions and pictures of our ancestors from the time of king Arthur; in whose days there was one of my own name, a knight of his round table, and known by the name of Sir Isaac Bickerstaff. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portugueze Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest son Ralph, for that was his name, was for this reason married to a lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and very fair. The issue of this match, with the help of high shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obscure until the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, until the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their needlework and fine skins. In the male line, there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard III. the eldest son of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with an hump-back and very high nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders, and a Roman nose: what made the nose the less excusable, was the remarkable smallness of his eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; the eyes were open in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and an half*:

* Perhaps it is scarcely worth while to mention, that this *century and an half* of time is all a fiction, and that the wit of the paper, and the truth of the history, are here at variance, as Henry VII. defeated Richard III. in Bosworth Field, was his immediate successor in 1485, and died in 1509.

but the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the nose: which I do not find was accomplished until about the middle of the reign of Henry VII. or rather the beginning of that of Henry VIII.

But while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the Bickerstaffs fell down insensibly into a chin; which was not taken notice of, their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features, until it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval, which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of our heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindleshanks, and cramps in our bones; insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs until Sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the milk-maid, of whom the then Garter King at Arms, a facetious person, said pleasantly enough, "that she had spoiled our blood, but mended our constitutions."

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a jack-pudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy. It is for want of care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an house and see such

different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pike-staff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter silently lours, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a splenetic, and a fifth a coquette.

In this disposal of my sister, I have chosen with an eye to her being a wit, and provided that the bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue: for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, sluttish; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus, my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and a half after her private devotions, sits with her nose full of snuff, and a man's night-cap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction: therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh to see me often, with my spectacles on, lacing her stays; for she is so very a wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason, I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see, that to be well dressed, in good humour, and chearful in the command of her family, are the arts and sciences of female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and six: but I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had entirely been rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of

understanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets. As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of the city, town, or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let any one, even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside Conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent, when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollen, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine gentleman, but the great grandson of a broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution, and overreaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manners, which grew in herself, and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family rise to its antient splendor of face, air, countenance, manner, and shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one house. Obadiah Greenhat says, " he never comes into any company in England, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed." There is scarce such a living creature as a true Briton. We sit down indeed all friends, ac-

quaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles, you see a Dane start up and swear, "The kingdom is his own." A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and swears, "He will dispute that with him." A Norman tells them both, "He will assert his liberty:" and a Welchman cries, "They are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday," and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours children, and cousin germans. For which reason, I say, study your race; or the soil of your family will dwindle into cits or esquires, or run up into wits or madmen.

Nº 76. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill* ——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

From my own Apartment, October 3.

It is a thing very much to be lamented, that a man must use a certain cunning to caution people against what it is their interest to avoid. All men will allow, that it is a great and heroic work to correct men's errors, and at the price of being called a common enemy, to go on in being a common friend to my fellow subjects and citizens. But I am forced in this work to revolve the same thing in ten thou-

sand lights, and cast them in as many forms, to come at men's minds and affections, in order to lead the innocent in safety, as well as disappoint the artifices of betrayers. Since, therefore, I can make no impression upon the offending side, I shall turn my observations upon the offended; that is to say, I must whip my children for going into bad company, instead of railing at bad company for insnaring my children.

The greatest misfortunes men fall into, arise from themselves; and that temper, which is called very often, though with great injustice, good-nature, is the source of a numberless train of evils. For which reason we are to take this as a rule, that no action is commendable which is not voluntary; and we have made this a maxim: "That a man, who is commonly called good-natured, is hardly to be thanked for any thing he does, because half that is acted about him is done rather by his sufferance than approbation." It is generally laziness of disposition, which chuses rather to let things pass the worst way, than to go through the pain of examination. It must be confessed, such a one has so great a benevolence in him, that he bears a thousand uneasinesses rather than he will incommode others: nay often, when he has just reason to be offended, chuses rather to sit down with a small injury, than bring it into reprehension, out of pure compassion to the offender. Such a person has it usually said of him, "He is no man's enemy but his own;" which is in effect saying, he is a friend to every man but himself and his friends: for, by a natural consequence of his neglecting himself, he either incapacitates himself to be another's friend, or makes others cease to be his. If I take no care of my own affairs, no man that is my friend can take it ill if I am negligent also of his. This soft disposition, if it

continues uncorrected, throws men into a sea of difficulties.

There is Euphusius, with all the good qualities in the world, deserves well of nobody: that universal good-will, which is so strong in him, exposes him to the assault of every invader upon his time, his conversation, and his property. His diet is butchers-meat, his wenches are in *plain pinners* and Norwich crapes, his dress like other people, his income great; and yet has he seldom a guinea at command. From these easy gentlemen, are collected estates by servants or gamesters; which latter fraternity are excusable, when we think of this clan, who seem born to be their prey. All, therefore, of the family of Actæon are to take notice, that they are hereby given up to the brethren of the Industry, with this reserve only, that they are to be marked as stricken deer, not for their own sakes, but to preserve the herd from following them, and coming within the scent.

I am obliged to leave this important subject, without telling whose quarters are severed, who has the humbles, who the haunch, and who the sides, of the last stag that was pulled down; but this is only deferred in hopes my deer will make their escape without more admonitions or examples, of which they have had, in mine and the town's opinion, too great a plenty. I must, I say, at present go to other matters of moment.

White's Chocolate-house, October 3.

The lady has answered the letter of Mr. Alexander Landlord, which was published on Thursday last, but in such a manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the affair; for she has plainly told him, that love is her design, but marriage her aversion. Bless

me! what is this age come to, that people can think to make a pimp of an astronomer!

I shall not promote such designs, but shall leave her to find out her admirer, while I speak to another case sent to me by a letter of September the thirtieth, subscribed, Lovewell Barebones, where the author desires me to suspend my care of the dead, until I have done something for the dying. His case is, that the lady he loves is ever accompanied by a kinswoman, one of those gay cunning women, who prevent all the love which is not addressed to themselves. This creature takes upon her in his mistress's presence to ask him, "Whether Mrs. Florimel" (that is the cruel one's name) "is not very handsome?" upon which he looks silly; then they both laugh out, and she will tell him, "That Mrs. Florimel had an equal passion for him, but desired him not to expect the first time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at liberty before her only, who was her friend, to speak his mind, and that his mistress expected it." Upon which Florimel acts a virgin-confusion, and with some disorder waits his speech. Here ever follows a deep silence; after which a loud laugh. Mr. Barebones applies himself to me on this occasion. All the advice I can give him is to find a lover for the confident, for there is no other bribe will prevail; and I see by her carriage, that it is no hard matter, for she is too gay to have a particular passion, or to want a general one.

Some days ago the town had a full charge laid against my Essays, and printed at large. I altered not one word of what he of the contrary opinion said, but have blotted out some warm things said for me: therefore, please to hear the counsel for the defendant, though I shall be so no otherwise than to take a middle way, and, if possible, keep

commendations from being insipid to men's taste, or raillery pernicious to their characters.

"Mr. BICKERSTAFF, *Sept.* 30, 1709.

"As I always looked upon satire as the best friend to reformation, whilst its lashes were general; so that gentleman must excuse me, if I do not see the inconvenience of a method he is so much concerned at. The errors he assigns in it, I think, are comprised in 'the desperation men are generally driven to, when by a public detection they fall under the infamy they feared, who otherwise, by checking their bridle, might have recovered their stumble, and through a self-conviction become their own reformers: so he that was before but a clandestine disciple, (to use his own quotation) is now become a doctor in impiety.' The little success that is to be expected by these methods from a hardened offender, is too evident to insist on; yet, it is true, there is a great deal of charity in this sort of reasoning, whilst the effects of those crimes extend not beyond themselves. But what relation has this to your proceedings? It is not a circumstantial guessing will serve the turn, for there are more than one to pretend to any of your characters; but there must at least be something that must amount to a nominal description, before even common fame can separate me from the rest of mankind to dart at. A general representation of an action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make those winch who find too much similitude in the character with themselves to plead not guilty; but none but a witness to the crime can charge them with the guilt, whilst the indictment is general, and the offender has the asylum of the whole world to protect him. Here can then be no injustice, where no one is injured;

for it is themselves must appropriate the saddle, before scandle can ride them.

"Your method then, in my opinion, is no way subject to the charge brought against it; but, on the contrary, I believe this advantage is too often drawn from it, that whilst we laugh at, or detest, the uncertain subject of the satire, we often find something in the error a parallel to ourselves; and being insensibly drawn to the comparison we would get rid of, we plunge deeper into the mire, and shame produces that which advice has been too weak for; and you, Sir, get converts you never thought of.

"As for descending to characters below the dignity of satire; what men think are not beneath commission, I must assure him, I think are not beneath reproof: for as there is as much folly in a ridiculous deportment, as there is enormity in a criminal one, so neither the one nor the other ought to plead exemption. The kennel of curs are as much enemies to the state, as Gregg * for his confederacy; for as this betrayed our government, so the other does our property, and one without the other is equally useless. As for the act of oblivion he so strenuously insists on, *Le Roy s'avisera* is a fashionable answer; and for his modus of panegyric, the hint was unnecessary, where virtue need never ask twice for her laurel. But as for his reformation by opposites, I again must ask his pardon, if I think the effects of these sort of reasonings, by the paucity of converts, are too great an argument, both of their imbecillity and unsuccessfulness, to believe it

* William Gregg was an under-clerk to Mr. Secretary Harley, in 1708, and was detected in a treasonable correspondence. He discovered to the court of France the design on Toulon, and was executed for that crime.

will be any better than mis-spending of time, by suspending a method that will turn more to advantage, and which has no other danger of losing ground, but by discontinuance. And as I am certain of what he supposes, that your Lucubrations are intended for the public benefit; so I hope you will not give them so great an interruption, by laying aside the only method that can render you beneficial to mankind, and among others, agreeable to, Sir, your humble servant, &c."

St. James's Coffee-house, October 3.

Letters from the camp at Havre, of the seventh instant, N. S. advise, that the trenches were opened before Mons on the twenty-seventh of the last month, and the approaches were carried on at two attacks with great application and success, notwithstanding the rains which had fallen; that the besiegers had made themselves masters of several redoubts, and other out-works, and had advanced the approaches within ten paces of the counterscarps of the hornwork. Lieutenant-General Cadogan received a slight wound in the neck soon after opening the trenches.

The enemy were throwing up intrenchments between Quesnoy and Valenciennes, and the Chevalier de Luxemburg was encamped near Charleroy with a body of ten thousand men. Advices from Catalonia, by the way of Genoa, import, that Count Staremberg having passed the Segra, advanced towards Balaguier, which place he took after a few hours resistance, and made the garrison, consisting of three Spanish battalions, prisoners of war. Letters from Bern say, that the army under the command of Count Thaun had begun to repass the mountains, and would shortly evacuate Savoy.

*** Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff has received intelligence, that a young gentleman, who has taken my discourses upon John Partridge and others in too literal a sense, and is suing an elder brother to an ejectment; the aforesaid young gentleman is hereby advised to drop his action, no man being esteemed dead in law, who eats and drinks, and receives his rents.

Nº 77. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill*——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

From my own Apartment, October 5.

As bad as the world is, I find by very strict observation upon virtue and vice, that if men appeared no worse than they really are, I should have less work than at present I am obliged to undertake for their reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted ambition, and affect even faults and imperfections of which they are innocent. The other day in a coffee-house I stood by a young heir, with a fresh, sanguine, and healthy look, who entertained us with an account of his claps and diet-drink; though, to my knowledge, he is as sound as any of his tenants.

This worthy youth put me into reflections upon that subject; and I observed the fantastical humour to be so general, that there is hardly a man who is not more or less tainted with it. The first of this order of men are the Valetudinarians, who are never in health; but complain of want of stomach or rest every day until noon, and then devour all which comes before them. Lady Dainty is convinced, that it is necessary for a gentlewoman to be out of order; and, to preserve that character, she dines every day in her closet at twelve, that she may become her table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About five years ago, I remember, it was the fashion to be short-sighted. A man would not own an acquaintance until he had first examined him with his glass. At a lady's entrance into the playhouse, you might see tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter of the pit and side-boxes. However, that mode of infirmity is out, and the age has recovered its sight: but the blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and a janty limp is the present beauty. I think I have formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a prig, and always worn upon a button, for fear he should be thought to have an occasion for it, or be esteemed really, and not genteelly a cripple. I have considered, but could never find out the bottom of this vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gascon general, who, by the lucky grazing of a bullet on the roll of his stocking, took occasion to halt all his life after. But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foundation for their behaviour, without it may be supposed that, in this warlike age, some think a cane the next honour to a wooden leg. This sort of affectation I have known run from one limb or member to another. Before the limpers came in, I remember a race of lispers, fine persons, who took an

aversion to particular letters in our language. Some never uttered the letter H; and others had as mortal an aversion to S. Others have had their fashionable defect in their ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice over. I know an antient friend of mine, whose table is every day surrounded with flatterers, that make use of this, sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at others as an art, to make them repeat their commendations. Such affectations have been indeed in the world in antient times; but they fell into them out of politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck, which made it the fashion in his court to carry their heads on one side when they came into the presence. One who thought to outshine the whole court, carried his head so over complaisantly, that this martial prince gave him so great a box on the ear, as set all the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who talks atheistically all day in coffee-houses, and in his degrees of understanding sets up for a Freethinker; though it can be proved upon him, he says his prayers every morning and evening. But this class of modern wits I shall reserve for a chapter by itself.

Of the like turn are all your marriage-haters, who rail at the noose, at the words, "for ever and aye," and at the same time are secretly pining for some young thing or other that makes their hearts ake by her refusal. The next to these, are such as pretend to govern their wives, and boast how ill they use them; when at the same time, go to their houses, and you shall see them step as if they feared making a noise, and as fond as an alderman *. I

* As fawning as lap-dogs. O. F.

do not know but sometimes these pretences may arise from a desire to conceal a contrary defect than that they set up for. I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when we sat in to drink, would desire us to take his sword from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his misfortune to be quarrelsome.

There are many, many of these evils, which demand my observation; but because I have of late been thought somewhat too satirical, I shall give them warning, and declare to the whole world, that they are not true, but false hypocrites; and make it out that they are good men in their hearts. The motive of this monstrous affectation, in the above-mentioned and the like particulars, I take to proceed from that noble thirst of fame and reputation which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant writings and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it also brings forth spurious productions in men who are not capable of distinguishing themselves by things which are really praise-worthy. As the desire of fame in men of true wit and gallantry shows itself in proper instances, the same desire in men who have the ambition without proper faculties, runs wild and discovers itself in a thousand extravagances, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and gain a set of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoaking coblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal enterprizes, that dispersed their reputation throughout the whole kingdom. One could hardly find a knocker at a

door in a whole street after a midnight expedition of these *Beaux Esprits*. I was lately very much surprised by an account of my maid, who entered my bed-chamber this morning in a very great fright, and told me, she was afraid my parlour was haunted; for that she had found several panes of my windows broken, and the floor strewed with half-pence. I have not yet a full light into this new way, but am apt to think, that it is a generous piece of wit that some of my contemporaries make use of, to break windows, and leave money to pay for them.

St. James's Coffee-house, October 5.

I have no manner of news more than what the whole town had the other day; except that I have the original letter of the Marshal Boufflers to the French king, after the late battle in the woods, which I translate for the benefit of the English reader:

"SIRE,

"This is to let your Majesty understand, that to your immortal honour, and the destruction of the confederates, your troops have lost another battle. Artagnan did wonders, Rohan performed miracles, Guiche did wonders, Gattion performed miracles, the whole army distinguished themselves and every body did wonders. And to conclude the wonders of the day, I can assure your Majesty, that though you have lost the field of battle, you have not lost an inch of ground. The enemy marched behind us with respect, and we ran away from them as bold as lions."

*** Letters have been sent to Mr. Bickerstaff, relating to the present state of the town of Bath,

wherein the people of that place have desired him to call home the physicians. All gentlemen, therefore, of that profession, are hereby directed to return forthwith to their places of practice; and the stage coaches are required to take them in before other passengers, until there shall be a certificate signed by the mayor, or Mr. Powel, that there are but two doctors to one patient left in town.

N° 78. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.
JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whate'er good is done, *whatever ill* ——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

From my own Apartment, October 7.

As your painters, who deal in history pieces, often entertain themselves upon broken sketches, and smaller flourishes of the pencil; so I find some relief in striking out miscellaneous hints, and sudden starts of fancy, without any order or connexion, after having spent myself on more regular and elaborate dissertations. I am at present in this easy state of mind sat down to my scrutoir; where, for the better disposition of my correspondence, I have writ upon every drawer the proper title of its contents; as hypocrisy, dice, patches, politics, love, duels, and so forth. My various advices are ranged

under such several heads, saving only that I have a particular box for Pacolet, and another for Monoculus. I cannot but observe, that my duel-box, which is filled by the lettered men of honour, is so very ill spelt, that it is hard to decypher their writings. My love-box, though on a quite contrary subject, filled with the works of the fairest hands in Great-Britain, is almost as unintelligible. The private drawer, which is sacred to politics, has in it some of the most refined panegyrics and satires that any age has produced.

I have now before me several recommendations for places at my Table of Fame. Three of them are of an extraordinary nature, in which I find I am misunderstood, and shall, therefore, beg leave to produce them. They are from a quaker, a courtier, and a citizen.

"ISAAC,

"Thy Lucubrations, as thou lovest to call them, have been perused by several of our friends, who have taken offence: forasmuch as thou excludest out of the brotherhood all persons who are praiseworthy for religion, we are afraid that thou wilt fill thy table with none but heathens, and cannot hope to spy a brother there; for there are none of us who can be placed among murdering heroes, or ungodly wits; since we do not assail our enemies with the arm of flesh, nor our gainsayers with the vanity of human wisdom. If, therefore, thou wilt demean thyself on this occasion with a right judgment, according to the gifts that are in thee, we desire thou wilt place James Nayler at the upper end of thy table.

EZEKIEL STIFFRUMP."

In answer to my good friend Ezekiel, I must stand to it, that I cannot break my rule for the sake

of James Nayler; not knowing, whether Alexander the Great, who is a choleric hero, would not resent his sitting at the upper end of the table with his hat on.

But to my Courtier.

"Sir,

"I am surprised, that you lose your time in complimenting the dead, when you may make your court to the living. Let me only tell you in the ear, Alexander and Cæsar, as generous as they were formerly, have not now a groat to dispose of. Fill your table with good company: I know a person of quality that shall give you one hundred pounds for a place at it. Be secret, and be rich. Yours,

You know my hand."

This gentleman seems to have the true spirit, without the formality, of an under-courtier; therefore, I shall be plain with him, and let him leave the name of his courtier and one hundred pounds in Morphew's hands: if I can take it, I will.

My citizen writes the following:

"Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff,

"Sir,

"Your Tatler, of the thirteenth of September, I am now reading, and in your list of famous men, desire you not to forget Alderman Whittington, who began the world with a cat, and died worth three hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, which he left to an only daughter three years after his mayoralty. If you want any further particulars of *ditto* alderman, daughter, or cat, let me know, and *per* first will advise the needful: which concludes, your loving friend,

Lemuel Leger."

I shall have all due regard to this gentleman's recommendation; but cannot forbear observing how wonderfully this sort of style is adapted for the dispatch of business, by leaving out insignificant particles; besides that, the dropping of the first person is an artful way to disengage a man from the guilt of rash words or promises. But I am to consider, that a citizen's reputation is credit, not fame; and am to leave these lofty subjects for a matter of private concern in the next letter before me.

"SIR,

"I am just recovered out of a languishing sickness by the care of Hippocrates, who visited me throughout my whole illness, and was far from taking any fee, that he inquired into my circumstances, and would have relieved me also that way. But I did not want it. I know no method of thanking him, but recommending it to you to celebrate so great humanity in the manner you think fit, and to do it with the spirit and sentiments of a man just relieved from grief, misery, and pain, to joy, satisfaction, and ease; in which you will represent the grateful sense of your obedient servant.

T. B."

I think the writer of this letter has put the matter in as good a dress as I can for him; yet I cannot but add my applause to what this distressed man has said. There is not a more useful man in a commonwealth than a good physician: and by consequence no worthier a person than he that uses his skill with generosity even to persons of condition, and compassion to those who are in want: which is the behaviour of Hippocrates, who shews as much liberality in his practice, as he does wit in his conversation, and skill in his profession. A wealthy doctor, who can help a poor man, and will not

without a fee, has less sense of humanity than a poor ruffian, who kills a rich man to supply his necessities. It is something monstrous, to consider a man of a liberal education tearing out the bowels of a poor family, by taking for a visit what would keep them a week. Hippocrates needs not the comparison of such extortion to set off his generosity; but I mention his generosity to add shame to such extortion.

*** This is to give notice to all ingenious gentlemen in and about the cities of London and Westminster, who have a mind to be instructed in the noble sciences of [illegible], poetry, and politics, that they repair to the Smyrna coffee-house in Pall-mall, betwixt the hours of eight and ten at night, where they may be instructed gratis, with elaborate Essays *by word of mouth* on all or any of the abovementioned arts. The disciples are to prepare their bodies with three dishes of bohea, and purge their brains with two pinches of snuff. If any young student gives indications of parts, by listening attentively, or asking a pertinent question, one of the professors shall distinguish him, by taking snuff out of his box in the presence of the whole audience.

N. B.—The seat of learning is now removed from the corner of the chimney on the left-hand towards the window, to the round table in the middle of the floor overagainst the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all the last summer.

††† I cannot forbear advertising my correspondents, that I think myself treated by some of them after too familiar a manner, and in phrases that neither become them to give, nor me to take. I shall therefore desire for the future, that if any one returns

me an answer to a letter, he will not tell me he has received the favour of my letter; but, if he does not think fit to say he has received the honour of it, that he tells me in plain English he has received my letter of such a date. I must likewise insist, that he would conclude with, *I am with great respect*, or plainly, *I am*, without farther addition; and not insult me, by an assurance of his being *with great truth and esteem my humble servant*. There is likewise another mark of superiority which I cannot bear; and therefore must inform my correspondents, that I discard all *faithful humble servants*, and am resolved to read no letters that are not subscribed, *your most obedient*, or *most humble servant*, or both. These may appear niceties to vulgar minds, but they are such as men of honour and distinction must have regard to. And I very well remember a famous duel in France, where four were killed of one side, and three of the other, occasioned by a gentleman's subscribing himself *a most affectionate friend*.

One in the morning of the 8th of October, 1709.

I was this night looking on the Moon, and find by certain signs in that luminary, that a certain person under her dominion, who has been for many years distempered, will within a few hours publish a pamphlet, wherein he will pretend to give my Lucubrations to a wrong person; and I require all sober disposed persons to avoid meeting the said lunatic, or giving him any credence any farther than pity demands; and to lock up the said person wherever they find him, keeping him from pen, ink, and paper. And I hereby prohibit any person to take upon him my writings, on pain of being sent by me into Lethe with the said lunatic and all his works.

N° 79. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1709.

Felices ter, & amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.

HOR. 1 Od. xiii. 17.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights
Whom love in mutual bonds unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife
Even to the latest hours of life. FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, October 10.

MY sister Jenny's lover, the honest Tranquillus, for that shall be his name, has been impatient with me to dispatch the necessary directions for his marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary schemes, as he calls them, he might not burn with real desire and the torture of expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the ardour wherein he expressed himself, which I thought had not enough of that veneration with which the marriage-bed is to be ascended, I told him, "the day of his nuptials should be on the Saturday following, which was the eighth instant." On the seventh in the evening, poor Jenny came into my chamber, and, having her heart full of the great change of life from a virgin condition to that of a wife, she long sat silent. I saw she expected me to entertain her on this important subject, which was too delicate a circumstance for herself to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her modesty in the following manner: "Sister," said I, "you are now going from me: and be con-

tented, that you leave the company of a talkative old man, for that of a sober young one: but take this along with you, that there is no mean in the state you are entering into, but you are to be exquisitely happy or miserable, and your fortune in this way of life will be wholly of your own making. In all the marriages I have ever seen, most of which have been unhappy ones, the great cause of evil has proceeded from slight occasions; and I take it to be the first maxim in a married condition, that you are to be above trifles. When two persons have so good an opinion of each other as to come together for life, they will not differ in matters of importance, because they think of each other with respect; and in regard to all things of consideration that may affect them, they are prepared for mutual assistance and relief in such occurrences. For less occasions, they form no resolutions, but leave their minds unprepared.

"This, dear Jenny, is the reason that the quarrel between Sir Harry Willit and his lady, which began about her squirrel, is irreconcilable. Sir Harry was reading a grave author; she runs into his study, and, in a playing humour, claps the squirrel upon the folio: he threw the animal in a rage on the floor; she snatches it up again, calls Sir Harry a sour pedant, without good-nature or good manners. This cast him into such a rage, that he threw down the table before him, kicked the book round the room; then recollected himself: 'Lord, Madam,' said he, 'why did you run into such expressions? I was,' said he, 'in the highest delight with that author, when you clapped your squirrel upon my book;' and, smiling, added upon recollection, 'I have a great respect for your favourite, and pray let us all be friends.' My lady was so far from accepting this apology, that she immediately conceived

a resolution to keep him under for ever; and, with a serious air, replied, 'There is no regard to be had to what a man says, who can fall into so indecent a rage, and such an abject submission, in the same moment, for which I absolutely despise you.' Upon which she rushed out of the room. Sir Harry stayed some minutes behind, to think and command himself; after which he followed her into her bed-chamber, where she was prostrate upon the bed, tearing her hair, and naming twenty coxcombs who would have used her otherwise. This provoked him to so high a degree, that he forbore nothing but beating her; and all the servants in the family were at their several stations listening, whilst the best man and woman, the best master and mistress, defamed each other in a way that is not to be repeated even at Billingsgate. You know this ended in an immediate separation: she longs to return home, but knows not how to do it: he invites her home every day, and lies with every woman he can get. Her husband requires no submission of her; but she thinks her very return will argue she is to blame, which she is resolved to be for ever, rather than acknowledge it. Thus, dear Jenny, my great advice to you is, be guarded against giving or receiving little provocations. Great matters of offence I have no reason to fear either from you or your husband."

After this, we turned our discourse into a more gay style, and parted: but before we did so, I made her resign her snuff-box for ever, and half drown herself with washing away the stench of the musty.

But the wedding morning arrived, and our family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the inconvenience of making the ceremony and festival more public, than the modern way of celebrating them makes me approve of, The bride next

morning came out of her chamber, dressed with all the art and care that Mrs. Toilet, the tire-woman, could bestow on her. She was on her wedding-day three-and-twenty; her person is far from what we call a regular beauty; but a certain sweetness in her countenance, an ease in her shape and motion, with an unaffected modesty in her looks, had attractions beyond what symmetry and exactness can inspire, without the addition of these endowments. When her lover entered the room, her features flushed with shame and joy; and the ingenuous manner, so full of passion and of awe, with which Tranquillus approached to salute her, gave me good omens of his future behaviour towards her. The wedding was wholly under my care. After the ceremony at church, I was resolved to entertain the company with a dinner suitable to the occasion, and pitched upon the Apollo, at the Old Devil at Temple-bar, as a place sacred to mirth tempered with discretion, where Ben Jonson and his sons used to make their liberal meetings. Here the chief of the Staffian race appeared; and as soon as the company were come into that ample room, Lepidus Wagstaff began to make me compliments for choosing that place, and fell into a discourse upon the subject of pleasure and entertainment, drawn from the rules of Ben's club, which are in gold letters over the chimney. Lepidus has a way very uncommon, and speaks on subjects on which any man else would certainly offend, with great dexterity. He gave us a large account of the public meetings of all the well-turned minds who had passed through this life in ages past, and closed his pleasing narrative with a discourse on marriage, and a repetition of the following verses out of Milton.

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious law! true source
"Of human offspring, sole propriety
"In paradise, of all things common else.
"By thee adult'rous lust was driven from men
"Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
"Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
"Relations dear, and all the charities
"Of father, son, and brothe., first were known.
"Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
"Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
"Present or past, as saints or patriarchs us'd.
"Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights
"His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings:
"Reigns here, and revels not in the bought smile
"Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
"Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
"Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
"Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
"To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain."

In these verses, all the images that can come into a young woman's head on such an occasion are raised; but that in so chaste and elegant a manner, that the bride thanked him for his agreeable talk, and we sat down to dinner.

Among the rest of the company, there was got in a fellow you call a Wag. This ingenious person is the usual life of all feasts and merriments, by speaking absurdities, and putting every body of breeding and modesty out of countenance. As soon as we sat down, he drank to the bride's diversion that night; and then made twenty double meanings on the word *thing*. We are the best-bred family, for one so numerous, in this kingdom; and indeed we should all of us have been as much out of countenance as the bride, but that we were relieved by an honest rough relation of ours at the lower end of the table, who is a lieutenant of marines. The soldier and sailor had good plain sense, and saw what was wrong as well as another; he had a way

of looking at his plate, and speaking aloud in an inward manner; and whenever the Wag mentioned the word *thing*, or the words, *that same*, the lieutenant in that voice cried, "Knock him down." The merry man, wondering, angry, and looking round, was the diversion of the table. When he offered to recover, and say, "To the bride's best thoughts," "Knock him down," says the lieutenant, and so on. This silly humour diverted, and saved us from the fulsome entertainment of an ill-bred coxcomb; and the bride drank the lieutenant's health. We returned to my lodging, and Tranquillus led his wife to her apartment, without the ceremony of throwing the stocking.

N°80. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines——
nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV. Sat. I. 85, 86.

Whatever good is done, *whatever ill* ——
By human kind, shall this collection fill.

Grecian Coffee-house, October 12.

THIS learned board has complained to me of the exorbitant price of late years put upon books, and consequently on learning, which has raised the reward demanded by learned men for their advice and labour. In order to regulate and fix a standard in these matters; divines, physicians, and lawyers,

have sent in large proposals, which are of great light and instruction. From the perusal of these memorials, I am come to this immediate resolution, until I have leisure to treat the matter at large, *viz.* In divinity, *fathers* shall be valued according to their antiquity; *schoolmen* by the pound weight; and *sermons* by their goodness. In my own profession, which is mostly physic, authors shall be rated according to their language. The Greek is so rarely understood, and the English so well, I judge them of no value; so that only Latin shall bear a price, and that too according to its purity, and as it serves best for prescription. In law, the value must be set according to the intricacy and obscurity of the author, and blackness of the letter; provided always, that the binding be of calves-skin. This method I shall settle also with relation to all other writings; insomuch that even these our Lucubrations, though hereafter printed by Aldus, Elzevir, or Stephens, shall not advance above *one single penny*.

White's Chocolate-house, October 12.

It will be allowed me, that I have all along shewed great respect in matters which concern the fair sex; but the inhumanity with which the author of the following letter has been used is not to be suffered.

"Sir, *October* 9.

"Yesterday I had the misfortune to drop in at my lady Haughty's, upon her visiting-day. When I entered the room where she receives company, they all stood up indeed; but they stood as if they were to stare at rather than to receive me. After a long pause, a servant brought a round stool, on which I sat down at the lower end of the room, in

the presence of no less than twelve persons, gentlemen and ladies, lolling in elbow-chairs. And, to complete my disgrace, my mistress was of the society. I tried to compose myself in vain, not knowing how to dispose of either my legs or arms, nor how to shape my countenance; the eyes of the whole room being still upon me in a profound silence. My confusion at last was so great, that, without speaking, or being spoken to, I fled for it, and left the assembly to treat me at their discretion. A lecture from you upon these inhuman distinctions in a free nation, will, I doubt not, prevent the like evils for the future, and make it, as we say, cheap sitting as standing.

I am, with the greatest respect, Sir,

Your most humble, and

most obedient servant,

J. R.

"P. S.—I had almost forgot to inform you, that a fair young lady sat in an armless chair upon my right hand, with manifest discontent in her looks."

Soon after the receipt of this epistle, I heard a very gentle knock at my door: my maid went down, and brought up word, "that a tall, lean, black man, well dressed, who said he had not the honour to be acquainted with me, desired to be admitted." I bid her show him up, met him at my chamber-door, and then fell back a few paces. He approached me with great respect, and told me, with a low voice, "he was the gentleman that had been seated upon the round stool." I immediately recollected that there was a joint-stool in my chamber, which I was afraid he might take for an instrument of distinction, and therefore winked at my boy to carry it into my closet. I then took him by

the hand, and led him to the upper end of my room, where I placed him in my great elbow-chair; at the same time drawing another without arms to it, for myself to sit by him. I then asked him, "at what time this misfortune befel him?" He answered, "between the hours of seven and eight in the evening." I further demanded of him, what he had eat or drunk that day? he replied, "nothing but a dish of water-gruel with a few plumbs in it." In the next place, I felt his pulse, which was very low ... languishing. These circumstances confirmed ... an opinion, which I had entertained upon ...rst reading of his letter, that the gentleman ...ar gone in the spleen. I, therefore, advised ... rise the next morning, and plunge into the ...bath, there to remain under water until he was ...ost drowned. This I ordered him to repeat six ...ays successively; and on the seventh to repair at ...he wonted hour to my lady Haughty's, and to acquaint me afterwards with what he shall meet with there; and particularly to tell me, whether he shall think they stared upon him so much as the time before. The gentleman smiled; and, by his way of talking to me, shewed himself a man of excellent sense in all particulars, unless when a cane-chair, a round or a joint-stool, were spoken of. He opened his heart to me at the same time concerning several other grievances; such as, being overlooked in public assemblies, having his bows unanswered, being helped last at table, and placed at the back part of a coach; with many other distresses, which have withered his countenance, and worn him to a skeleton. Finding him a man of reason, I entered into the bottom of his distemper. "Sir," said I, "there are more of your constitution in this island of Great-Britain than

in any other part of the world; and I beg the favour of you to tell me, whether you do not observe, that you meet with most affronts in rainy days?" He answered candidly, "that he had long observed, that people were less saucy in sunshine than in cloudy weather. Upon which I told him plainly, "his distemper was the spleen; and that though the world was very ill-natured, it was not so bad as he believed it." I further assured him, that his use of the cold-bath, with a course of *steel* which I should prescribe him, would certainly cure most of his acquaintance of their rudeness, ill-behaviour, and impertinence." My patient smiled, and promised to observe my prescriptions, not forgetting to give me an account of their operation. This distemper being pretty epidemical, I shall, for the benefit of mankind, give the public an account of the progress I make in the cure of it.

From my own Apartment, October 19.

The author of the following letter behaves himself so ingenuously, that I cannot defer answering him any longer.

"Honoured Sir, *October 6.*

"I have lately contracted a very honest and undissembled claudication in my left foot, which will be a double affliction to me, if, according to your Tatler of this day, it must pass upon the world for a piece of singularity and affectation. I must, therefore, humbly beg leave to limp along the streets after my own way, or I shall be inevitably ruined in coach-hire. As soon as I am tolerably recovered, I promise to walk as upright as a ghost in a tragedy, being not of a stature to spare an

inch of height that I can any way pretend to. I honour your Lucubrations, and am, with the most protound submission,

Honoured Sir,

your most dutiful and

most obedient servant, &c."

Not doubting but the case is as the gentleman represents, I do hereby order Mr. Morphew to deliver him out a licence, upon paying his fees, which shall impower him to wear a cane until the thirteenth of March next; five months being the most I can [illegible] for a sprain.

St. James's Coffee-house, October 12.

[illegible] received this morning a mail from Holland, [illegible] brings advice that the siege of Mons is car[illegible] on with so great vigour and bravery, that we [illegible]ope very suddenly to be masters of the place; all things necessary being prepared for making the assault on the horn-work and ravelin of the attack of Bertamont the charge began with the fire of bombs and granadoes, which was so hot, that the enemy quitted their post, and we lodged ourselves on those works without opposition. During this storm, one of our bombs fell into a magazine of the enemy, and blew it up. There are advices, which say the court of France had made new offers of peace to the Confederates; but this intelligence wants confirmation.

N° 81. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1709.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,——
Quique pii vates, & Phœbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 66

Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting fields were prodigal of blood;——
Here poets worthy their inspiring god,
And of unblemish'd life, make their abode:
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts:
Those who to worth their bounty did extend;
And those who knew that bounty to commend.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, October 14.

THERE are two kinds of immortality; that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter, as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my Tables of Fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also, that I am more than ordinary anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for, since fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which

made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons, which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable Vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and ndless plain, that was covered with prodigious mul-es of people, which no man could number. In idst of it there stood a mountain, with its head the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, of such a particular structure, that no creature ich was not made in an human figure could possi-y ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear, or relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three Syrens, cloathed like Goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages were listening to these delusive Deities, those of a more erect aspect, and exalted spirit, separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from

whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter, the more they listened to it.

On a sudden methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils. Some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs; i short, there was scarce any instrument of a mecha art, or liberal science, which was not made u on this occasion. My good Dæmon, who sto my right hand during the course of this whole v observing in me a burning desire to join that glo company, told me, "he highly approved that gene ous ardour with which I seemed transported;" bu at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent." I took his council, without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended, and led no farther; and I observed, that most of the artizans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that, after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politicks, who would

supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed that all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain began to meet in two great roads; which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a [illegible]tle distance from the entrance of each road there [illegible]ood an hideous phantom, that opposed our further [illegible]age. One of these apparitions had his right hand [illegible] with darts, which he brandished in the face of [illegible]ho came up that way. Crouds ran back at the [illegible]earance of it, and cried out, Death. The spectre [illegible]at guarded the other road was Envy. She was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than Death itself, insomuch, that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any farther, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess, my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances; but, on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company, who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers

went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils; and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which shewed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure. It had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the Goddes of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, a sounded the silver trumpet which had called th up, and cheered them in their passage to her pa They had now formed themselves into several sions; a band of historians taking their station each door, according to the persons whom they we to introduce.

On a sudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation. The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward was a beautiful and blooming hero, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a croud of historians. The person who immediately walked before him was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who, not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good Dæmon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself.

The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the Goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and hough most of the historians offered their service to troduce him, he left them at the door, and would no conductor but himself.

he next who advanced was a man of an homely cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of ter figure than any that appeared on this occaon. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had inquired at the door for one Lucceius to introduce him; but, not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other

writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board, of the affronts he had met with among the Roman historians, "who attempted," says he, "to carry m[illegible] into the subterraneous apartment; and, perha[illegible] would have done it, had it not been for the i[illegible] tiality of this gentleman," pointing to Pol[illegible] "who was the only person, except my own [illegible] trymen, that was willing to conduct me hithe[illegible]

The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompe[illegible] tered with great dignity in his own person, and p[illegible] ceded by several historians. Lucan the poet was a[illegible] the head of them, who observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, that whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself; and was heard to say, "that since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly:" upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that shewed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit: to which he added, "that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seat-

ed, was always at the upper end of the table." Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered him with a great deal of seeming temper; but, as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that, in all the ...scourse which passed at the table, a word or nod ...n Homer decided the controversy.

...ter a short pause, Augustus appeared, looking ... him with a serene and affable countenance ...ll the writers of his age, who strove among ...elves which of them should shew him the great... ...marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from ...e table to meet him; and though he was an accept...ble guest to all, he appeared more such to the learn...ed, than the military worthies.

The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance. He was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and, therefore, desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, "that they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now Pythagoras, the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy."—"That may be very true," said Socrates; "but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time."

This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which I observed a cone and a cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide, for variety, to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimeras, and Centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table was almost full: at the upper end sa Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club; on h right hand were Achilles and Ulysses, and betw them Æneas; on his left were Hector, The and Jason: the lower end had Orpheus, A Phalaris, and Musæus. The ushers seemed at for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my joy and surprize, I heard some at the lower end the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff; but those of th upper end received it with disdain; and said, "if they must have a British worthy, they would have Robin Hood."

While I was transported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy against my competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the cannon which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change, to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the most famous among the real and the living.

N° 82. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1709.

Ubi idem & maximus & honestissimus amor est, aliquando præstat morte jungi, quàm vitâ distrahi. Val. Max.

Where there is the greatest and most honourable love, it is sometimes better to be joined in death, than ſeparated in life.

From my own Apartment, October 17.

R the mind has been employed on contempla- uitable to its greatness, it is unnatural to run idden mirth or levity; but we must let the soul de, as it rose, by proper degrees. My late con- erations of the antient heroes impressed a certain avity upon my mind, which is much above the tle gratification received from starts of humour and fancy, and threw me into a pleasing sadness. In this state of thought I have been looking at the fire, and in a pensive manner reflecting upon the great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life; among which there are none that touch so sensibly as those which befal persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness when they least expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of instinct; but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reason and choice, which has always made me think the sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The contemplation of distresses of this sort softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats

down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

For this reason the wise Athenians, in their theatrical performances, laid before the eyes of the people the greatest afflictions which could befal human life, and insensibly polished their tempers by such representations. Among the moderns, indeed, there has arisen a chimerical method of disposing the fortune of the persons represented, according to what they call poetical justice; and letting none be unhappy but those who deserve it. In such cases, an inte[illegible] ligent spectator, if he is concerned, knows he ou[illegible] not to be so; and can learn nothing from such a[illegible] derness, but that he is a weak creature, whose [illegible] sions cannot follow the dictates of his understan[illegible] It is very natural, when one is got into such a[illegible] of thinking, to recollect those examples of so[illegible] which have made the strongest impression upon o[illegible] imaginations. An instance or two of such you wil[illegible] give me leave to communicate.

A young gentleman and lady of antient and honourable houses in Cornwall had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion; and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, "You see how faithful love is rewarded."

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last, though he designed to return with the next ship, he lamented, in his letters, that "business would detain him some time longer from home;" because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea-shore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman; [illegible]nd diverted herself with what objects they met there, [illegible] upon discourses of the future methods of life, in [illegible] happy change of their circumstances. They [illegible] one evening on the shore together in a perfect [illegible]uillity, observing the setting of the sun, the [illegible] face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the [illegible]s, which gently rolled towards them, and broke [illegible] their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw [illegible]omething float on the waters, which she fancied [illegible]as a chest; and with a smile told her, "she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it." They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, "if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child of which she was then big, provided she might be god-mother." Their mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. "Who knows," said she, "but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they had got ready for him? or, may he not be the master of a family that wholly

depended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half a dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them! But let us go away; it is a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried." She turned away, when a wave threw the carcass on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, "Oh, my cousin!" and fell upon the groun The unhappy wife went to help her friend, w she saw her own husband at her feet, and dro in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, wh been the gentleman's nurse, came out about time to call the ladies in to supper, and found child, as she always called him, dead on the shore her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together round the bodies, no one asked any question, but the objects before them told the story.

Incidents of this nature are the more moving when they are drawn by persons concerned in the catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the power of giving them in a distinct light, except we gather their sorrow from their inability to speak it.

I have two original letters, written both on the same day, which are to me exquisite in their different kinds. The occasion was this. A gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young woman, and won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same

church where he himself was, in a village in Westmorland, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout at London. The bridegroom took only his man, the bride her maid: they had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage; from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father.

"SIR, *March* 18, 16[illegible]

"After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be ur son. I assure you the bride carries it, in the of the vicar who married you, much beyond her ner; though he says, your open sleeves, panta-, and shoulder-knot, made a much better show the finical dress I am in. However, I am conted to be the second fine man this village ever aw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence,

"Your most dutiful son,

"T. D.

"The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel.——I am the happiest man breathing."

The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room; and, after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and, presenting it to her, said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery; "Now, Madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider,

before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that inchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair"—"Give fire!" said she, laughing. He did so; and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? but he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. "Will," said he, "did you charge these pistols?" He answered, "Yes." Upon which, he shot him dead with that remaining. After amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, distracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

"Sir,

"I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding day.——I will immediately follow my wife to her grave: but, before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man!——Remember, he that killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me."

N° 83. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1709.

Senilis stultitia, quæ deliratio appellari solet, senum levium est, non omnium. M. T. Cic.

That which is usually called dotage is not the foible of all old men, but only of such as are remarkable for their levity and inconstancy.

From my own Apartment, October 19.

my frequent practice to visit places of resort his town where I am least known, to observe hat reception my works meet with in the world, and what good effects I may promise myself from my labours: and it being a privilege asserted by Monsieur Montaigne, and others, of vain-glorious memory, that we writers of essays may talk of ourselves; I take the liberty to give an account of the remarks which I find are made by some of my gentle readers upon these my dissertations.

I happened this evening to fall into a coffee-house near the Exchange, where two persons were reading my account of the "Table of Fame."

The one of these was commenting as he read, and explaining who was meant by this and the other worthy as he passed on. I observed the person over-against him wonderfully intent and satisfied with his explanation. When he came to Julius Cæsar, who is said to have refused any conductor to the Table; "No, no," said he, "he is in the right of it, he has money enough to be welcome wherever he comes;" and then whispered, he means a certain colonel of the Trainbands." Upon reading that

Aristotle made his claim with some rudeness, but great strength of reason; "Who can that be, so rough and so reasonable? It must be some Whig, I warrant you. There is nothing but party in these public papers." Where Pythagoras is said to have a golden thigh, "Ay, ay," said he, "he has money enough in his breeches; that is the alderman of our ward," you must know. Whatever he read, I found he interpreted from his own way of life and acquaintance. I am glad my readers can construe for themselves these difficult points; but, for the benefit o[f] posterity, I design, when I come to write my l[...] paper of this kind, to make it an explanation o[f] my former. In that piece, you shall have all I[...] commended, with their proper names. The [...] characters must be left as they are, because we [...] in an age wherein vice is very general, and vi[...] very particular; for which reason the latter on[...] wants explanation.

But I must turn my present discourse to what is of yet greater regard to me than the care of my writings; that is to say, the preservation of a lady's heart. Little did I think I should ever have business of this kind on my hands more; but, as little as any one who knows me would believe it, there is a lady at this time who professes love to me. Her passion and good humour you shall have in her own words.

"Mr. Bickerstaff,

"I had formerly a very good opinion of myself; but it is now withdrawn, and I have placed it upon you, Mr. Bickerstaff, for whom I am not ashamed to declare I have a very great passion and tenderness. It is not for your face, for that I never saw; your shape and height I am equally a stranger to; but your understanding charms me, and I am lost if you do not dissemble a little love for me. I am not

without hopes; because I am not like the tawdry gay things that are fit only to make bone-lace. I am neither childish-young, nor beldam-old, but, the world says, a good agreeable woman.

"Speak peace to a troubled heart, troubled only for you; and in your next paper let me find your thoughts of me.

"Do not think of finding out who I am, for, notwithstanding your interest in dæmons, they cannot help you either to my name, or a sight of my ...ce; therefore, do not let them deceive you.

"I can bear no discourse, if you are not the sub... and believe me, I know more of love than ...o of astronomy.

...ray, say some civil things in return to my ge...sity, and you shall have my very best pen em...oyed to thank you, and I will confirm it.

I am your admirer,

MARIA."

There is something wonderfully pleasing in the favour of women; and this letter has put me in so good a humour, that nothing could displease me since I received it. My boy breaks glasses and pipes; and instead of giving him a knock on the pate, as my way is, for I hate scolding at servants, I only say, "Ah, Jack! thou hast a head, and so has a pin," or some such merry expression. But, alas! how am I mortified when he is putting on my fourth pair of stockings on these poor spindles of mine! "The fair one understands love better than I astronomy!" I am sure, without the help of that art, this poor meagre trunk of mine is a very ill habitation for love. She is pleased to speak civilly of my sense, but *Ingenium malè habitat* is an invincible difficulty in cases of this nature. I had always, indeed, from a passion to please the eyes of the fair,

a great pleasure in dress. Add to this, that I have writ songs since I was sixty, and have lived with all the circumspection of an old beau, as I am. But my friend Horace has very well said, "Every year takes something from us;" and instructed me to form my pursuits and desires according to the stage of my life: therefore, I have no more to value myself upon, than that I can converse with young people without peevishness, or wishing myself a moment younger. For which reason, when I am amongst them, I rather moderate than interru their diversions. But though I have this com cency, I must not pretend to write to a lady things, as Maria desires. Time was, when I c have told her, "I had received a letter fron fair hands; and, that if this paper trembled as read it, it then best expressed its author," or som other gay conceit. Though I never saw her, I could have told her, "that good sense and good humour smiled in her eyes: that constancy and good-nature dwelt in her heart: that beauty and good breeding appeared in all her actions." When I was five-and-twenty, upon sight of one syllable, even wrong spelt, by a lady I never saw, I could tell her, "that her height was that which was fit for inviting our approach, and commanding our respect; that a smile sat on her lips, which prefaced her expressions before she uttered them, and her aspect prevented her speech. All she could say, though she had an infinite deal of wit, was but a repetition of what was expressed by her form; her form! which struck her beholders with ideas more moving and forcible than ever were inspired by music, painting, or eloquence." At this rate I panted in those days; but, ah! sixty-three! I am very sorry I can only return the agreeable Maria a passion expressed rather from the head than the heart.

"DEAR MADAM,

"You have already seen the best of me, and I so passionately love you, that I desire we may never meet. If you will examine your heart, you will find that you join the man with the philosopher: and if you have that kind opinion of my sense as you pretend, I question not but you add to it complexion, air, and shape: but, dear Molly, a man in his grand climacteric is of no sex. Be a good girl; and conduct yourself with honour and virtue, when you love one younger than myself. I am, with the eatest tenderness, your innocent lover, I. B."

Will's Coffee-house, October 19.

ere is nothing more common than the weak- mentioned in the following epistle; and I be- there is hardly a man living who has not been ore or less injured by it.

"SIR, *Land's End, October* 12.

"I have left the town some time; and much the sooner, for not having had the advantage, when I lived there, of so good a pilot as you are to this present age. Your cautions to the young men against the vices of the town are very well: but there is one not less needful, which I think you have omitted. I had from the Rough Diamond (a gentleman so called from an honest blunt wit he had) not long since dead, this observation, that a young man must be at least three or four years in London before he dares say NO.

"You will easily see the truth and force of this observation; for I believe more people are drawn away against their inclinations, than with them. A young man is afraid to deny any body going to a tavern to dinner; or, after being gorged there, to repeat the same with another company at supper, or to drink excessively, if desired, or go to any other

place, or commit any other extravagancy proposed. The fear of being thought covetous, to have no money, or to be under the dominion or fear of his parents and friends, hinder him from the free exercise of his understanding, and affirming boldly the true reason, which is, his real dislike of what is desired. If you could cure this slavish facility, it would save abundance at their first entrance into the world. I am, Sir, yours,

SOLOMON AFTERWIT."

This epistle has given an occasion to a treatise [illegible] this subject, wherein I shall lay down rules [illegible] a young stripling is to say NO; and a [illegible] virgin YES.

N. B. For the publication of this disco[illegible] wait only for subscriptions from the under g[illegible] of each university, and the young ladies i[illegible] boarding-schools of Hackney and Chelsea.

St. James's Coffee-house, October 19.

Letters from the Hague, of the twenty-fifth [illegible] October, N. S. advise, that the garrison of Mons marched out on the twenty-third instant, and a garrison of the allies marched into the town. All the forces in the field, both of the enemy and the confederates, are preparing to withdraw into winter-quarters.

N° 84. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 21.

I HAVE received a letter subscribed A. B. wherein it has been represented to me as an enormity, that there are more than ordinary crowds of women at

the Old Bailey when a rape is to be tried. But by Mr A. B.'s favour, I cannot tell who are so much concerned in that part of the law as the sex he mentions, they being the only persons liable to such insults. Nor, indeed, do I think it more unreasonable that they should be inquisitive on such occasions than men of honour, when one is tried for killing another in a duel. It is very natural to inquire how the fatal pass was made, that we may the [illegible]etter defend ourselves when we come to be at-[illegible]ed. Several eminent ladies appeared lately at [illegible]rt of justice on such an occasion, and with [illegible]nce and attention staid the whole trials of [illegible]sons for the abovesaid crime. The law to [illegible]ed seems a little defective in this point; [illegible] is a very great hardship, that this crime, [illegible] is committed by men only, should have men [illegible] on their jury. I humbly therefore propose, [illegible] on future trials of this sort, half of the twelve [illegible]y be women; and those such whose faces are [illegible]ell known to have taken notes, or may be supposed to remember what happened in former trials in the same place. There is the learned Androgyne, that would make a good fore-woman of the pannel, who, by long attendance, understands as much law and anatomy as is necessary in this case. Until this is taken care of, I am humbly of opinion, it would be much more expedient that the fair were wholly absent; for to what end can it be that they should be present at such examinations, when they can only be perplexed with a fellow-feeling for the injured, without any power to avenge their sufferings? It is an unnecessary pain which the fair ones give themselves on these occasions. I have known a young woman shriek out at some parts of the evidence; and have frequently observed, that when the proof grew particular and strong, there has been such an

universal flutter of fans, that one would think the whole female audience were falling into fits. Nor, indeed, can I see how men themselves can be wholly unmoved at such tragical relations.

In short, I must tell my female readers, and they may take an old man's word for it, that there is nothing in woman so graceful and becoming as modesty. It adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new softness to their sex. Without it, simplicity and innocence appear rude; reading and good sense, masculine; wit and humour, lascivious. This is necessary a qualification for pleasing, that the lo part of womankind, whose study it is to men's hearts, never fail to support the appear of what they know is so essential to that end; have heard it reported by the young fellows time as a maxim of the celebrated Madam Ben that a young wench, though never so beautiful, not worth her board when she was past her blus ing. This discourse naturally brings into m thoughts a letter I have received from the virtuous lady Whittlestick, on the subject of Lucretia.

"From my tea-table, Oct. 17.

"COUSIN ISAAC,

"I read your Tatler of Saturday last, and was surprised to see you so partial to your own sex, as to think none of ours worthy to sit at your first table; for sure you cannot but own Lucretia as famous as any you have placed there, who first parted with her virtue, and afterwards with her life, to preserve her fame."

Mrs. Biddy Twig has *written me* a letter to the same purpose; but in answer to both my pretty correspondents and kinswomen, I must tell them,

* A notorious bawd in the reign of K. Charles II. called *Mistress*, and *Madam*, and *Mother* Bennet.

that although I know Lucretia would have made a very graceful figure at the upper end of the table, I did not think it proper to place her there, because I knew she would not care for being in the company of so many men without her husband. At the same time, I must own, that Tarquin himself was not a greater lover and admirer of Lucretia than I myself am in an honest way. When my sister Jenny was in her sampler, I made her get the whole story without book, and tell it me in needle-work. This illustrious lady stands up in history as the glory of r own sex, and the reproach of ours; and the umstances under which she fell were so very culiar, that they seem to make adultery and er meritorious. She was a woman of such ndant virtue, that her beauty, which was eatest of the age and country in which she , and is generally celebrated as the highest of ise in other women, is never mentioned as a part her character. But it would be declaiming to well upon so celebrated a story, which I mentioned only in respect to my kinswomen; and to make reparation for the omission they complain of, do further promise them, that if they can furnish me with instances to fill it, there shall be a small tea-table set a-part in my Palace of Fame for the reception of all of her character.

Grecian Coffeehouse, October 21.

I was this evening communicating my design of producing obscure merit into public view; and proposed to the learned, that they would please to assist me in the work. For the same end I publish my intention to the world, that all men of liberal thoughts may know they have an opportunity of doing justice to such worthy persons as have come within their respective observation, and who by misfortune, modesty, or want of proper writers to recommend them, have escaped the notice of the

rest of mankind. If, therefore, any one can bring any tale or tidings of illustrious persons, or glorious actions, that are not commonly known, he is desired to send an account thereof to me, at J. Morphew's, and they shall have justice done them. At the same time that I have this concern for men and things that deserve reputation and have it not, I am resolved to examine into the claims of such antients and moderns as are in possession of it, with a design to displace them, in case I find their titles defective. The first whose merits I shall inquire into, are some merry gentlemen of the French nation, who have written very advantageous histories of their exploits in war, love, and politics, under the title of Memoirs. I am afraid I shall find several of these gentlemen *tardy*, because I hear of them in no writings but their own. To read the narrative of one of these authors, you would fancy that there was not an action in a whole campaign which he did not contrive or execute; yet, if you consult the history or gazettes of those times, you do not find him so much as at the head of a party from one end of the summer to the other. But it is the way of these great men, when they lie behind their lines, and are in a time of inaction, as they call it, to pass away their time in writing their exploits. By this means, several who are either unknown or despised in the present age, will be famous in the next, unless a sudden stop be put to such pernicious practices. There are others of that gay people, who, as I am informed, will live half a year together in a garret, and write an history of their intrigues in the court of France. As for politicians, they do not abound with that species of men so much as we; but as ours are not so famous for writing, as for extemporary dissertations in coffee-houses, they are more annoyed with memoirs of this nature also than we are. The most immediate remedy that I can apply to prevent

this growing evil, is, That I do hereby give notice to all booksellers and translators whatsoever, that the word Memoir is French for a *novel*; and to require of them that they sell and translate it accordingly.

Will's Coffee-house, October 21.

Coming into this place to-night, I met an old friend of mine, who a little after the restoration writ an epigram with some applause, which he has lived upon ever since; and by virtue of it, has been a constant frequenter of this coffee-house for forty years. He took me aside, and with a great deal of friendship told me he was glad to see me alive, "for," says he, "Mr. Bickerstaff, I am sorry to find you have raised many enemies by your Lucubrations. There are indeed some," says he, "whose enmity is the greatest honour they can show a man; but have you lived to these years, and do not know that the ready way to disoblige is to give advice? you may endeavour to guard your children, as you call them; but ——" He was going on; but I found the disagreeableness of giving advice without being asked, by my own impatience of what he was about to say: in a word, I begged him to give me the hearing of a short fable.

"A gentleman," says I, "who was one day slumbering in an arbour, was on a sudden awakened by the gentle biting of a lizard, a little animal remarkable for its love to mankind. He threw it from his hand with some indignation, and was rising up to kill it, when he saw a huge venomous serpent sliding towards him on the other side, which he soon destroyed; reflecting afterwards with gratitude upon his friend that saved him, and with anger against himself, that had shewn so little sense of a good office."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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